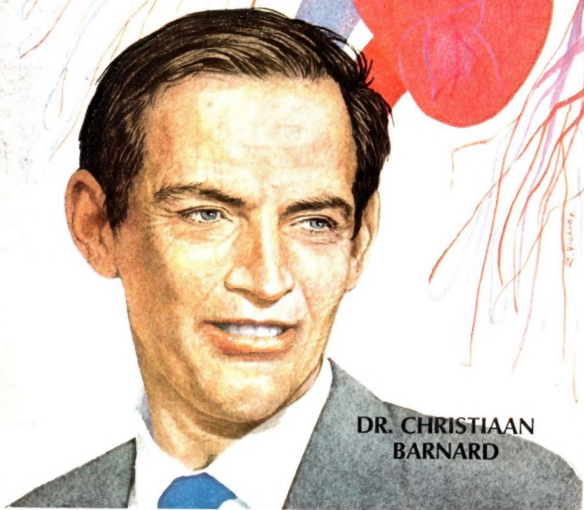


THE TRANSPLANTED HEART

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



DR. CHRISTIAAN
BARNARD

If you can afford it, give it.



Not everyone can shell out \$160 or so, just like that.

Not even for the gift of the year for the man of the house.

That's why Polaroid Color Pack Cameras start at under \$50.

But if you can put your hands on that kind of money, here's what you'll be giving:

A superb Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder that automatically corrects for parallax and field size.

A transistorized shutter that lets you make black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash* and even

make perfect time exposures up to 10 seconds automatically.

A sharp triplet lens. 2 exposure ranges for color, 2 for black-and-white. Beautiful portraits and close-ups (with special Polaroid camera accessories).

An all-metal body with brushed chrome finish.

A flashgun.

And the kick—not quite like anything else—of making big, beautiful color prints in a minute, black-and-white prints in seconds.

It's the finest automatic camera Polaroid has ever produced.

The kind of gift that makes everybody look good.



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

Scovill & Nutone build a new home together. Yours.



Your family's in for better living in today's modern home.

It's the result of Nutone joining up with Scovill with products for the homebuilder that allow more time for fun and relaxation.

Like an Intercom System that gives you room-to-room communications at the push of a button. Or lets you answer the front door without leaving the room you're in.

Then there's our new solid state music system that takes no floor space in your living room and brings FM, AM, tapes or recordings to any room.

Nutone's built-in food preparation center operates seven cordless appliances with a single motor; and our built-in alarm system gets the jump on fires and prowlers.

You can see why Scovill is today's vital new force in the growing home building industry (1968 estimate: 1.5 million homes).

For a company on the move with original product ideas, get to know Scovill—a company that's paid continuous dividends for 112 years. Write Scovill, Waterbury, Conn.

SCOVILL

...the Originators

Scovill Product Groups: Hamilton Beach electric housewares; Nutone built-ins and electronics; Lightcraft lighting fixtures; Gripper and Nylaire apparel fasteners; Clinton notions and Dritz sewing aids; Schrader tire valves and automation systems; brass, copper and aluminum mill products; cosmetic containers; automotive products; custom parts and assemblies; aerosol products; metal stationery supplies.

TIME is published weekly, at \$12.00 per year, by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. VOL. 90 NO. 24



**A martini
by any other name
is tame.**



Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated). Try a Maneater Martini. Grrrr! 94 Proof.

IMPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, IN THE BOTTLE, BY GENL. WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

The I.W. Harper Holiday Game



Giving I.W. Harper in this lavish holiday decanter shows you to be:
(check all words that apply)

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> discerning | <input type="checkbox"/> thoughtful | <input type="checkbox"/> sage |
| <input type="checkbox"/> generous | <input type="checkbox"/> inspired | <input type="checkbox"/> lovable |



Score (1-2 Checks): You're a good judge of Bourbon... and people!
(3-4 Checks): You're a Bourbon connoisseur, and a very fine fellow.
(5-6 Checks): You're our kind of gift giver - and deserve a citation! To get your personalized Bourbon Givers Award, send name and address to P.O. Box 5108, Louisville, Kentucky 40205.

I. W. Harper... the only Bourbon enjoyed in 110 countries! Diamond-cut decanter and holiday wrap gratis, on both mellow Gold Medal and Bottled in Bond. (Our own thoughtful touch).



\$6.25 FIFTH (PRICE MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.)

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BOTH KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY •
© I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

During the past two years, North Carolina, at its own expense, has trained nearly 20,000 people for machine and assembly operations, metal working, electronics, sheet metal assembly and instrument mechanics.

A good reason to consider North Carolina for your new plant.

And here's another good reason:



North Carolina is the southernmost state in which skiing is a regular wintertime sport. Old Man Winter cooperates beautifully in our beautiful Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains.

And where nature leaves off, modern snow-making machines take over. So you can enjoy slalom thrills from December through mid-March at several resorts in

North Carolina's delightful high country.

During the same months, in other parts of our state, you can play golf on some of the finest and most challenging courses in the nation.

Because of reasons like these, industrial growth in North Carolina continues to soar. During the first six months of 1967, investments in new and expanded

industry totaled more than \$300 million, exceeding the previous six-months record by nearly \$70 million.

For the complete facts on business and pleasure in North Carolina, get in touch with Governor Dan Moore or J. W. (Willie) York, Chairman, Department of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, North Carolina 27602.

North Carolina



*"I have the children to raise—
all by myself now.*

The estate has to be settled.

*What should I do with the
insurance money?*

I need investment help.

I'm not sure where to turn."

Trust Northern. All your money matters matter to us.

To someone alone, making decisions on unfamiliar estate matters can be an overwhelming experience. How much easier it can be with The Northern Trust there to advise, and to handle estate and investment details. A man who does his estate-planning early knows his family won't have to manage alone. He is able to keep his estate arrangements up-to-date. He can introduce his wife to The Northern Trust so she has time to build a relationship of trust with the people she may someday look to for counsel. Being of help—to the man providing for his family's well-being and to the woman handling an estate alone—has been our concern for 78 years. Make an appointment with one of our Personal Trust officers to learn how we can help you, too.



NORTHWEST CORNER L. SALLE & MONROE
Chicago 60690 • Financial 6-5500 • Member F.D.I.C.

A great old Christmas tradition since 1964

That was our first Christmas away from home. And our only break with tradition this year is to offer you a choice. A fifth of imported Canadian Lord Calvert wrapped with a big red ribbon. Or a fifth of Canadian Lord Calvert wrapped with a big green ribbon.

Either way, it's the same fine whisky that people have been merrily giving and getting since way back then.



Our annual aluminum capacity is 105,000 tons. Next year it will be 175,000 tons.

Big deal. And a good one, even for Anaconda, a company that's one of the world's leading producers of copper.

In diversifying, Anaconda is growing. Growing to meet sharply increasing metal needs of the economy. The two new potlines nearing completion at our aluminum plant here at Columbia Falls, Montana, will be in operation next year, increasing our capacity 70 per cent.

We're doing this to keep up with our rapidly expanding line of aluminum products - from foil and industrial sheet to finished architectural forms, and electrical wire and cable for advanced engineering applications.

What's more, we're aiming at a completely integrated aluminum operation. We're developing a new source of alumina to feed our potlines from a processing plant near bauxite ore deposits in the Caribbean area.

Anaconda is growing not only in aluminum, but also in copper, molybdenum, uranium and a wide variety of nonferrous metals vital to growth and progress.

The Anaconda Company,
25 B'way, N.Y., N.Y. 10004.

ANACONDA



Dashing Brent Kendall told that divine young polo player. He told Stella Peabody who was an absolute darling and mentioned it to me.



House of Stuart, the word-of-mouth Scotch.

(How else could it outsell 130 other Scotches in Chicago, when we've hardly even advertised it?)

100% Imported Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof, House of Stuart, N.Y., N.Y.

IF YOU LIKE A NICE, GENTLE LITTLE RUM AND COLA

STAY AWAY FROM MYERS'S RUM.



Myers's doesn't make a nice, gentle little anything.

What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Rum and Cola is the rummiest Rum and Cola of all.

Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

For free recipe booklet, write to General Wine & Spirits, Dept. 517, 275 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Myers's—The True Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 13

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* Groucho Marx hosts this week's show, "A Taste of Funny." Guests: Soupy Sales, Dick Cavett and Burns and Schreiber.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). George Segal, Arthur Hill, Teresa Wright and Yvette Mimieux in a TV re-treat of *The Desperate Hours*.

THE ANDY WILLIAMS CHRISTMAS SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Andy brings along the whole family for this holiday special.

Thursday, December 14

CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE SHOW (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Bob Hope portrays a modern-day Saint Nick caught in a traffic jam on a California freeway and thrown into jail. With Bob are Phil Silvers, Ernest Borgnine and Wally Cox.

Friday, December 15

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Donald Voorhees hosts "Zubin Mehta: A Man and His Music," a profile on the life and career of the Los Angeles Philharmonic's brilliant young (30) Indian conductor. In one segment, Mehta will be seen conducting a performance of Verdi's *Aida*.

Saturday, December 16

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 1:45 p.m. to conclusion). Georgia v. North Carolina State in the Liberty Bowl, from Memphis, Tenn.

MR. MAGOO'S CHRISTMAS CAROL (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). In this animated version of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, Mr. Magoo (the voice of Jim Backus) stars as Ebenezer Scrooge. Repeat.

CHRISTMAS WITH LORNE GREENE (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Lorne Greene with the UNICF choir in a special program of yuletide songs and recitations.

Sunday, December 17

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m. to noon). Continuing its trip through California, *Discovery* tours "San Francisco: Harbor of Harbors, Bay of Bays," seeing the waterfront, the Golden Gate Bridge, Nob and Telegraph hills, the Barbary Coast and reminiscing a bit about its fires, earthquakes and gold rush.

THE ETERNAL LIGHT (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). "The World of Rembrandt" examines the long and creative relationship between the great master and the Jewish community of Amsterdam.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE (NBC, 4:30 p.m. to conclusion). The New York Jets v. the Oakland Raiders, from Oakland.

NOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS (CBS, 7-7:30 p.m.). Boris Karloff does the talking in an animated special based on Dr. Seuss's fable of the wicked Grinch and his attempt to keep Christmas from the residents of Whoville. Repeat.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Featuring Joel Grey, Spunky and Our Gang, and Patti Page.

AMONG THE PATHS TO EDEN (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). A TV adaptation of Truman Capote's lonely-hearts story about two people who meet in a cemetery—a widower (Martin Balsam) paying his respects to his late wife and a spinster (Maureen Stapleton)

who has heard that a graveyard is a good place to look for a husband.

Monday, December 18

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). English Satirists Michael Flanders and Donald Swann in a distillation of last year's Broadway show, which deftly poked fun at practically everything.

Tuesday, December 19

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Truman Capote again, this time in person as narrator of his autobiographical tale of an old woman (Geraldine Page) and a small boy (Donnie Melvin) who stand together against the sensible world of grownups. Repeat.

THE RED SKELTON HOUR (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Howard Keel guest-stars in a special Christmas tale written by Skelton with a dream sequence: "The Tiny Ballerina," featuring Jillana, formerly of the New York City Ballet.

Check local listings for dates and times of these NET listings:

NET JOURNAL (Shown on Mondays). "April Is the End of Summer" presents the Australian Broadcasting Commission's report on Thailand, from Communist insurgency in the north to the opium trade.

NET FESTIVAL. "The Chicago Picasso: Greatness in the Making" studies the 163-ton steel sculpture designed for Chicago's Civic Center Plaza, from its conception through four years of consultations, fund raising, fabrication and construction.

NET PLAYHOUSE (Shown on Fridays). "Infancy and Childhood: Two Plays by Thornton Wilder" is the TV premiere of a pair of one-acters about the failure of generations to communicate.

THEATER

On Broadway

PANTAGLEIZE, Belgian playwright Michel de Ghelderode was filled with antic despair, a quality which is strikingly transmitted in a bold, resourceful production of his 1929 play by the APA repertory company. His hero (Ellis Rabb) is an innocent, who in the course of a search for his destiny, scratches himself against the world and sets it aflame with revolution. In his "farce to make you sad" Ghelderode satirizes every brand of elitist who ever hoped to remold the world—and manages to reduce all of history to irony.

EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN, Edward Albee's latest effort, adapted from a British play by Giles Cooper, is not so much a black comedy as a tattletale grey. Starring Barbara Bel Geddes and Barry Nelson, *Garden* puts forth the notions that hell is possessions, and that in the rush to acquire them, men trample love, decency and honor.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT. In his Broadway debut as a writer-director, Carl Reiner hits on the static notion of a writer with a block. His playwright hero, mimed with manic-depressive animation by Bob Dishy, thinks if he can re-create his old home setting, complete with cockroaches and nagging Yiddish mama. Auditioning for the role of the mother, an Irish biddy, a C-cup teeny-bopper and a formidable Ne-

* All times E.S.T.

TIME, DECEMBER 15, 1967



If any area of this
carpet of A.C.E. nylon
in the L.A. Police
Building Cafeteria
loses more than 10%
surface fiber in 3 years,
we'll replace it.

And that's a
guarantee.

Three years guaranteed, in any commercial installation like hotels, hospitals, schools, against 10% surface wear... even in the heaviest traffic areas.

A.C.E.[®] nylon. It's the only commercial carpet program backed by its own fiber producer regardless of mill, distributor, retailer.

"This Carpet is guaranteed by Fibers Division, Allied Chemical Corporation, against excessive surface wear for three years when properly installed and maintained. The guarantee will cover surface wear to the extent of loss of more than 10% (per square yard) of pile fiber. If the carpet fails to perform as guaranteed, it will be replaced at our expense upon request of the customer. The guarantee does not cover tears, burns, pulls, cuts or damage due to improper cleaning agents or methods."

Allied
Chemical

A.
C.
E.
nylon
Fibers Division
Allied Chemical Corporation

1 M A C C

To find out more about A.C.E., the specially engineered nylon for commercial carpets, send coupon to Allied Chemical Corporation, Department A.C.E., No. 1 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

Name

Firm

Address

Occupation

Type of Installation

Most gifted. Most decorative.

It welcomes so warmly.
Mixes so easily.
Pleases so thoroughly.
Since 1795, Jim Beam Bourbon
has turned ordinary holiday
gatherings into special occasions.
And simplified many a gift list.
By the way, these most decorative
designs you see on our package
are available in unique
gummed holiday stickers
—for the packages you wrap
yourself. Free at your
favorite store, where
local laws permit.



The 7-minute interview:



We invented it for people who have other things to do besides talk to life insurance agents.

You're busy. We're busy.

So, getting right to the point makes sense for both of us. That's why a Mutual Benefit agent offers a 7-minute interview.

In seven minutes, he's not about to solve your problems, though he may very well spark a couple of ideas that will save you money.

The important thing is that you will have a chance to see that he knows his stuff and to size him up. To determine if he's a person you would find it easy to talk to.

If you're interested in further discussion, invite him to stay. Otherwise, he'll be on his way at the end of seven minutes. Or, if you're too busy to see anyone right now, write for our free booklet, "What you can expect a Mutual Benefit agent to do for you."

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

Boyan

No matter who you are — no matter where you go
let the **BARON** accompany you...



The BARON

A MAN'S COLOGNE · AFTER SHAVING · PERSONAL CARE DEODORANT · POWDER

© Boyan Perfumes, Inc. 1967

SIPPIN' SMOOTH GIFT!



**EZRA
BROOKS**

Kentucky's Finest Little Distillery



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · 90 PROOF · EZRA BROOKS CO., INC., FRANKFORT, KY.

gro housekeeper stir up a little comic tint from a play that is as flat as a rug.

ROSENKRANTZ AND GUIDENSTERN ARE DEAD switches the spotlight from Hamlet to his Wittenberg school chums. With dexterous wit and sure stagecraft, British Playwright Tom Stoppard shows how little straws caught in the sweep of history often see great tumults as just so much wind. Superb performances by John Wood, Brian Murray and Paul Hecht add momentum to a driving evening of theater.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, by Harold Pinter. A man whose birthday it is not finds himself the guest of honor at its celebration and behaves as if he were a corpse at his own wake. Which well might be the case. The early Pinter puzzler is brought to the Broadway stage with American actors who often pay more attention to their accents than to their performances.

Off Broadway

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS After 2,400 years, the human truths in this drama by Euripides are still as fresh as open wounds. Directed with musical cadence and poetic tension by Michael Cacoyannis, the story of Agamemnon's sacrifice of his daughter for the Greek cause is a moving lament for all who die young in war. As Clytemnestra, Irene Pappas brings the adrenal flow of a mother's love and grief to the stage.

THE TRIALS OF BROTHER LEO and **THE STRONG BREED**, by African Playwright Wole Soyinka, introduce two aspects of Nigerian life to Manhattan audiences. In the first play, Harold Scott is a devil of a "prophet" as he gathers his "flock" on the beaches. In the second, Scott gives a taut interpretation of a voluntary victim of tribal sacrifices.

IN CIRCLES is a circular play: in other words, a play that is written in circles; in other words, round. The words are by Gertrude Stein, which means that Gertrude Stein made up the words. Al Carmine is the musical composer, that is, the music was composed by a man called Carmine. A delight is a delight is a delight.

CINEMA

HOW I WON THE WAR Richard Lester moves explosively funny moments with comedy of a blacker sort in a surrealist vision of war, as a platoon of World War II tommyes (including Michael Crawford, Jack MacGowan, John Lennon) attempts to build an officers' cricket field behind enemy lines.

CHAPPAQUA Instead of writing his autobiography, Conrad Rooks has made an 82-minute *apologue pro sua dolce vita* on film, playing himself as the mixed-up son of a rich man who spirals downward into the junkie's world of hallucination and finally emerges to self-realization.

COOL HAND LUKE Sadistic guards are unable to shake the *vamp-froid* of a cocky chain-eating prisoner (Paul Newman), who wins the respect of hostile fellow prisoners, until he is finally beaten into groveling for mercy.

MORE THAN A MIRACLE An utterly mindless but endearing fairy tale starring Sophia Loren as a peasant girl who wins the hand of the prince (Omar Sharif), who hadn't liked the seven princesses his mother had lined up for him anyway.

THE COMEDIANS Graham Greene's novel somewhere between Purgatory and Hell, and in this particular film, it is in Haiti, where a skilled cast (including Richard Burton, Peter Ustinov, Alec Guinness,



Rainbow Room, New York

If your credit card doesn't let you travel and entertain from New Zealand to New York— you're not carrying American Express.

Credit cards are blooming like mushrooms on a damp day.

But the American Express Card marches on.

It does because the idea behind it is beautifully simple: worldwide charge convenience.

The American Express Card lets you charge on airlines around the world, restaurants around the world, hotels, motels and rent-a-cars around the world.

It lets you charge at thousands of gas stations, gift and specialty shops around the world.

It lets you cash checks at American Express Offices around the world.

It takes the worry out of carrying a credit card because it gives you liability protection if you lose it. Around the world.

American Express is really the only credit card you need to carry.



Unquestioned credit at airlines, restaurants, hotels, motels, rent-a-cars, shops—worldwide.

Will your gift
come out ahead
of the others?



J&B RARE SCOTCH
POURS MORE PLEASURE
PENNIES MORE IN COST
WORLDS APART IN QUALITY
From JUSTERINI & BROOKS, Founded 1749

All Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

THE ELECTRIC TIMEX. YOU DON'T WIND IT UP. YOU TURN IT ON.

From now on, you will never have to wind your watch again—if your watch is an Electric Timex. A tiny, replaceable energy cell does all the work, providing steady electric accuracy week after week, month after month, for more than a year of carefree time. The man's Electric is waterproof*, dustproof*, and shock-resistant. From \$39.95. The lady's Electric—the first of its kind in the whole world—is convenient, uncomplicated, and simply beautiful. From \$50. Isn't it time you wore one?

*as long as crystal, crown and case remain intact



What this Christmas needs is a good 3-scent men's gift.



This is it: Series 3 men's cologne. Natural Leather, as all outdoors. Essence Oriental—urbane, subtle. Tropic Lime—cool, yet bold. They're clear, simple fragrances that blend best with a man.

They're the finer fragrances at the heart of 66 other men's colognes. Natural Leather is crisp, bracing.

Series 3 is all the cologne a man really needs.

SERIES 3. Any more is a crowd.

"an inch of

HAIG & HAIG PINCH BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 50 PROOF IMPORTED BY BENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.



Pinch, please."

Peter and Cheray prefer to give Pinch. The best Scotch made by the oldest distillers in the world. In fact, 340 years old. Is Haig & Haig Pinch the greatest Scotch you'll ever set lip to? Try some. Do like the Duchins do.

**This is not an
ordinary gift**

**because it's not
an ordinary gin**

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)



Distilled & Bottled in London, 100% grain neutral spirits, 94.6 proof. Imported by J. M. McCunn & Co., Inc., New York.

Too good to give? Maybe. Unless it's someone you think the world of; someone who's known the taste of picture taking and loves it; wants to do more of it, only better.

No one? How about yourself?



The incomparable Nikon F Single-Lens Reflex used by more professionals than any other. Key to the world's most comprehensive 35mm system. The earnest camera for the man in earnest about photography. Prices start at \$306.

The new Nikkormat FTN Single-Lens Reflex with self-compensating thru-the-lens meter system. A distinguished member of the Nikon family. Uses the same superlative lenses and accessories as the Nikon F. For the man on the way up. Prices start at under \$270.

The Nikonos Amphibian 35 takes pictures under water to depths of 160 feet without a housing. Waterproof, corrosion-resistant, impervious to heat, cold, mildew, fungus—virtually indestructible. Under \$360 with f2.5 lens.

The Nikon Super Zoom-8 Automatic Movie Camera with powered 5-time (1.8 zoom lens, automatic thru-the-lens exposure control, thru-the-lens focusing and viewing, variable speeds, remote-control, single-frame, battery operation and, most of all, Nikon quality. Under \$270.

OTHER 'GOODIES' FOR THE NIKON MAN:

The Nikkormat Autofocus Slide Projector with ultra-sharp Nikkor lens, new brilliant Q-1 lamp, automatic, manual and remote operation with rotary and straight trays, retractable power cord, completely self-contained. Under \$180.

The new Nikon Ultra-Compact Prism Binoculars in 3 magnifications (6x18, 7x21 and 8x24), all equally bright, lightweight and attractive. As bright in daylight and as sharp as the brightest glasses you can buy. Prices start at under \$50.

While the spirit of holiday giving is with you—how about yourself? See your Nikon dealer, or write for further information: Nikon Division/Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., Garden City, New York 11530 (In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.)

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P

Take the guesswork out of
choosing Cognac

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P

Rely on French law:
only the finest Cognac...

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P

May be labeled
Fine Champagne V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P

Only Remy Martin produces
Cognac of no lesser quality

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P

Remy Martin...one quality,
one bottle, world-wide

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P

Take the guesswork out of
choosing Cognac. Insist on...

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P



80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Paul Ford and Elizabeth Taylor) finds some transcendently dramatic moments.

CAMELOT Vanessa Redgrave's performance as Guinevere is the only reason to see Josh Logan's disappointing screen version of the Broadway hit musical.

BOOKS

Best Reading

WILLIAM MORRIS, HIS LIFE, WORK AND FRIENDS, by Philip Henderson. A biography of the 19th century English artist who excelled as a poet, philosopher, painter, architect, furniture designer and interior decorator.

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY, by Karl Jaspers. In a lucid and persuasive essay, the 85-year-old German philosopher urges his countrymen to build a nation based on individual responsibility rather than on an atavistic dream of a perfect system.

JOURNEY INTO THE WHIRLWIND, by Eugenia Semionovna Ginzburg. An intensely personal account of the author's experiences in one of Stalin's slave-labor camps.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ANDRÉ MAUROIS. In 38 tales framed as conversations, recollections and letters, the late distinguished partisan in the battle of the sexes tours the terrain of women who are either wise or foolish, vital or declining, in love or remembering what it was like.

THE YEAR 2000, by Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener. Members of New York's Hudson Institute, one of the nation's leading think tanks, offer educated speculations on the quality of life at the beginning of the 21st century.

MEMOIRS: 1925-1950, by George F. Kennan. During a crucial quarter-century of American-Russian relations, Diplomat Kennan was in official disfavor first for being too harsh toward the Soviets, then for being too soft, by hindsight, he was right more often than wrong.

THE SLOW NATIVES, by Thea Astley. A mad family in Brisbane meets its mortal fate in this lively social satire by an Australian craftsman of the novel.

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER, by William Styron. The passion and horror of the 1831 Negro slave revolt in Virginia are conveyed with eloquence in the Southern-born writer's fourth novel.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, Styron (1 last week)
2. *The Gabriel Hounds*, Stewart (3)
3. *The Exhibitionist*, Sutton (5)
4. *Topaz*, Uris (2)
5. *The Chosen*, Potok (4)
6. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (7)
7. *Christy*, Marshall (6)
8. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (9)
9. *The Monor*, Singer
10. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (11)
2. *Nicholas and Alexandra*, Massie (2)
3. *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, Alliluyeva (5)
4. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (3)
5. *Incredible Victory*, Lord (7)
6. *Rickenbacker*, Rickenbacker (4)
7. *Memoirs: 1925-1950*, Kennan (8)
8. *Tao Strong for Fantasy*, Davenport
9. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (6)
10. *Between Parent and Child*, Ginn

Flowers this Christmas:

the nicest way to say
"thank you" to a

Customer

Send Holiday flowers
to his family.

Your Allied Florist member
will arrange, package, deliver
a beautiful holiday
arrangement anywhere.



Everything on this page
now marked down to

\$995

Buy 17 days of South Pacific adventure from Qantas. And save.

Fly from San Francisco to Sydney, the city that's part Rio, part London, but all Australian. (You'll stay at the new Wentworth, very plush.)

Then to Canberra, Australia's capital, and visits to Parliament House and Embassy Row.

Melbourne, financial and fashion center, is next. Just a few miles from the city you can spy on the improbable platypus.

Across the Tasman Sea to New Zealand. To Christchurch and Auckland. And, if you choose, the famed Glow Worm Grotto or a visit to the Maoris at Rotorua.

Or see Australia's Great Barrier Reef, a thousand mile scimitar of coral. Or the pleasures of the fabled islands of Fiji.

Of course, you can stop off in Tahiti or Hawaii on the way home. It's up to you. \$995 puts you on the map. For round trip* via Qantas jet, sightseeing, first-class accommodations. See your Qantas travel agent or mail the coupon below. You'll get more than you bargained for.

*28-day nonstop round trip from the West Coast. To Hawaii, 16 days. To the South Pacific, 17. With BOAC and Air New Zealand.



\$1 will get you a copy of a great new 50-page book packed with magnificent color pictures and facts about Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Fiji, New Caledonia and Hawaii. And it tells you all about the remarkable Qantas Tour. There's a wide choice, at prices to match.

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Mail to: Qantas, Dept. R
415 Michigan Ave. Chicago 60603

QANTAS
Australia's round-the-world airline

Don we now our gay apparel.

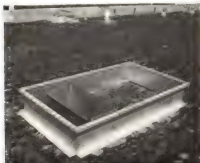


If you're looking
for a good Scotch to give,
this wraps it up.

("Ballantine's" is on a slip-off band.) Bottled in Scotland. Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

**New
Lennox Comfort
System...**

**from "hole-in-the-
roof" to start-up
(same day!)**



Easy installation begins with roof-mounting frame to be flashed in place.



All ducts pierce the roof within the frame.



All-weather unit bolts to frame, needs no other sealing.



New single-zone system heats, cools, ventilates.



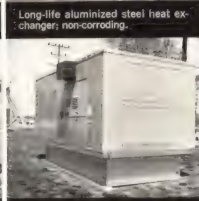
Long-life aluminized steel heat exchanger; non-corroding.



Simple "plug-in" connections for fresh air intake.



Optional POWER SAVER™ cools free with outside air below 57°F.



Commercial quality, factory-assembled; prewired and precharged.



Low-silhouette, inconspicuous unit. Also adapts to grade-level installation.

New, easy-installing Lennox units — 8 through 22 tons electric cooling, up to 500,000 Btuh gas heating. Complete-system, single-source responsibility.

Single-zone system plus multizone system. Whatever your building — office, school, restaurant, plant, clinic, laboratory, apartment or other high-occupancy space — Lennox has the system for it.

For details, write Lennox Industries Inc., 276 S. 12th Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa.

LENNOX
AIR CONDITIONING • HEATING



Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the place
Every creature was stirring at a furious pace.
Stockings were carefully hung side by side
In hopes that Kahlúa would be tucked inside.



There came from the kitchen the continual clatter
Of the mixing of brownies from Kahlúa batter.
Kahlúa was poured on roast turkey, for basting,
And poured into small cordial glasses, for tasting.



Some whipped up bowls of Kahlúa Parfait,
While others cracked eggs for Kahlúa Souffle.
(All drank Kahlúa in coffee. Olé!)

Yet this was but part of their holiday fixings.
Kahlúa was used for their spirited mixings;
Kahlúa Sour! Brave Bull on ice!
Then, after dinner, Black Russians are nice!



They drank K & B (that's Kahlúa and Brandy)
From Kahlúa Kups (made of chocolate candy).
Celebrations continued well into the night
(With Kahlúa cocktails, that were, like, out of sight!)



Till each one exclaimed
with a cry of delight,
"Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good night!"



"Bar Humbugi!"



KAHLÚA
53 Proof
Coffee Liqueur from
Sunny Mexico

To learn the many ways to enjoy the holiday spirit,
write for our Kahlúa Recipe Book. We'll send it to
you free. After all, it's Christmas.

Jules Berman & Assoc., Inc., 9025 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.



Wild! is the word for the uninhibited jungle beat of Tigress

Parfum Extraordinaire...made in France by

Fabergé



Give Johnnie Walker Red,
the world's best selling Scotch.

Why fool around?



Johnnie Walker Red
(The Smooth Scotch)

LETTERS

Hats Off

Sir: You are to be respected for having the courage to ignore initial poor reviews (including your own) and recognize the cinematic gem that is *Bonnie and Clyde* [Dec. 8]. Today's movie audience, exposed to such a larger number of movies than ever before, is more sophisticated than Critic Emeritus Bosley Crowther thinks. No longer do bad guys all wear black hats and act mean—life is not that simple.

XAVIER KOHAN

Manhattan

Sir: To call *Bonnie and Clyde* "ordinary people" because they laughed and occasionally cried is a heinous insult to the meaning of "common man." To applaud the sadists, voyeurs and media manipulators masquerading as directors, actors and writers is as misguided as were the lives of that flagitious couple. *Bonnie and Clyde* is a victory if the battle was to rape senses, offend dignity, and threaten the thin threads of humanity some of us are still tenaciously holding on to in spite of the Mr. Beatty's of this age.

NAOMI LEE MAHDANI

ERIC CAMPBELL-RIPOGLI
Bronxville, N.Y.

Sir: The vicarious violence that I participated in while watching *Bonnie and Clyde* left me so drained that I still have neither the energy nor the desire to pull a trigger—anywhere. Fantastic!

FRED KLINT

San Francisco

Sir: Maybe I am just an old fuddy-duddy but they all spell *risque* to me. At 38 years of age, my favorite recent movie was *Mary Poppins*. I can always stay home, watch TV and hope that another Walt Disney will some day be resurrected.

(MRS.) MARGARET L. CORBIN

Owings Mills, Md.

On to the Waistland

Sir: Miniskirts may be cute on the campus and boisterous at the beach, but your cover article [Dec. 11] omits that spot where they are truly most appealing: the garment industry's pocketbook. What could be sweeter than taking an ordinary skirt, cutting it into three pieces, and then selling each piece for twice as much as the original?

(MRS.) MARIQUITA H. BODINE

Arlington, Va.

Sir: At last girls are dressing for guys instead of other girls.

JOHN T. WALSH

Chicago

Sir: It bears out a theory long held that certain fashion designers are dedicated to trying to make men hate women.

FREDERICK ANDERSON

Pipersville, Pa.

Sir: What next year? Waistland when hemline and neckline meet?

ERICA PAAP

The Hague, Netherlands

Sir: Ladies,
Do as you please
With your knees,
But let your thighs
Be a surprise.

JOSEPH DI PATRINO

Minnetonka, N.Y.

Power & Pride

Sir: The executive committee of the Black Family Conference in Westchester County thanks you for listing its commitment to a new black consciousness and black pride as a positive endeavor rather than an act of subversion [Dec. 11]. All too often, the Black man's image has been distorted and grotesquely presented to the predominant white world as little more than that of 20th century, nuclear-type heathens.

BOB MAYHAWK
Co-Chairman

Westchester Black Family Conference
White Plains, N.Y.

Sir: You speak with approval of racial pride—a concept which is both ludicrous and vicious. If a man need take pride in the color of his skin, it is obvious that there is nothing else he can take pride in. You speak with approval of a list of black activities and organizations, ignoring the fact that if "whites only" student groups are justly condemned, changing the color makes no difference. Racism is racism and consists not of condemning a certain race but of believing that such a concept as "race" has any meaning.

BYRON VAN KLOOK

New Haven, Conn.

Covering the Story

Sir: I cannot believe your staff would have intentionally permitted a completely unfounded slap at the Kansas City Star in the story on Primitivo Garcia [Dec. 8]. The story says, "Though both Kansas City newspapers virtually ignored the affair, . . ." and then proceeds to give two women the credit for stirring public attention and contributions. The Star and Times coverage consisted of 19 stories (seven on Page 1), two editorials and 45 inches of letters in our public-mind column.

RICHARD B. FOWLER
President

The Kansas City Star
Kansas City, Mo.

► TIME apologizes for its oversight.

Nominating Convention

Sir: It is impossible for me to nominate one Man of the Year, so I'll have to name two: Dr. Norman Borlaug, the agricultural scientist who has developed a dwarf wheat that can give mankind a 20-year respite from famine; and Dr. Alan Guttmacher, head of Planned Parenthood-World Popu-

lation, which hopes to avert this famine by curtailing population growth.

ROGER BERGER

Miami, Fla.

Sir: For his unpopular but efficient performance in his final year as Secretary of Defense of the U.S., during which he successfully perpetrated his "own" war, I nominate Robert S. McNamara.

JOHN G. DEZEK

Madison, Wis.

Sir: Man of the Year awards to the four patriotic *Intrepid* defectors for demonstrating the basic difference between democracy and Communism: putting one's conscience and morality above the dictates of the Johnson Administration.

ED WEBER

Akron

Sir: The Negro soldier in Viet Nam.

DAVID NEWSOM

Washington

Sir: Astronauts Grissom, White and Chaffee.

H. H. HAMMER

Manhattan

Sir: Cleveland's Mayor Carl Stokes.

RUH E. ALSTON

Philadelphia

Sir: The Beatles.

MICHAEL F. FRANKEL

Interlaken, N.J.

Sir: Mrs. Mao Tse-tung.

DR. JAMES KRITZICK

Notre Dame, Ind.

Galled by the Goul

Sir: It is time to recognize that De Gaulle, not France but this man—is the most virulent enemy that the U.S. has today [Dec. 11]. For diplomatic reasons, as a nation we can perhaps do little but as individuals we can do much, because the French are businessmen. No patriotic American should even think of visiting France until De Gaulle is removed. And let us refuse to buy wines, perfumes, jewelry, clothing—anything that comes from France, until that happy day when France is released from this dictator's grip.

TREVOR F. HODGES

Towson, Md.

Sir: Your comments on the gold drain suggested an idea so simple there must be something wrong with it. Why is it not possible, when France presents a slug of dollars and demands gold, to say, "Sure, we will redeem the dollars with gold, and

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO TIME RELATING TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTION should be accompanied by your address label. Attach it at the right. We're able to answer inquiries by telephone in many areas. Please note your number here.

AREA CODE

PHONE

TO SUBSCRIBE: Fill in below from left to right. Subscription rates in U.S. and Canada: one year—\$12; two years—\$18; three years—\$24. (U.S. only—\$24.)

ADDRESS ALL INQUIRIES OR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO: TIME, 55 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611

Miss

Mrs.

Mr.

name (please print)

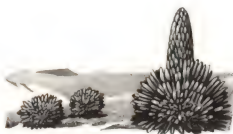
address

city

state

zip code

ATTACH LABEL HERE for change of address, adjustment, complaint, renewal, etc. and be assured of more accurate faster service. When mailing, please give us five weeks' notice, print name, new address and Zip Code below. Also, please include your old address FOR YOUR INFORMATION, the date in the upper left-hand corner of your address label indicates the expiration date of your current subscription.



Haleakala's soil is so rich,
the Hawaiian silversword
can't be found anywhere else.

Neither can the great tasting
rum we make there.

Made in paradise
by Calvert.

Hawaiian Rum ©80 Proof • Calvert Dist. Co. • Honolulu, Hawaii



we will credit the gold to that account
you have owed us so long. Thank you."

E. R. HUCKLEBERRY, M.D.

Salt Lake City

Two Views of TV

Sir: After twelve months in Viet Nam in combat with the 1st Air Cavalry Division, I was bemused by your article on the TV combat news reporter [Dec. 11]. With very few exceptions, these fearless purveyors of perceptiveness and veracity arrive at the scene of battle after the outcome has become certain; they invariably interview the twice-wounded private who has just witnessed his two best buddies killed, who hasn't slept for two days, and who is most likely to cautiously comment on the conduct of the action, conduct of his leaders, conduct of the war, reason for American involvement, and why he would much rather be in a New York bar than in a Southeast Asian jungle. After this "in-depth" analysis of a typical day's progress in the prosecution of the war, the "political-military-economic-medical" expert gives his somber and acrimonious interpretation of the day's events, year's progress, decade's possibilities and century's certainties.

DAVID P. PORRICA
Captain, U.S.A.

Fort Benning, Ga.

On the Mark

Sir: Having been a constant reader of TIME since early youth, it was not without pride or gratitude that I saw your favorable comment on the Maersk Line and on my personality [Nov. 24]. Denmark is a small country, frequently too impressed with its own opinions on what other countries should or should not do, and far too often Denmark, in consequence, is quoted abroad on its less constructive attitudes. Your comment on our activities is therefore doubly appreciated.

MAERSK MC-KINNEY MØLLER

Copenhagen

Cavities Can Be Good for You

Sir: In your article on my brother, Howard Zieff (television commercials) [Nov. 24], the description of him as short and hyperactive is sadly incomplete. My kids are short and hyperactive—he's intense, brilliant, and personally fascinating. It may be interesting for your motherly readers to note that our family dentist gave him his original art lessons, and with each visit his genius emerged. Unfortunately, my group had fewer cavities.

(MRS.) MARGIE ZIEFF FINN

Sepulveda, Calif.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

NEW ISSUE

December 1, 1962

\$50,000,000

General Instrument Corporation

5% Convertible Subordinated Debentures due October 1, 1992

Convertible into Common Stock at \$67 per share.

Price: 100%

(price stated netted from December 12, 1962)

Company of the Private Securities Act of 1933. Securities from this offering of debentures are not being offered under securities laws which prohibit the sale of securities without

LOEB, RICHARDS & CO.

KUHN, LOEB & CO. BRYCE & CO., INC. EASTMAN DREON, UNION SECURITIES & CO.

GEORGE FORBES, W. R. STANLEY, INC. GOLDMAN, SACHS & CO. HALSEY, STUART & CO., INC.

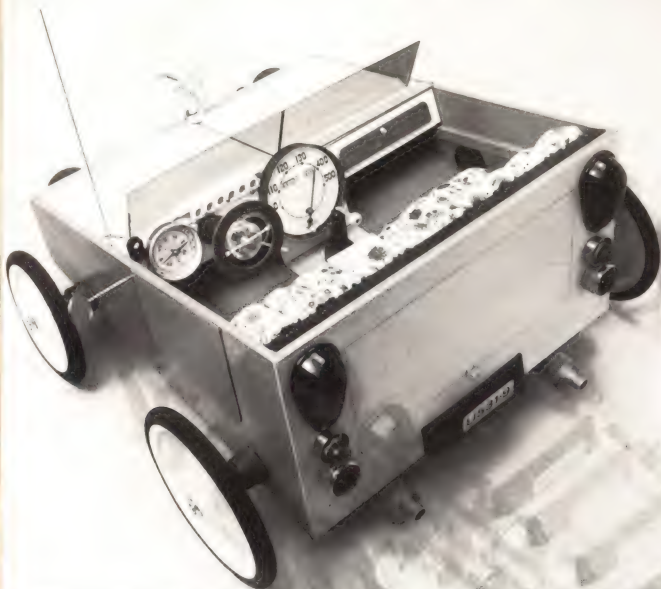
HOBBS & WILKS-HUMPHREY, NOYES KIDDER, PIERCE & FENNER & SMITH

LEHMAN BROTHERS PAIN, WEBER, JACKSON & CRUICK SEIDMAN BROTHERS & HUTZLER

SMITH, BARNEY & CO. STONE & WELLSER SECURITIES CORPORATION WERTHEIM & CO.

WHITE, WELLS & CO. DEAN WITTE & CO. REAR, STEPHENS & CO. PARIBAS CORPORATION

How A-M did some steering for Ford Motor Company (and put the brakes on runaway copying costs)



Mass production is efficient when you make cars. It can be folly when you make copies. Ford Motor Company hit on this truth when copying costs climbed continuously. They joined with A-M systems experts to find a way of controlling runaway copying costs.

It's called the Copy Service Plan, and it assures the customer of one assured price per copy, based on annual volume. If you make enough copies a month, A-M includes supplies, service and all the

machines you need at that one fixed cost. The price is based on a thorough analysis of your needs. And only A-M offers such a customized plan. Ford Motor Company liked the idea and adopted it.

Don't despair if "convenience" copying has run away with you. Ask A-M about the Copy Service Plan. Our office nearest you is linked with 142 others around the country. Addressograph Multigraph Corporation, Department X, Cleveland, Ohio 44117.

COPIER and DUPLICATOR division



CORPORATION

...helping people communicate

End of the Blues:

Other Band Razors should have their heads examined – you'll find they're not all there!



The action's in the new **Schick**® 10-edge cartridge – with not just 6, but 10 new Krona Edges.

✔ To keep your mornings bright and cheerful, Schick gives you a complete winding mechanism—new with every cartridge. While our competitor may think it's cheaper to put half the band mechanism in the razor and half in the cartridge, old and new parts do not always fit together. In fact the self-contained Schick cartridge fits all band razors.



✔ Finally, the 10 Super Stainless Edges are held taut by an exclusive slotted band for positive shaving control. Every Krona® Edge has the incredibly smooth Miron® Coating for a surface of unequalled comfort.

Schick **AUTO-BAND**® Razor

Put your reliance on famous **Schick Science**.

Schick Safety Razor Company, Schick is a trademark of SCHICK SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC. ©

"Black & White" Scotch. Scotch for people who know the difference.

Gift-wrapped, and handsomely, with our compliments.



AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED ONLY IN SCOTLAND 86 & PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CO. INC. EXCLUSIVE IMPORTER

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 15, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 24

THE NATION

THE WAR

A Different Kind of Conclusion

Throughout U.S. history, wars have almost invariably ended with a clear victor, a stirring surrender ceremony, and a touch of grandeur. There was Cornwallis capitulating at Yorktown; Lee yielding to Grant; the bowed Japanese aboard the *Missouri*. But Viet Nam, it is all too apparent, is a war unlike any other that the U.S. has ever had to fight. Accordingly, U.S. policymakers last week were sifting several shreds of evidence that may hint at a different and less dramatic conclusion.

One was the news that the Viet Cong had sought last September to send representatives to the United Nations. The U.S. said that it would not object to such a visit as long as the guerrillas were really interested in conducting "official business." But, added the State Department, "we do oppose their coming merely to mount a propaganda campaign." The V.C. thereupon abandoned their effort, indicating that they very well might have been after headlines. But the intriguing notion also remains that they might have been after something more.

That possibility was underscored in a notebook that was prepared by a Viet Cong political leader and captured recently by U.S. troops. In it, the guerrilla conceded that the V.C. could not deal the U.S. and its allies "a lethal blow" and were thinking of turning toward a coalition government as a means of achieving what they could no longer hope to win on the battlefield. The Communists of late have been savagely mauled in battles from Dak To to the Delta. That may help to explain their brutal reprisals against the men, women and children of a refugee village that they bused down with flamethrowers last week; it may also account for an upsurge in defections under the "open arms" program (see *TIME* WOODS).

Opening Wedge. Some U.S. observers believe that the Viet Cong are in the midst of a sharp internal dispute over their relations with Hanoi—not unlike the frequent spats between Saigon and Washington over who should be doing what in the war and who is

really in charge. Speculation along those lines was heightened by Vice President Hubert Humphrey, who told a radio audience that there was a strong chance of a split within the Viet Cong's political arm, the National Liberation Front. "It may be that at some future date," he said, "some of the non-Communist members of the N.L.F. may very well want to be brought into a government and may very well be the very ones we have to negotiate with."

Officially, the U.S. reiterated last week that it will not deal with the Viet Cong without consulting "our fighting allies," particularly the Saigon government. The State Department also rejected a coalition government on the grounds that such a regime could be the opening wedge in a Viet Cong effort to ultimately take over the South.

Nevertheless, this does not rule out the possibility that some groups within

One reason why Washington felt it necessary to issue that reassurance was the recent arrest in Saigon of an alleged Viet Cong agent who had supposedly met secretly with U.S. officials. Last week, a U.S. source in Saigon said that the man was actually a CIA agent working with non-Communist elements of the N.L.F.

the Viet Cong may indeed be searching for a way out. It is most unlikely that the Allies will offer them membership in a coalition government, but some interim formula could be arranged that would ensure the Viet Cong continued sway over the hamlets they now control. Eventually, a solution could be worked out along the lines of the one that followed the guerrilla war in Greece, where the Communists eventually achieved limited political rights. Such a settlement is never entirely foolproof—witness the fact that the Greek army has since stepped in to strip away those rights—but there are few who would not find it preferable to several more years of a costly, bloody war.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Mood Indigo

In the waning days of 1967, a noxious atmosphere pervades the nation's capital. "We are in danger of losing our sense of confidence in each other," warned Massachusetts' Democratic Senator Ted Kennedy. Said another Democratic Senator of the mood on Capitol Hill: "It's a tiredness, a frustration, an uneasiness. It's a war with no end

in sight. It's a racial and urban problem with no end in sight. It's a fiscal problem with no end in sight. Maybe if we all get out of here, go home and listen to the people for a while, we'll come back with new hope and new ideas and new enthusiasm. But maybe we'll come back more discouraged than ever."

It was difficult to imagine how the discouragement could go any deeper than it already has. Congress and the President are not yet as badly stalemated as they were during John F. Kennedy's last days, but they are rapidly approaching that point. The Great Society is sputtering along in low gear because, as one Administration official put it, "the governmental structure has outrun the funds." Rumors of wholesale resignations are making the rounds in Washington in the wake of Robert McNamara's decision to quit the Defense Department. United Nations Ambassador Arthur Goldberg is expected to depart within a few months; Labor Secretary Willard



PREMIER LOC & VIET CONG DEFECTOR
Hints of a search for a way out.



THE WASHINGTON HILTON



FREEMAN



GOLDBERG



SHRIVER



FOWLER

Not altogether bleak, despite a singular ability to catalyze disenchantment.

Wirtz, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler, Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman and Poverty Boss Sargent Shriver are said to be anxious to leave the Government or to change jobs—though all may temporarily stay put now that McNamara is leaving, simply to prevent the kind of revolving-door exodus that could hurt Lyndon Johnson in an election year.

Signal Failures. The lightning rod for most criticism is, of course, the President. Johnson, complains one sub-cabinet member, has a singular ability to "catalyze disenchantment"—not to mention disbelief. Few Congressmen—and fewer newsmen—take the President of the U.S. completely at his word. When he forecast a deficit of only \$8 billion for the current fiscal year, few believed that it would be so small. Now that he is predicting a deficit of up to \$35 billion, hoping thereby to prod Congress into enacting his 10% tax surcharge, few believe that it will be so large.

The President has undeniably failed in some signal tests of executive performance. He has not built a genuine "Johnson team." Curiously, more first-rank Kennedy men have stuck it out with him than have the men whom he himself brought into the Government, notably Bill Moyers, Jack Valenti, George Reedy. Johnson, moreover, has failed to perform the crucial executive function of charting a clear course for the future. One top economist complains that Johnson's close-to-the-vest method of operation, perfected during 24 years in Congress, has left major institutions stumbling around in the dark on vital policy decisions until the last possible moment.

Overburdened Aides. Nor has Johnson succeeded in stimulating much new thought or inspiring men to outdo themselves—a fact underscored by the impending departure of such talented second-echelon officials as Assistant Attorney General John Doar or State Department Policy Planner Zbigniew

Brzezinski. Such critics as Columnist Joseph Kraft charge that the President's own White House staff suffers a "poverty of intellect." The most talented of the presidential aides—men like Domestic Overseer Joe Califano, Speechwriter Harry McPherson and Security Adviser Walt Rostow—are grievously overburdened as a result.

Even Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, one of the President's most faithful congressional supporters, last week challenged him for the first time on his conduct of the war. "We urge again that this Administration—to a degree and with a vigor not yet evident—look beyond Viet Nam and consider where we shall stand and with whom we shall sit when this conflict ceases," said Dirksen in a joint statement with House Republican Leader Gerald Ford. "The Congress and the people have seen all too little evidence of genuine effort to explore and exploit the diplomatic opportunities available to us in this regard." Moreover, said Dirksen, the election of "a Republican Administration that committed itself to peace" would have a "very wholesome and healthy effect."

Larger than Life. Despite Washington's mood of indignation, things are not altogether bleak for the nation—or for Lyndon Johnson. For all the grumbling, the President may get very nearly what he requested in the way of increased Social Security benefits (House-Senate conferees proposed a 13% increase last week instead of the 15% proposed by Johnson), foreign aid (the Senate is seeking to restore more than half a billion dollars to the \$2.1 billion House measure), and education (the Senate rejected moves to trim \$2.5 billion from Johnson's three-year, \$14.5 billion school-aid program).

Besides, there are increasing signs that once next year's campaign gets under way in earnest, Johnson will be the ebullient, inexhaustible, larger-than-life campaigner of old, and considerably harder to defeat than a lot of people now fig-

ure. During one dizzying 24-hour period last week, he offered a preview of what that campaign may be like—delivering three separate speeches, holding an impromptu press conference, alternately scolding and cajoling his critics, spinning out visions of the kind of nation he wants to help build, and cracking joke after joke.

Waxing Sarcastic. He held his news conference in the Cabinet Room of the White House, seated in a rocker at the enormous mahogany conference table. When he was asked about rumors of other Cabinet-level resignations, he waxed sarcastic. "I know that some kids have been calling around some of your bureaus predicting that," he said, clearly retorting to the Kennedy brothers. "Most of them are not as close to the situation as they might be—or might desire to be." Another newsmen asked whether the "kids" were old enough to be Congressmen. "I didn't have any members of Congress in mind," grinned Johnson, "although I am sure some of them could be involved."

That evening, Johnson was in deadly earnest when he addressed the Foreign Policy Conference for Business Executives at the State Department. Discussing Viet Nam, he declared that the U.S. involvement had helped those nations in the shadow of China to overcome a "paralysis of will" and to begin working together for their mutual security and prosperity. Nonetheless, he added, many in the U.S. were searching for "the fire escape—the easy way out," just as they were "in Mussolini's time" and "in Hitler's time."

Deserting the Ship. Some observers are so convinced Johnson will be beaten next year that they have already concluded he is a lame duck in aspic. "Lots of so-called friends are deserting his ship," said one politician, "the way they were deserting Harry Truman's in 1948 and 1952." Still, it would be unwise to count the President out—or even to rate him an underdog. Despite the challenge from Minnesota Democrat

Eugene McCarthy—and in some cases, because of it—Democratic regulars are beginning to coalesce behind the President. Last week the Massachusetts State Committee overwhelmingly endorsed him, and a group of Western Democratic leaders called unanimously for his re-election.

As for L.B.J., he seemed less than panic-stricken. Whoever the Democratic candidate may be in 1968, said the President with supreme self-confidence, "I fully intend to support him."

ARMED FORCES

Cerebral Commandant

Though the President routinely names a new commandant of the Marine Corps every four years, the selection this year crackled with suspense. Three individualistic generals—each highly qualified to be the nation's top Marine—were in open contention for the post, and Lyndon Johnson delayed for more than two months beyond the traditional September announcement date before choosing one of them. Last week the President ended the suspense by picking self-effacing Lieut. General Leonard F. Chapman Jr. to succeed Commandant Wallace M. Greene Jr. on the first of the year.

Floridian "Chappie" Chapman, 54, was the dark horse choice between two other, better-known lieutenant generals, both also 54: popular, barrel-chested Lewis Walt and acerbic, shrimp-sized (5 ft. 4 in., 134 lbs.) Victor H. ("Brute") Krulak. Walt and Krulak have vastly more combat experience than Chapman and both are experts on Viet Nam. Both are also controversial. Walt—whom the President last week named assistant commandant—has been criticized, unjustly, for not being aggressive

enough during his two years as the Marine commander in Viet Nam. Krulak, a favorite of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and President Kennedy, has earned enemies with a tongue that is as sharp as his mind.

Quiet Confidence. The choice between the generals was not an easy one. Each had a clique of supporters actively rooting for him. Noting that Chapman was senior in time-in-rank to Walt and Krulak, Johnson remarked: "One man said you could flip a coin and any one of three or four would be ideally equipped."

Though Chapman has not been in combat since World War II, where he served with distinction as an artillery commander, he fits ideally the cerebral requirements of modern military leadership. Like the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, with whom the commandant meets regularly as an associate member, Chapman is largely a product of Robert McNamara's industrialized Pentagon: last August he was given the Armed Forces Management Association's annual merit award for his mastery of management techniques in running the corps. Over the past six years in various staff jobs at the Marine headquarters—and for the past five months as assistant commandant—Chapman became known as a man of quiet competence. As a fellow officer described him: "You never catch him looking at only one slice of the pie."

REPUBLICANS

Back to the Laundry

On the eve of a round-the-world tour last week, George Romney once more referred to his brainwashing gaffe, declaring that his 1965 experience in Viet Nam has put him on his guard, just as a broken bone, once knitted, is "stronger at the break than at any other point." Before a single bonehead gaw was born, Romney winged off to Paris, was ignored by De Gaulle, conferred with Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, and then gushed: "I am impressed by the good relationship between the people of France and the U.S. There is a great deal in common in the leadership, and the two governments are devoted to the same basic principles."

Incredulous, the *Francophile* New York Daily News editorialized: "And this is the gent who said he was brainwashed by Americans in Saigon."

Chubbmaniship

Never in the 19-year history of Yale University's Chubb Fellowships—established to spark student interest in politics—had such intense preparation been made for a guest. Earlier "Chubbs" had included such controversial figures as Glibb Pasha (former commander of the Arab Legion), Adlai Stevenson, Barry Goldwater and Henry R. Luce. This time students and faculty alike set New Haven palpitating with plans. Passes were issued to members of classes in

which the honored visitor would lecture, so that outsiders would not usurp regulars' seats. Radical activists prepared an 18-point questionnaire calculated to embarrass him. Campus conservatives prepared their own rebuttals. Yet when Ronald Reagan showed up in New Haven last week, his hosts were surprised to find him an engaging fellow.

Reagan, of course, had planned it that way—or so claimed his detractors. After all, he dined with Yaleman William F. Buckley Jr. Unbaitable and well read in his homework, Reagan fielded questions with aplomb and wit. Asked whether he felt homosexuals had any place in government, he drawled: "Well, perhaps in the Department of Parks and Recreation." Queried more querulously about Selective Service Director Lewis Hershey's suggestion that draft dissenters be reclassified, Reagan admitted that "emotionally I could go along with him" but "intellectually I realize we can't make military service punitive." The anti-Johnsonian candidacy of Democratic Senator Eugene McCarthy provided Reagan with another effective one-liner: "This is the type of McCarthyism I heartily approve of—anything that's divisive among Democrats is constructive to Republicans."

As to his own presidential aspirations, Reagan predictably disavowed any personal desire ("Anyone would have to be out of his skull to want to be President"), but refused to make a "Sherman statement" and quoted Dwight Eisenhower saying that "it was a foolish statement, and Sherman shouldn't have made it." Reagan's reluctance to opt out was justified by a yet-to-be-released poll taken by the liberal Republican Ripon Society, which finds him, along



MARINE COMMANDANT CHAPMAN
An eye on the pie . . .



REAGAN & WIFE (RIGHT): AT YALE
. . . and a foot at the door.

with Richard Nixon, standing "the nearest step away from the 1968 Republican nomination," with George Romney and Nelson Rockefeller far to the rear.

Crack in the Rock

Moderate Republican Governors in Miami last week talked wistfully of Nelson Rockefeller for President in the case of a deadlock at next year's G.O.P. convention. And, for once, the New Yorker conceded that he might heed a draft. "If the party presents you with that fact," said Rocky, "and I don't think it will, then you have to face it."

FLORIDA

I, Claudius

"This is Claude Kirk, Governor of Florida. Do you read my press? Then you know that I'm a tree-shakin' son of a bitch."

The jowly, jaunty Governor was out shaking trees last week as host of the Republican Governors' Conference in Palm Beach, acting more like a presidential candidate than a freshman state executive. He gave a dozen "in-depth" interviews in one day alone, later lined up 14 taped TV talks with visiting Governors, and hogged the spotlight throughout the conference.

"I'm just sellin' orange juice," Kirk smiles ingenuously. "Sellin' orange juice, sellin' Kirk, sellin' Florida. People are payin' attention."

It has been hard not to. In the eleven months since "Go-Go" Kirk, 41, took office, hardly a day has passed without Page One pictures and stories about him in Florida's press. Whether wooing and marrying German-born Beauty Erika Mattfeld, 33, running his 37-foot sloop aground in mirror-calm seas off Miami, or facing down Rap Brown at a Black Power rally in Jacksonville, the fleshily handsome Governor has always been ready with a colorful

quote or bizarre gesture to enhance his swinging image. His travels out of state in a private Lear jet have averaged 10,000 miles a month. The Governor claims that his absenteeism fits into "the Kirk plan for instant controversy." He explains: "The garden of controversy must be continually cultivated; otherwise, nobody knows you are alive."

Egotatism. There never has been any doubt that Kirk is among the quick. But is he for real? Says a former business associate: "He is a complete political huckster, a phony and a very dangerous man." To Bill Baggs, editor of the Miami News, "Kirk appears to be the only man in Western civilization who has more answers than there are questions." The Miami Herald refers to him as "Claudius Maximus."

His critics say Kirk has unhesitatingly used the tax-supported Florida Development Commission to promote the political development of Claude Kirk. Indeed, the commission reprints his speeches in handy brochures, distributes them widely, and has run up vast bills for photography and publicity. When newspapers revealed last week that the commission had picked up the \$1,628 tab for Kirk's honeymoon flight to Germany this fall with his wife, the irrepressible Governor denied nothing and refunded the money forthwith. "Very good reporting," he said. "Suppose a political enemy instead of the press had found it? That would have been terrible."

Kirk, say his critics, has so confused his own destiny with that of the state that his philosophy should be called "egotatism." Indeed, the Governor cheerfully maintains that what is good for him must perforce be good for Florida. If in the process the former Democrat should find himself the Republicans' vice-presidential choice to bring the South into the fold, he obviously would not mind that either. To that end he grabs every chance to castigate

George Wallace, a fellow graduate of the University of Alabama law school, whose third-party candidacy in next year's presidential election could eat heavily into the Republican vote in the South.

Derring-Do. In his brief tenure, one-time Insurance Salesman Claude Kirk has revitalized Florida's Republican Party almost singlehandedly. As the state's first G.O.P. Governor since 1872, he has shaken up his elected Democratic Cabinet, ordered a modern state constitution to replace a rickety 80-year-old charter, acted to remove the scandal-plagued state road board from politics, clamped down on shady real estate deals, snagged the G.O.P. presidential convention for Miami, and worked vigorously to attract more industry and tourists to Florida.

His most controversial action was to hire the Wackenhut private detective agency to wage his much-touted "war on crime." Despite anguished cries of "Nazism!" and "Dictatorship!", the experiment succeeded to the extent of pointing up the need for a regular state police force and led to formation of the first statewide law-enforcement bureau, which will take the place of the Wackenhut men. One vexing problem: how to pay the more than \$300,000 owed the Wackenhut firm and still keep his vow that the taxpayers would not have to foot the bill.

Kirk's derring-do and damned-if-I-don't candor, his slightly naughty reputation and his extravagant political ambitions make even his supporters question his abilities. Kirk could not care less—just as long as he is in the limelight. Thus last week Kirk beamed beatifically when Illinois' Republican Senator Everett Dirksen placed a long-distance telephone call from the G.O.P. Governors' meeting to former President Eisenhower in Palm Desert, Calif. As the assembled Governors listened to the amplified conversation, they heard Dirksen say: "The weather couldn't be better if Claude Kirk had ordered it on top of Mount Olympus with ambrosia and nectar." Replied Ike: "That shows the power of a Republican Governor in a Democratic state." Noting Kirk's pleased expression, a visiting politician cracked: "Look at him—he believes it."

PROTEST

Dissent Among the Dissenters

It was billed as "Stop the Draft and End the War Week." By the time the scenario of civil disobedience had been played out in 34 cities last week, all that had been stopped was a little traffic, and nothing had ended but the tenuous unity of the protesters themselves. The customary documents were burned—few were actually draft cards—and the traditional chants were belted, but the turnout from San Francisco to New York was diminutive and dispirited, compared with October's Pentagon march.



GOVERNOR KIRK & WIFE AT G.O.P. GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE IN PALM BEACH
Selling orange juice from the garden of controversy.

Marigolds & Mischief. Main targets of last week's demos were federal induction centers. In San Francisco, a crowd of 800, ranging from hippies and clerics to an actively nursing mother gathered in a nippy Bay wind for an "offer-tory" service. Only 87 filed forward to place their draft cards in a silver bowl for mailing to Washington.

Cincinnati's antiwarriors conducted their draft drama with a bit more panache. Sporting marigolds and sparking mischief, a group of 50—mostly students from nearby Antioch College—gathered in front of the main post office to protest the impending induction of James R. Wessner, 22, grandson-in-law of Cleveland Industrialist and Russophile Cyrus Eaton. Wessner was clad in a black Halloween "death" costume and toted a scythe—a grim tableau that found an almost exact duplicate in Des Moines. Nine young men turned in their draft cards in Cincinnati, after dipping them in a cup full of blood contributed by two Antioch students. When the group attempted to dissuade a Negro inductee, the Kenneth Dunn, 19, from entering the center, he told them: "I'm willing to lay my life down if necessary so that you can bitch and protest, but I don't suppose any of you will understand that."

Symbolic Arrests. The biggest turnout was in Manhattan, where a crowd of up to 2,000 surrounded the Whitehall Street induction center near city hall, and surged through the rest of Manhattan playing antidraft tag with twice as many cops for four straight days. Greeted by freezing temperatures and the ominous rattle of police bills on the barricades, the demonstrators never managed to reach the main door of the center. Police allowed Dr. Benjamin Spock, poet Allen Ginsberg and author Susan Sontag, among others, to sit-in symbolically on the cold stone steps, then just as symbolically arrested them.

The violence on both sides that had marked last month's anti-Dean Rusk dustup at the New York Hilton was notably absent. Frustrated by competent cops, who refused to club them into martyrdom, the dissenters finally began to dissent among themselves. Even the presence of Lyndon Johnson at St. Patrick's Cathedral for Cardinal Spellman's funeral failed to unite them: protesters halfheartedly stalked out the midtown cathedral, but soon dispersed. At Battery Park, moderates and militants clashed in a shoving match during a violent argument over whether to march on city hall.

More ominous for the future of antiwar protest was the rising reaction evident among public and officialdom alike. Hundreds of New Yorkers—including members of the International Longshoremen's Association—staged counter-demonstrations of their own last week, and police were hard pressed to keep workers from attacking antiwarriors. In the harshest tongue-lashing



BLOOD DRIPPING IN CINCINNATI

Babel turned in on itself.



GRIM REAPER IN DES MOINES

yet by a Cabinet member. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman summed up the mounting mood of disgust with the dissenters, denouncing them as "prophets of doom, carping critics, scoundrels—white and black—who are selling America short in a rising, vicious babel." He could take heart from the fact that last week's babel was considerably muted, a sign that the antiwar movement in its most virulent form may be past its peak.

Dubious Privilege

There was one area of protest on which a wide array of Americans could agree. In October, Selective Service Director Lewis Hershey advised the nation's 4,081 draft boards to strip deferments from students and others who interfere with the draft. Since then, Congressmen, judges and university presidents, including Yale's Kingman Brewster and Columbia's Grayson Kirk, have protested the decision. Kirk even suspended on-campus recruiting by the armed services pending a reversal of Hershey's harsh decree. Massachusetts' Senator Edward Kennedy last week said the new procedure would make draft boards "both judge and jury," and it was not surprising that young people would break the law if Hershey "indicates he will ignore the law."

Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, speaking off the bench, describes Hershey as "a law unto himself [who] responds only to his own conversation." The National Student Association—which has urged an end to on-campus harassment of recruiters—last week filed suit in Washington demanding an injunction against enforcement of the Hershey edict. And even though Hershey at week's end softened his threat by absolving "lawful protesters" from priority call-up, to many ordinary Americans it seemed peculiar that the man who describes military duty as a "privilege" should extend it to those he seeks to punish.

LABOR

Most of the Way with L.B.J.

Surrounded by tropical plants, tempted by lavish, leggy entertainment and cosseted in garish luxury to the back-ground wail of the Florida surf, the potentates of American labor forgathered in Miami Beach last week to chart a future in which, as one delegate put it, "every butcher one day can come down here and play." The 1,200 delegates from 126 unions were joined by so weighty an array of Administration brass that Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz dubbed the meeting "the first joint convention of the A.F.I.-C.I.O. and the Cabinet."

In return, President George Meany made no fewer than three first-day orations staunchly supporting L.B.J.'s conduct of the Viet Nam war. Calling labor "neither hawk nor dove nor chicken," Meany declared: "We recognize the fact that our country has a commitment, a job to do. We support the President of the United States." Paul Hall of the Seafarers Union sailed head-on into J. William Fulbright. "If the Senator from Arkansas," Hall growled, "would do just 10% for the Arkansas Negro as he has said or bled for the Viet Cong, not only would Arkansas be a hell of a lot better state, but this would be a better country." Conventioneers could almost hear a drawing Washington response: "Good for 'all."

Thrust & Parry. "Y'all" is not so all-embracing any more. Despite a record 14.3 million membership, the A.F.I.-C.I.O. faces a simmering struggle with its most powerful single member, Walter Reuther, head of the United Auto Workers and Meany's rival for mastery of the A.F.I.-C.I.O., challenged Meany in a resounding resolution accusing the confederation of "compacency, lack of social vision, dynamic thrust and crusading spirit." The attack might have caused a rousing floor fight, but Reuther chose to stay in Detroit for the

General Motors contract talks, and the bubble evaporated.

Nonetheless, Meany's elaboration of labor's status and goals was in effect a reply to Reuther's charges and exhortations. Among A.F.L.-C.I.O. goals, Meany outlined a call for a million public-service jobs paying at least the federal minimum wage, an Administration putsch against nonunion (especially Southern textile) plants, at least 200,000 new public-housing units a year through 1969 and an annual half-million thereafter, a huge extension of public-transit facilities, more bountiful social-welfare benefits, and greatly expanded Government job-training and placement programs. And despite its support for the President's Viet Nam policy, big labor rejected Administration pleas for voluntary curbs on pay increases.

RACES

The Road to Hell

After five months of jetting around the world, Black Power proselyter Stokely Carmichael announced, last week in Sweden that his journey is about to end. "I shall return to hell," he declared. "That is, to the United States."

Instead, he jetted to Paris, where he was held up for 17 hours at the airport as an "undesirable foreigner" until Charles de Gaulle himself ordered that "Car-michel," as he is called in France, be granted entrance; he was issued a three-month visa. Within hours, the quondam chairman of the misnamed Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee was the star anti-American ideologue at a left wing-sponsored "Che Guevara Week" meeting. "We do not want peace in Viet Nam," Carmichael fulminated before an enthusiastic audi-

ence of 4,000. "We want the Vietnamese people to defeat the United States." Standing under a huge portrait of the late Cuban revolutionary and flanked by Viet Cong flags and a Christmas tree, Carmichael added: "We feel we are not paying too high a price even if we have to destroy the structures of the United States."

First-Class Philippic. With no other visible means of support, Carmichael, 26, has turned the same philippic into a first-class, round-the-world airline ticket. Since July he has visited at least a dozen countries—speaking everywhere from Havana to Hanoi—and has not missed an opportunity to attack the U.S. at any stopover.

In Cuba, he boasted that "we have our own list, and it includes McNamara, Johnson and Rusk—if we have to kill them, we will." In North Viet Nam, he gave his "warm support for the struggle against the common enemy." In London, he vowed that "we are going to take over—if the whites don't like it, we will stamp them out." (After that, the British government told him not to bother to return.) In Conakry, Guinea, he declared: "We will win our rights or we are going to burn the country down to the ground." He even managed to alienate African revolutionaries when in Dar es Salaam he said: "They are not making true revolution. They are more interested in big cars and white women than facing the problems of the people."

Negritude & Nihilism. Curiously, Carmichael is a Jeremiah-come-lately to the cause of the American Negro. Born in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, he was eleven before he moved to the U.S. He grew up in his carpenter-father's home in an all-white area of New York's The Bronx where his best friends were three white youths. They remain his friends today. They remember him for his easy laugh and quick smile, traits that still captivate some. "We were immediately and completely accepted," recalls his mother Mabel. He attended the tough Bronx High School of Science and Howard University, from which he graduated with a degree in liberal arts in 1964. Since then, smarting from some first-degree burn of the soul, he has spent his time advocating negritude and nihilism.

Carmichael automatically became a U.S. citizen when his parents were naturalized in the early 1950s. Though several Congressmen would like to see him arrested for sedition—or on any other applicable charge—Attorney General Ramsey Clark has opposed any legal action in the belief that the Government's case might make Carmichael a martyr and would probably not hold up in court. Thus, when—and if—Carmichael finally does return to Hell, U.S.A., the most that he is likely to suffer is confiscation of his passport. Reason: as a U.S. citizen he broke the State Department's rule against trips to Cuba and North Viet Nam.

LOBBYISTS

Caveat Vendor

Ralph Nader is best known as the man who made Americans afraid of their cars; yet the scope of his crusading zeal extends far beyond defective mufflers and inadequate suspension systems. In a scant 18 months, he has piqued national concern over the side effects of medical X rays, the dangers inherent in leaky natural-gas pipelines, and the threat of damaging radiation from several models of color television sets. Last week Nader was a major force behind what Lyndon Johnson called "another victory for the American consumer."

The President endorsed a long-stalled law ordering states to raise their meat hygiene codes in conformity with strict federal inspection standards. The measure, which had lain dormant in con-



NADER TESTIFYING ON MEAT BILL
Evangelist of consumerism.

gressional committees despite efforts of its Democratic sponsors, was given the impetus of national publicity by Nader. He pointed out in a series of freelance articles that many meat-processing plants throughout the country, which handle a full 15% of the beef, pork, lamb and poultry consumed in the U.S., escape federal inspection because the meat does not cross state lines.

Slogans Sell. At 33, the gaunt, olive-skinned attorney (Harvard Law, '58) is a new kind of lobbyist on the Washington legislative scene. As chief caveat caller to *Empire Americans*, he has no constituency but the American consumer, no financial backing beyond what he can generate from lectures and writing his auto-safety book, *Unsafe at Any Speed*, sold 450,000 hard-cover and paperback copies, earned him \$55,000. Nader's success is largely due to his unerring flair for phrasemaking.



CARMICHAEL AT PARIS GUEVARA WEEK
"Stamp," "Burn," "Destroy."

backed by diligent research. A self-taught speed reader, he flips through thousands of pages of Government reports and technical journals, then distills his findings into mind-grabbing slogans. One article on meat, for example, was titled "Watch That Hamburger!"; his most effective apothegm during the automobile ruckus, "They Can't Sell Safety," was a telling put-down of Detroit's ad language.

No one took Nader seriously at first. Indeed, his first crusade against the auto industry might have gone the way of all muckraking had not General Motors inadvertently created nationwide sympathy for him in 1966 when clumsy detectives hired by G.M. tried to dig up dirt on his private life in hopes of discrediting him. Now Nader's vigorous campaigns are aided by a burgeoning force of Congressmen eager to cash in on his crusades. Nader is only too happy to feed them his meticulously accurate intelligence.

Unbrainwashing. The son of a Lebanese-immigrant restaurateur, Nader had the usual American experience with shoddy goods as a boy in Winsted, Conn. He worked in a meat market, had a close friend who was seriously injured in an auto wreck (though not through any fault of Detroit: the friend fell asleep at the wheel). Later, he was horrified during his undergraduate years at Princeton when songbirds on the campus began dying as a result of DDT spray—long before Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* raised an anti-pesticide tirade.

Nader has not stopped being horrified—or outraged—since then. His 100-hour work weeks exclude dating, as well as the basketball, chess or stamp collecting he once enjoyed. "I don't need to relax," he snaps. He lives in a single, \$20-a-week room on the edge of Washington's hippie enclave, eats in cheap restaurants, has not owned a car since 1956, and departs from his penny-squeezing regimen only to pay the bill for his telephone, which can run to \$80 a night for long-distance calls. Thus far, Nader has paid his own way, but now he is seeking cash to found a law firm to fight for consumers, a venture that he estimates will cost \$300,000 a year.

Heartened by his achievements, Nader believes that "the consumer is going through a massive program of unbrainwashing himself." His next targets: "our friendly oil industry" and the deafening boom of supersonic transports that will be flying by 1974.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Captain Courageous

Her once bouffant hair pulled back in stylish severity beneath a 15-year tulle veil, the bride swept down the staircase into the East Room of the White House. She moved in metronomic precision on the arm of her father, the 36th President of the United States, beneath the stern, portraited gaze of four pre-



LYNDA BIRD & CHUCK EMERGING FROM EAST ROOM
But Yuki could not go in.

decessors (none a Democrat). The 32-man chamber orchestra of the U.S. Marine Band, its scarlet tunics reflected in the Waterford chandeliers pendent from the 20-foot ceiling, played Bach's *Arioso* and Barber's *Adagio for Strings*, as Yuki, the President's favorite mongrel, trotted around outside in new red booties and a matching jacket inscribed "CONGRATULATIONS."

Then, in a six-minute ceremony, Episcopal Canon Gerald McAllister of San Antonio united dimpled Lynda Bird Johnson, 23, and Marine Captain Charles Spittal Robb, 28, a brush-cut, bridge-playing descendant of Lord Baltimore. Asked who gave the bride away, L.B.J. could not resist a pitch for feminine votes, and said: "Her mother and I." On behalf of the Marine Corps, six of Chuck Robb's fellow officers crossed swords outside the East Room to form an arch as the couple exited. When Yuki tried to join the picture-taking session in the yellow Oval Room, Lady Bird cried: "Absolutely, that dog cannot come in here!"

Early-Catcher. Few weddings, royal or common, have been so closely scrutinized. Television networks devoted many a prime-time hour to ogling the preliminaries and the gala reception at which 500 guests supped on lobster barquettes, crabmeat *bouchées*, quiche lorraine and country ham with biscuits—to the accompaniment of California champagne. In a wedding-eve interview, Bridegroom Robb's brother David, 22, a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, raised TV watchers' eyebrows by remarking that what Chuck wanted most out of life was money, and that the young Marine social aide

used to sell his bubble gum to buddies after removing the much sought-after baseball cards.

Offsetting that fraternal knife job was the performance of Chuck's sister, Marguerite Trenham Robb, 19, a gabby gamine who failed to nab Lynda's bouquet but caught the fancy of every member of the wedding ("Trenny, you're cute," sighed L.B.J.). An aspiring fashion designer and model, Trenny set the White House asparkle during the wedding week with her five rings, her silver miniskirts, her flowing brown tresses and her Twiggy eyelashes. "You know," she suggested out of nowhere one day, "I ought to start a romance with George—wouldn't that be the end?" Actor George Hamilton, 28, Lynda's erstwhile beau, was on hand for the wedding, mugging soulfully for the cameras, if not for Trenny.

Eyore & Elephant. The newlyweds, weary but radiant, winged off for a two-week (or better) honeymoon; giddiest guesses ranged from Caneel Bay to the "Garden Island" of Kauai in the Hawaiian archipelago, one of Lynda's favorite vacation spots (she has been there thrice). When they return, they will take up residence in a shrubbery-weathed, \$70,000 home near the White House, until Chuck departs in March for what he courageously hopes will be a combat post in Viet Nam. Meanwhile, they can catalogue their copious supply of wedding gifts, including a \$6,770 silver tea and coffee service from the Washington diplomatic corps, a nest of teak tables from Chiang Kai-shek, a color sketch of Eyore by Winnie-the-Pooh Illustrator Ernest Shepard (Lynda is a Pooh buff), and—from Republican Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen, of course—a small silver elephant.

Two niblets of ship-shaped pastry filled with esculetins.

ON BEING AN AMERICAN PARENT

*She's leaving home
After living alone
For so many years.*

—Beatle song

WOVEN into that poignant ballad of a runaway daughter is her parents' haunting lament: "We gave her everything money could buy." That money can't buy love is one of pop music's hoariest clichés, but the Beatles well know that too many parents have reached that desperate extreme. In a day when the generation gap yawns ever wider, the Beatles get rich by singing that communication has supposedly ceased, that parents and children have become strangers to one another.

War between generations is nothing new. Socrates bitterly attacked youth's "bad manners, contempt for authority, disrespect for their elders. Children nowadays are tyrants." All through history, denouncing the young has been a tonic for tired blood. More important, defying elders is hygienic for the young. A child's task is self-definition: unless he can distinguish himself from his culture, though on the culture's terms, a boy never quite becomes a man. Growing up is a dialectical process that requires things that one can push against in order to become stronger. It takes limited war against worthy opponents: a child matures by testing himself against limits set by loving adults. Study after study shows that two things are vital to a child's later independence. First, warmly firm parents who admire each other and on whom he can model himself while breaking away. Second, opportunities to prove his competence in work and love. It is often said that all this is dead in America. Can that be true?

"Everything for the Kids"

To charge that American parents are flunking the job is to ignore the stunning fact that most American youngsters now work harder, think deeper, love more and even look better than any previous generation. Other cultures worship gods or ancestors; Americans revere children, and they must be doing something right in the process. "Everything for the kids" is a U.S. creed that moves G.I.s to feed every war wail in sight; that goes concern for the country's ghetto schools; that has already provided most American children with the best medical care, free education, anti-child-labor laws and unparalleled freedom from adult repression.

And yet something is clearly wrong in Eden. Quite a few strapping youngsters—suffer the little parents—are spectacularly discontented. Even more disturbing, too many youngsters are withdrawing rather than warring. While flower children go to pot, the new disease of alienation drives elite collegians into private exile. "Children are not fighting their parents," says Author-Sociologist Edgar Z. Friedenberg (*The Vanishing Adolescent*). "They're abandoning them."

At the heart of Eden's anomic lie vast technological changes in Western culture that have steadily lengthened childhood and sharply diminished communication between generations. In primitive cultures, boys become men immediately upon surviving harsh rites of passage. In agrarian societies, a hard-working farmer's son rapidly becomes a certified adult. Until recently, puberty occurred at about 14 or 15, marriage two or three years later. The word "teen-ager" was inconceivable for such 17-year-old adults as Joan of Arc or Surveyor George Washington. In the 18th century, many upper-class Englishmen impressively taught their eldest sons at home; in stressing adult concerns as well as academics, they took Locke's advice: "The sooner you treat him as a man, the sooner he will be one."

Today, the pressure is to stay in school to be better prepared for life in a complex society. Meanwhile, better

nutrition has ironically quickened puberty: the young are now biological adults at twelve or 13, but they usually cannot legally work full time at even the few remaining unskilled jobs until at least 16; though draftable at 18, they cannot vote until 21, and are often economically dependent on their parents until 24 or 25. In effect, they may stay children for more than a decade after becoming "adults."

Divided Living

Nothing is wrong with segregating youth as a distinct stage of life, provided that the right purpose is served, namely to strengthen children for highly complex roles. On the whole, this is just what happens to the vast majority of American youngsters. Even so, the failure rate is big enough to ask why some of the most privileged children are so unready for adult life. One reason is the lack of self-shaping experience; part of the hippie syndrome is a quest for adventure and competence. They did not have the benefit of those cattle-boat jobs that might have helped to slake the thirst for adventure; they rarely got a chance to help their father at work.

To a startling degree, American parents have handed child raising to educational institutions that can not or will not do the job. Not that parents deliberately neglect children: life has simply changed. Families have lost unifying economic functions and have shrunk to two adults with no aunts, uncles or grandparents to help guide the children. All the heat is on parents, but fathers typically work in distant offices, leaving mothers to raise sons with insufficient fatherly support. Too many mothers are preoccupied with their outside activities—everything but the children.

Technology heavily burdens the two-adult—or what anthropologists call the "nuclear"—family. Modern society demands what Yale Psychologist Kenneth Keniston calls "technological ego dictatorship," a talent for divided living that requires coolly rational behavior at work, reserving feeling for home. Wholeness is often elusive. "Home is where the heart is," but more than one-third of U.S. mothers work at least part time, and some fathers hardly see the kids all week. According to Psychiatric Social Worker Virginia Satir, the average family dinner lasts ten to 20 minutes; some families spend as little as ten minutes a week together. Studies show that father absence has baneful effects (especially on boys), ranging from low self-esteem to hunger for immediate gratification and susceptibility to group influence. Hippies commonly flee from father-absent homes in which despairing mothers either overindulge their children or, as surrogate achievers, overpressure them. "The big thing," a college-freshman acidhead explains, "is that my father makes more of his work than it really is, leaving us the crumbs." Recalls a bitter Navy daughter: "I despise my father. He was never there. He was in the Navy 120 years."

With their own uncertainties, U.S. parents lead the world in gobbling child-care books; Spock's sales recently passed 20.5 million. Whatever their merits, the books produce a good many faddishly permissive parents. Often a father is more involved in living up to his child's expectations than the child is in living up to his. To avoid "hurting" children, he shields them from adult power, indulges their impulses, and thus inflicts the injury that a New York headmaster calls "denial of denial." Such children are stunned when they discover that parents don't practice what they preach.

While most parents sigh that "there but for the grace of God go I," the press now daily inflates incidents suggesting that hell hath no fury like a scornful child. In panic, some weak parents suddenly fight dirty, for example, having a child arrested after they find pot in his room. Equally destructive are those so worried about their own status that

they hush up serious misconduct and bribe miscreants with new cars. Still others incredibly flee on vacation, leaving their kids to stage monster open-house parties. Then there are swinging parents, who even try LSD with the kids, another form of child abandonment that robs children of adult limits to test themselves against. As one hippie-watching sociologist puts it: "How can you rebel sexually against a mother who will be happy to fit you with a diaphragm at the age of 14?"

From foolish permissiveness to foolish repressiveness, too many American middle-class parents careen downward from the joys of birth to the final whimper, "What did we do wrong?" The hard answer is that failed parents tend to be failed people who use children for their own emotional hang-ups. They never stop, look or listen to the kids: they never grasp that parenthood is a full-time job, perhaps the most important job in a chronically changing America. They never see the challenge: teaching a child integrity—the self-respect that makes for strong, kind men and women who can cope with life's constant temptations to self-betray, and who are willing to face the fact that life is a set of problems to be solved.

Listen

How to be a good parent? All the experts wrily advise that the easiest way is to have good parents. Also blessed are families battling for what Psychologist Muzaffer Sherif calls "superordinate goals"—the kind of unifying struggle for existence that once cemented families of pioneers and immigrants. "Hostility gives way," reports Sherif, "when groups pull together to achieve overriding goals which are real and compelling for all concerned." In this sense, some impoverished Americans are luckier than affluent parents, who must use their will to seek emotional unity.

The key is communication, the widely neglected art of engendering openness between generations. Many parents have no idea what their children really think because they never give them a chance to explain. "Can't you see I'm busy?" is a put-down that ought to be banned from the parental lexicon. "Listen" ought to be tattooed over every parent's heart. Regular "time alone" with parents so that children can unburden themselves is vital. As Educator Clark Kerr advises: "Spend time, not money." There is no better investment in a day when children are often better educated than their parents, or at least schooled in a far different intellectual vocabulary. Unless parents deliberately verse themselves in the new art, books, films, music and mores assailing their kids, they risk being stamped as unspeakable to squares.

Basic to communication is the art of helping children (or adults) to express, and thus handle, their inchoate feelings. It seldom pays to condemn or reason with an angry child; strong feelings vanish not by fiat but rather by the clarification that occurs in a child's mind when a parent "mirrors" or states his problems for him. To spank a tot who says, "I hate you," is to store up his anger that will augment future misbehavior. A skillful mother listens, says, "I know just how you feel," and the child's feeling that someone understands shrinks the anger to a size that he himself can subdue. Reassurance rather than reprimand is often the best medicine for defeat or failure.

Like the Supreme Court, however, good parents draw a sharp line between free speech and illegal conduct. Author-Psychologist Haim G. Ginott, author of the currently much-discussed *Between Parent and Child*, argues that "most discipline problems consist of two parts: angry feelings and angry acts. Each part has to be handled differently. Feelings have to be identified and expressed; acts may have to be limited and redirected." How and when to set limits depends partly on the child's age. Nothing makes a small child more anxious than being asked if he "wants" to do this or that and then being given reasons as to why he should. Dr. Spock, sometimes accused of permissiveness, firmly advises, "Just do what's necessary." In short: time for bed, lights out, no chatter.

Limits certainly require reasons, but once clearly stated, they should be enforced without exception. Letting a child

get away with something that he knows is wrong or dangerous makes him feel that his parents don't love him—and rightly so. Old-fashioned as it may seem, children still need discipline, guidelines—even the supra-self imperatives of religion. In Seattle, a permissive father's 14-year-old daughter who had been slipping out at night to date a paroled convict was straightened out only after a community-relations officer bluntly told her father that he had to show some stern authority. "The girl was screaming silently, 'Help me: make me stop this,'" said the officer. "What she wanted was security—a dad behind her. She wanted to go to bed with a Teddy bear, not an ex-convict."

The Disciple Family

"Discipline comes from being a disciple," says Psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim; both words come from the Latin word for pupil. Children become disciples of parents who enjoy and back up one another: whose mutual respect and ungrudging praise for work well done makes children draw a positive picture of themselves. But the approach must be genuine: the young mind is quick to spot the phony.

In disciple families, "no" is said as lovingly as "yes." The children learn to wait; the parents refuse to buy them this or that until they prove themselves mature enough to use it wisely. Allowances are given not as a dole, but to train children in budgeting necessary expenses. Little girls are not pushed into premature dating; the parents couldn't care less that "everybody else does it." Girls are not given contraceptives because sex is not put in a bag; the girls first want to become women, and are secure enough not to have to prove themselves by sleeping around.

One way to help build a disciple family is to make sure that parents and children never stop doing meaningful things together. Family games, hikes, building projects and political debates—such activities underline adult skills that children then naturally want to have. Just because evening meals get tense is no reason to quit them; there is no better ritual for spotting and curing the tensions. A San Francisco family has no fear of the kids' trying drugs: everyone does volunteer work together at the narcotics-control center.

Indeed, enterprising families can still find ample superordinate goals. The possibilities range from tutoring slum kids to organizing block councils, restoring old houses, sailing a sloop to Ireland and running Pop for political office. Steve Hutchison, an Oregon artist, rancher and father of two young sons, offers more ideas: "Build a summer cabin, save the hoot owl, collect thunder eggs, build a telescope, pioneer in Alaska, which desperately needs able people." If the family still lacks a common crisis, says Hutchison, "Hire a wolf to howl at the door."

Many 80-hour-a-week executives might try something else: rejoining their families. In recasting themselves as fathers, they might recast their values and change their lives. Making a living is important, but selling more soap should not destroy the process of raising sons. And why not attack age segregation by putting teen-agers to work teaching tots and nursing old people? In Asia, age is respected instead of rejected. The present U.S. system deprives all age groups of "essential human experience," says Cornell Psychologist Uriel Bronfenbrenner, a father of the Head Start program, which deliberately engages parents and older siblings in teaching small children. As he sees it, middle-class families need age-desegregating Head Start projects as much as do the nation's poor.

Such ideas for better child rearing in America are perfectly attainable on a personal if not yet an official basis. In a country that offers more different life-styles than any other, there is no reason for viewing the generation gap as insurmountable; no reason why parents and children cannot learn how to fight for rather than against one another. The fact that America is full of disciple families—despite seemingly enormous odds against them—is a counterweight to the relatively few pathological cases that get all the publicity. If the Beagle girl leaves home after living alone for so many years, her parents stand condemned for a failure that Americans can and must avoid.

THE WORLD

THE WAR

The Massacre of Dak Son

The worst atrocity yet committed in the Viet Nam war (see pictures opposite) began its course last week when a handful of Viet Cong crawled up to the wall-and-wire perimeter of the hamlet of Dak Son, some 75 miles north-east of Saigon. The V.C. called for the hamlet's inhabitants to surrender and come out. When they got no takers, they withdrew, hurling behind them their ultimate epithet: "Sons of Americans!" Earlier in the day, villagers had reported to their 140-man defense force that some Viet Cong were roaming through the surrounding fields. But that was hardly unusual, or cause for any

other Montagnards in the province of Phuoc Long, many of whom are still servants of the V.C. Lest the others should get the idea of seeking government protection, the Communists decided to make an example of the refugees of Dak Son.

Yelling & Screaming. As in most Vietnamese villages, the people of Dak Son were completely unarmed, and most of them were women and children. The Viet Cong began their attack at midnight, pouring machine-gun, mortar and rocket fire into Dak Son as they had in the past. This attack, however, was to be very different from the others. The 600 Viet Cong who assembled outside Dak Son were armed with 60 flamethrowers. Yelling and scream-

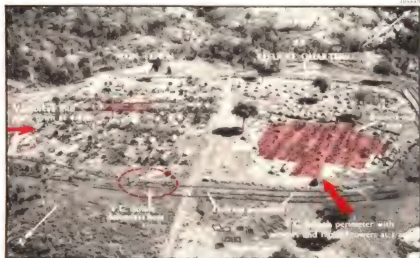
ing, the Viet Cong set everything afire: trees, fences, gardens, chickens, the careful piles of grain from the annual harvest. Huts that somehow survived the fiery holocaust were leveled with grenades. Then the hoses of fire were sprayed down inside the exposed burrows. Later, the Communists incinerated a patch of the main town just for good measure.

Night of Terror. One mile away, at the town of Song Be, Dak Son's intended defenders, a battalion of South Vietnamese soldiers, clenched their fists in helplessness as they watched the flames on the plateau mount higher and higher into the dark sky. Their small force of helicopters had earlier been sent out on another mission and could not be recalled. A march on foot to relieve Dak Son would lead through a wild and deep ravine separating the burning hamlet from Song Be. It meant three miles on a tortuous and twisting trail in the darkness—and an almost certain Viet Cong ambush. Dak Son's only outside help during its long night of terror and death was a single C-47 Dragonship that hovered over the hamlet, spraying the surrounding fields with its mini-guns. The grim gunners had no need of flares to spot their targets.

Only when they ran out of fuel for their flamethrowers did the Viet Cong resort to guns. Forcing 160 of the survivors out of their dogholes, they shot 60 of them to death on the spot. Then, finally abandoning the smoking ruins of Dak Son at dawn, they dragged away with them into the jungle another 100 of the survivors.

Ghastly Embrace. In numb horror, the other survivors stumbled out to look for wives, children and friends. They held handkerchiefs and cabbage leaves to their faces to ward off the smell of burnt flesh that hung over everything. One by one the dogholes were emptied, giving up the fire-red, bloated, peeling remains of human beings. Charred children were locked in ghastly embrace, infants welded to their mothers' breasts. The victims were almost all women and children. The dead adults were covered with scorched mats and blankets salvaged from the ashes, the bodies of babies laid in bamboo baskets. One man lost 13 members of his family. All told, 252 of the unarmed Montagnards had been murdered and another 100 kidnapped; 500 were missing, either dead or fled into the hills. Nearly 50 were wounded, 33 with third-degree burns over up to 20% of their bodies. Three U.S. Army doctors treating them in Song Be's dispensary were sickened and appalled by the sight. One remarked that any hospital in the U.S. would be paralyzed by that many burn cases being brought in at once. The doctors did their best.

The Viet Cong's aim was clearly to



DAK SON FROM THE AIR AFTER VIET CONG ATTACK

Nothing more than the cold-blooded, monumental murder of innocents.

particular alarm. The Viet Cong had steadily harassed Dak Son, and four times this year had mounted an attack and tried to overrun it: each time they had been stopped short of the defense perimeter and thrown back.

The reason for the Communists' intense interest in Dak Son, a hamlet of 2,000 Montagnard people, was that it was the new home and sanctuary of some 800 Montagnard refugees who 14 months ago fled from life under the Viet Cong in the surrounding countryside, where they had been forced to work in virtual slavery as farmers and porters. The Montagnards are the innocents of Viet Nam; primitive, peaceful, sedentary hill tribesmen. The women go bare-breasted and the men, who scratch out a living by farming and hunting with crossbows and knives, wear loincloths. The Viet Cong not only missed the services of those Montagnards who had fled to government protection, but also feared that their lead might be followed by the 20,000

ing, they attacked the town, shooting countless streams of liquid fire that lit up the night and terrified by its very sight a people who had only recently discovered the use of matches.

The Viet Cong first broke through the perimeter opposite the refugee quarter and forced the outmanned militia force to retreat across the road into the town proper. There the militiamen were surrounded and isolated—and for the rest of the macabre night pointedly ignored by the marauders. The Viet Cong were not intent on a military victory but on the cold-blooded, monumental massacre of the helpless Montagnards.

To that end, long ugly belches of flame lashed out from every direction, garishly illuminating the refugee hamlet and searing and scorching everything in their path. The shrieking refugees still inside their houses were incinerated. Many of those who had had time to get down into dogholes beneath the houses were asphyxiated. Spraying fire about in great whooshing



The morning after, a Montagnard irregular-force volunteer arrives from Song Be.



In the hamlet of Dak Son, only ashes remain of the 30 small bamboo, thatched huts that stood on this street.



The bodies of two burned Montagnard babies rest in a wicker basket.



Weeping for the loss of her family, a young woman sits amid her home's ruins.

An entire family lies incinerated by the Viet Cong, who aimed flamethrowers down into the burrow where they had taken vain refuge.



frighten the rest of the Montagnards from seeking haven in government towns like Dak Son. But in this case, Communist terrorism had clearly over-shot its mark. Chanting and weeping as they buried their dead, the Montagnard survivors resolved to stay in Dak Son and rebuild the hamlet. More than 100 men immediately volunteered for irregular-force training and a chance to defend Dak Son should the men with "the guns that shoot fire" ever show up again.

la's armor plate, Major Pham Nha, the Vietnamese Marine battalion commander, made an instant decision to counterattack. "We're in an ambush and we are going in," ordered Nha, without waiting for artillery and air support. Seconds later, Nha's troop carriers rammed into the canal bank and his Marines stormed ashore.

Bunker by Bunker. Nha's Marines drove in on the enemy from the north and east. The U.S. battalion jumped ashore and set up a position on the

youthful—between 15 and 20 years of age—that Allied intelligence took that as a sure sign that the Viet Cong are having trouble recruiting fresh manpower to replace their losses.

Heavier on the Trail. The fighting kept up its recent hot pace elsewhere in Viet Nam. In the Bong Son plain, bordering on the South China Sea, the 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) and South Vietnamese troops routed two battalions of North Vietnamese regulars, killing more than 250. U.S. Marines south of Danang killed 99 North Vietnamese in a day's battle. Not far away, an Air Cav reconnaissance helicopter team got in a shooting match on the ground and killed the regimental commander of the 3rd Regiment, 2nd Division of the North Vietnamese army. On him and his party were five pounds of important documents, including maps showing all of the N.V.A.'s positions near by and the N.V.A.'s regimental battle plans for the near future.

The North Vietnamese displayed fresh aggressiveness of their own. They once again attacked the Special Forces camp of Bu Dop, three miles from the Cambodian border, but were beaten off by 1st Infantry Division soldiers. North Vietnamese artillery and mortar units poured the heaviest fire on the U.S. Marine Demilitarized Zone outpost of Con Thien in more than a month—276 rounds in a single day. The U.S. also was monitoring a heavy buildup in Communist traffic coming down the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos toward South Viet Nam.

No Longer Safe. On a visit to Malaysia, the commander in chief of U.S. military forces in the Pacific, Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp, said that Communist casualties increased 50% this year over 1966. "The enemy can no longer feel safe in much of South Viet Nam," said the admiral, adding: "I do not want to overstate our gains. The Communist forces in South Viet Nam retain a dangerous capability for terrorism and guerrilla warfare." Just how unsafe some Viet Cong feel was demonstrated last week. A platoon of Viet Cong, 38 strong, defected and turned themselves in to some startled South Vietnamese south of Danang. It was the largest unit defection of the war.

BORNEO

Home for the Boomerang

During President Sukarno's *konfrontasi* with Malaysia, the Indonesian army equipped, trained and sheltered guerrillas to harass the Malaysians along the two countries' common border on the island of Borneo. Now the move has boomeranged. Once Sukarno's successor, General Suharto, had ended the foolish quarrel with Malaysia, the guerrillas were left on their own in the jungles of Kalimantan, the Indonesian part of Borneo. Peking, which sees the island's large Chinese population as the advance phalanx for an ultimate Communist takeover, has been exhorting the



QUESTIONING PRISONERS TAKEN IN DELTA BATTLE
A sanctuary lost, an accusation disproved.

Erupting Delta

Despite the heavier fighting that has marked most regions of South Viet Nam in recent weeks, the Delta remained notably quiet. Then last week the country's richest and most populous area suddenly erupted in two major battles, including one that turned into the Communists' biggest defeat of the war in the Delta. The battles were remarkable for two reasons. One was that the Delta is still the sole domain of indigenous Viet Cong forces, some 80,000 strong, who seldom choose to do battle in the large numbers and on the scale of their North Vietnamese allies operating farther north. The other was that the Allied forces that inflicted the damage on the Delta Viet Cong were largely South Vietnamese, who have sometimes been accused of having an "accommodation" with the local Viet Cong to avoid bloodletting.

The first fight began when a 62-boat Allied flotilla churning up the Rach Ruong Canal 65 miles southwest of Saigon was suddenly hit by intense fire. It carried a battalion of Vietnamese Marines and a battalion of the U.S. 9th Infantry, part of a probing arm of Operation Coronado 9. The Vietnamese troops were in the lead boats, and when rockets began to rip through the flotil-

lity, and another U.S. battalion was helilifted in on the west. Boxed in, the Viet Cong's 502nd Battalion fought with the bitterness of despair. Sometimes neck-deep in water, wallowing in mud, the Vietnamese Marines moved in bunker by bunker, dropping grenades into the Viet Cong firing slits and forcing the Viet Cong in the dikes out into the open, where air support and artillery, when it arrived, could plaster them. The Marines paid dearly for their courage, suffering 41 dead and 162 wounded; U.S. losses were 13 killed and 73 wounded. But at the end of the day-long battle, 235 Viet Cong bodies were awash in the paddy waters.

The second battle was entirely a Vietnamese victory. Two companies of a Ranger battalion were moving along a canal line 22 miles southwest of the Delta's largest city, Can Tho, when they ran into two Viet Cong battalions: the local force U Minh 10 and the 303rd main force unit. In a fierce fight that raged through most of one day, the South Vietnamese killed 265 of the V.C., and supporting helicopters and fighter-bombers accounted for another 100 dead. The total of 365 enemy dead was the largest ever inflicted in a Delta battle, with more probably to come as fighting continued at week's end. Moreover, the Communist casualties were so

It's not as impersonal as you may think.



V.O. is the personal choice of more people than any other brand of imported whisky (including scotch). So when you give it, you're giving someone something he'd probably select for himself. Doesn't that constitute a nice warm thought?

Canadian whisky—
A blend of selected whiskies.
Six years old, 86.8 proof.
Seagram's Distillers Co., N.Y.C.
Giftwrapped at no extra charge.

KNOW WHY ONE OF OUR BETTER IDEAS IS AN AM-FM STEREO CAR RADIO?



AM-FM STEREO RADIO

Whether your taste runs to Bach or Rock, we've got you surrounded. With beautiful sound. Sound you can't even get on a home system. Two speakers. One in each front door. So go ahead. Tune in. Turn on.

We have our romantic moments, too.



...has a better idea

MUSTANG • FALCON • TORINO • FAIRLANE • FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY COUGAR • MONTEGO • MERCURY • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

mostly Chinese guerrillas not only to continue to offer a major challenge to neighboring Malaysia but also to turn on their former Indonesian mentors.

Numbering 750 hard-core fighters, plus several thousand support troops, the guerrillas have repeatedly attacked Indonesian military sites and terrorized Malaysian border areas since July. They have also tried to enlist by intimidation Borneo's primitive Dayak tribesmen, the descendants of legendary head-hunters. This tactic provoked a reaction that their Maoist guerrilla handbooks did not even hint at. Meeting terror with terror, the Dayaks exploded in an avenging rampage of killing, burning and cannibalism against all Chinese.

No Homes or Hope. Last week TIME Correspondent Peter Vanderwicken, after a visit to the remote jungle battleground, filed this report:

It is an ancient tradition among the pagan Dayaks that collecting the severed heads of the enemy brings honor and virility. The guerrillas should have reckoned with this tradition when they butchered a dozen recalcitrant Dayaks in the village of Taum. Angry tribal powwows quickly followed throughout northwest Kalimantan, and runners were sent from village to village with bowls of blood, the signal to all Dayaks to get ready to use their home-made pistols, poison darts and machete-like parangs against the Chinese.

The Dayaks were soon engaged in a full-scale massacre. They attacked Chinese in their homes and in their shops, killing them, beheading them, even chopping out their livers and hearts and eating them. Before the Indonesian army could cool off the Dayaks, at least 250 Chinese had been slaughtered; Catholic missionaries believe that as many as 1,000 were actually killed.

About 25,000 of the traumatized Chinese have descended on the sleepy West Borneo port of Pontianak, where they live in dismal squalor. The Chinese are crammed into makeshift quarters, bathe in muddy, sewage-filled canals and wander aimlessly along the waterfront, many of them without homes or hope. Pontianak's Communist propagandists could easily use these displaced Chinese as a breeding ground for more unrest and tension.

Burrowed in Bunkers. A few Chinese are drifting back to their villages under the protection of reinforced Indonesian troops, but the guerrillas themselves remain threatening and elusive. As in Viet Nam, they burrow deep in underground bunkers and in mountain-side caves, attack only when they consider the odds right. Two weeks ago, 500 guerrillas caught Indonesian troops in a heavy mortar barrage at Fir Mountain, near the Malaysian Borneo state of Sarawak, where the soldiers had stumbled upon a major guerrilla encampment. While the Indonesians flew in more troops, the Malaysians evacuated Indonesian casualties.

The Malaysians are helping out for

good reason. Most of the guerrillas are actually Sarawak Chinese, and the name of their movement alone—Sarawak People's Liberation Army—indicates that their aim is to overthrow Malaysian rule there. Nor do the Indonesians minimize the danger that the guerrillas pose to themselves. Citing captured guerrilla documents that urge a large-scale Chinese uprising throughout the island, Indonesia's commander in West Kalimantan, Brigadier General A. J. Witoono, told me last week that the guerrillas are part of a two-pronged campaign of armed revolt and political subversion mounted by Peking against all of Borneo. He is making progress against the guerrillas, he says, but will not even guess when he finally may be able to mop them up.



GREEK TROOPS LEAVING CYPRUS
From Pax Hellenica to Pax Ottomana.

CYPRUS

Radically Changed Situation

Like their ancient forebears at the siege of Troy, Greek soldiers slipped quietly aboard troop ships in a Cyprus harbor last week and sailed for home. They left behind nothing resembling a Trojan horse as a symbol of Greek cunning, but only anger and disappointment. After relying for seven years on the troops to ensure its dominance over the Turks, the Greek Cypriot majority was furious at Greece's military rulers for buckling under to Turkish demands for a withdrawal of the great bulk of them. Said Synagromos, a leading Greek Cypriot newspaper: "The battle for Cyprus has unfortunately been lost for good."

Turkish Advantages. In Nicosia, stunned Greek diplomats conceded that the age-old Greek aim of *enosis* (union) between mainland and island was dead. They also conceded that the settlement had enhanced Turkish prestige and

plummeted Greek influence on the island to an alltime low. Said a ranking Greek diplomat in Nicosia: "Pax Hellenica has ended. It is being replaced by Pax Ottomana."

Under the settlement worked out by U.S. Presidential Envoy Cyrus Vance, last week's withdrawals will be followed by others, until Greece's 9,000-man force on the island is reduced to only 950, the number Greece is legally entitled to station there under Cyprus' independence agreements. In reciprocity, the Turks called off their invasion preparations against Cyprus and Greece and agreed to withdraw the 1,500 or so troops that they infiltrated into Cyprus in excess of their 650-man legal allotment. Shrewdly calculating that the Greek rulers lacked the support both

at home and abroad to stand up to a crisis, Turkish Premier Sileyman Demirel thus managed to break Greece's military hold on the island. He placed it, at least temporarily, at the mercy of the Turks, whose airbases are only four minutes' flying time from Nicosia.

Wary of Yogurt. Through some droll last-minute maneuvers, Archbishop Makarios, the island's bearded President, managed to sidestep some of the immediate consequences of the settlement. Under the agreement, the Turks and Greeks called on him to disband his 11,000-man Greek Cypriot National Guard and to grant wide police powers to the 4,000 U.N. peace-keeping troops stationed on Cyprus. Fearing an encroachment on Cyprus' sovereignty, Makarios replied that he wanted the Security Council to endorse the truce package before he finally acted. That could mean never—since France and the Soviet Union oppose peace-keeping operations on general principles.

Makarios still faces a radically

changed situation. He is now free to stop paying lip service to *enosis* and get on with the course he seems to prefer anyhow: making Cyprus a strong independent country. He will have to be more considerate of the 120,000 Turkish Cypriots, who are outnumbered by the 480,000 Cypriots of Greek origin, unless he wants to face renewed invasion threats from Turkey without his Greek army support and most of the Greek officers who commanded his guard. There was, in fact, already talk in Nicosia of a new reconciliation program to allay Turk Cypriot fears.

The question was how the Turkish Cypriots would respond. Ever since the near civil war broke out four years ago, they have lived under siege in their separate ghettos, denied most building supplies and sometimes even food and water. Despite the settlement, they remained behind their barricades. They hope to use the heightened influence of their mainland protector to win the right to withdraw for mutual protection into permanent autonomous enclaves. "When you have scalded your mouth drinking hot milk," said Fazil Plumer, a Turkish minister in the last Turkish-Greek coalition government, which fell apart in 1963, "you are cautious even when you eat yogurt."

GREECE

Signs of a Showdown

The bestseller in Athens last week was, of all things, the French newspaper *Le Monde*. It was sold out within a few minutes after it appeared on the newsstands, and friends quickly passed around tattered issues to one another. The reason for the newspaper's sudden popularity: it carried a ringing attack on Greece's military rulers by the most popular of conservative Greek politicians. He is Constantine Karamanlis, 60, the former Premier (1955-63) who gave Greece an unparalleled period of political stability and economic growth before a quarrel with Queen Frederika and an election loss to Liberal George Papandreu persuaded him to go into self-imposed exile in Paris.

For the past four years, Karamanlis has lived in Paris in a comfortable Bois de Boulogne duplex on funds supplied largely by wealthy Greek industrialists, but his name and words still have a magic effect in Greece. Bluntly calling the colonels "idiots" and "putschists," he blamed them for the Cyprus debacle and warned that their continued rule could lead to chaos and a rebirth of Communism in a country that "twice almost became the Viet Nam

of Europe." He called on the colonels "to recognize their duty" and resign. Said he: "Greeks will not allow the maintenance of dictatorship under whatever form."

Defiant Press. The junta, led by Colonel George Papadopoulos, was so preoccupied with Cyprus that it tried at first to ignore the criticism from Karamanlis. But when the colonels became aware of the furor that his words had caused in Greece, they sent a statement to the Greek press that characterized his actions as ill-timed, irresponsible, and "nationally unacceptable," and compared them with those of the exiled boss of the Greek Communist Party. Until now, that part of the Greek press still operating has obediently followed the junta's orders, but the attack on Karamanlis was simply too much. Two Athens publishers, Naxos Botis and Panos Athanasiadis, declared that they would rather go to prison than print such a charge in their three dailies.

The colonels, already concerned about public reaction to their capitulation over Cyprus, were unwilling to risk a showdown that would exacerbate their strained relations with Greece's conservatives. Rather than arrest the publishers, the junta offered a compromise: if the newspapers would run

VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

For many years, the best friend and trusted confidant of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser was the chief of his armed forces, Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer. But the two had a serious falling out after Egypt's disastrous defeat by Israel in June, and in September, while under house arrest for allegedly plotting a military coup, Amer either committed suicide—the official version of his death—or was killed. After his death, intelligence agents of another Arab state obtained in Cairo a 14-page document said to be Amer's last testament. Though the Middle East makes a business of forgery, sources who knew Amer well and have read the document claim that on the basis of its style, opinions and signature, it is unmistakably Amer's. It not only criticizes Nasser but offers strong indication that Amer was murdered. Excerpts:

WE involved ourselves in a war with Israel without wanting it, without taking the initiative and without planning it or choosing its date. It was not enough for Gamal to stand up and say, "I take full responsibility [for the defeat]." We can carry out our responsibilities only when we explain to the people how the decisions that led to the destruction of our army were taken. That is why I offered my resignation. Many friends and colleagues tried to convince me that the decision was hasty. Others spread news about me that I was suffering from deep psychological crisis and that I attempted suicide several times. But who had not suffered a psychological crisis after the catastrophe that befell us? As for suicide, it is the farthest from my mind, because that would be running away from responsibility and from facing it with courage and frankness.

His Excellency, the President, surprised me when, before going to the Arab Summit Conference, he invited me to his house and informed me that security forces would arrest me. "Brother," he said, "reports that I re-

ceive say that a large number of officers were seen entering and leaving your house. This endangers the regime. I do not know how truthful the reports are, but we must put an end to the visits."

I swore by my honor that the visits had nothing to do with politics. "Gamal," I told him, "if I had wanted to seize power I would not have resigned in June. And if you still doubt my intentions, I am prepared to prove my innocence before any military court." He said that this was not possible. I asked if he was ordering me to keep silent [about events leading up to the war]. "Yes," he said. I answered that I could not keep silent because it would be a betrayal of my duty and military honor. He said, "You better think it over a second time."

Now that it is too late, I realize that the President neglected Egypt altogether, and that that is the cause of our failure. We should have looked after our people instead of getting involved in others' revolutions and wars and squandering thousands of millions of pounds. We destroyed our economy by our own hands and put our destiny and history in the hands of the devil. We made many mistakes, but the biggest mistake we made was that we did not admit those mistakes.

If this "political will" is written in haste, it is because I am afraid of what is in store for me. I have lost confidence in my friend and brother Gamal. I have received various threats because I have asked for a public trial. Two hours ago, an intelligence officer whom I would not have given a glance during the time of my glory came to visit me. He threatened to silence me forever if I ventured to talk. I have been trying to make contact with the President by telephone but am told that he is busy. I feel sure that a conspiracy is being prepared against me. I wrote this will and made certain that it will reach trusted friends. Finally, I ask the Almighty for forgiveness. God is great, and glory to Egypt.



EX-PREMIER KARAMANLIS IN PARIS

Still magic in the name and words.

the regime's attack on Karamanlis on the main news page, they could run Karamanlis' attack on the junta on an inside page. All eight Athens papers agreed, and Greek readers thereupon had the unusual experience of reading the first criticism of the junta since it seized power on April 21.

The King's Move. The junta's back-down set Athens buzzing with speculation. Politicians huddled with generals about plans to put the upstart colonels back in the barracks. Karamanlis let it be known that he would return if the call came from King Constantine. Friends of former Premier Papandreou gave assurance that Karamanlis' old toes would cooperate with the conservatives in a transitional government that would lead Greece back to parliamentary rule. Andreas Papandreou, old George's fiery son, who is under arrest on a charge of conspiring to commit treason, is now willing, according to his American wife Margaret, to go into exile in return for his release. His departure would certainly help to cool the political climate.

The next move is up to the country's young monarch. So far, though disapproving of the junta, King Constantine, 27, has gone along with the coup in hopes of influencing the colonels some day to hand back control to civilians. Does he now feel strong enough to risk his crown by openly defying them? And if he tries to replace them, would the colonels go quietly or fight to retain power? The junta is, after all, tough, dedicated and still convinced that it has acted in the best interests of Greece. The one thing that appears certain is that Greece in coming weeks will be increasingly the site of a major test of wills and wiles.

RUMANIA

Winner Take All

Ever since he came to power in 1965, Rumania's Communist Party Secretary-General Nicolae Ceausescu, 49, has been losing patience with his older, more doctrinaire and often incompetent party colleagues. Steadily, Ceausescu (TIME cover, March 18, 1966) strengthened his position in the government and gathered younger and more liberal men around him. Last week, at a national party conference in Bucharest, he finally threw off the mantle of Rumania's "collective leadership" and took over the presidency himself. He also did away with "parallel" party and government jobs at the local level, reshuffled the Rumanian hierarchy and put some of the Old Guard out to pasture. Among the losers was Ceausescu's only challenger for power in the past, ex-Police Chief Alexandru Draghici, who was dropped as a Party Secretary and became one of several deputy premiers.

Ceausescu no doubt wanted the presidency partly because it would give him more stature when traveling abroad. It would also make it easier for him to visit non-Communist countries. He has gradually moved Rumania away from Moscow's orbit and toward closer ties with the West, and last week publicly criticized Russia for hampering trade relations in retaliation for Rumania's independent stance.

YEMEN

The Siege of San'a

Prince Mohamed ben Hussein, commander of the Royalist army, sat on a carpet spread in front of the mountain cave that has been his headquarters for most of Yemen's five-year civil war. Before him were the turbaned chiefs of the country's most powerful tribes, summoned for a council of war. At long last, announced Ben Hussein, his army was ready to launch a march on San'a—the final offensive, he hoped, that would retake the capital and finish off the Republican regime.

"We have money," he told his guests, "and you will have your share if you join us. If not, we will go on without you." The chiefs were eager to help, especially since the Republicans' Egyptian defenders had been ordered home. They quickly agreed to mobilize their tribes, and to seal the agreement they devoured a great mound of lamb and rice proffered by the prince. Last week the Royalist siege of San'a began.

Out of their mountain redoubts swept Ben Hussein's 6,000 Royalist regulars and 50,000 armed tribesmen known as "the Fighting Rifles." Well trained (by French mercenaries) and well armed (with recoilless rifles, heavy mortars and bazookas), they quickly surrounded San'a, captured its main airport and severed the Chinese-built highway to the port of Hodeida, which was not only the pride of the Republican regime

but a main route for Russian supplies.

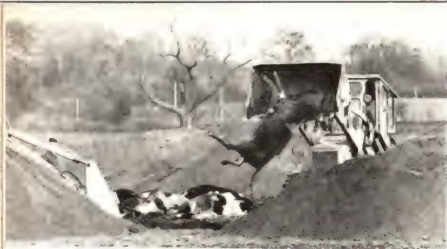
In one bloody battle twelve miles east of the capital, 3,200 soldiers of both sides were killed. The ferocity of the attack threw the 10,000-man Republican army into such confusion that an entire regiment reportedly deserted to the Royalists. With his artillery zeroing in on the outskirts of San'a, the prince sent an ultimatum: "Surrender the city or be annihilated."

Bodies on Poles. Republican President Abdul Rahman Iryani's only answer was to go off to Cairo for what Nasser's official press agency described as "a medical checkup." Foreign Minister Hassan Macky also left Yemen, showing up nearly a week early for an Arab foreign ministers' meeting in Cairo called to decide on an Arab summit. That left the government in charge of Field Marshal Hassan al-Amri, the army commander. Al-Amri declared a 6 p.m. curfew, ordered civilians to form militia units "to defend the republic." In Liberation Square, a howling mob watched a firing squad execute six suspected Royalist infiltrators, then dragged their bodies to the gates of the city and strung them up on poles.

By the week's end the Republicans claimed to be holding their own, but their position was perilous. Even though it boasts Russian equipment—including a few MIG-19s—the Republican army is no match for the Royalists' mountain tribesmen, who are the fiercest warriors in Yemen. Nor can the Republicans expect help from Nasser, whose last troops left in the middle of last week's fighting. Although the Cairo newspaper Al-Ahram charged that the CIA was behind the Royalists, the government made it plain that it considers the fighting eventually a "domestic Yemeni affair." Thus, after years of stalemate, the Yemeni civil war appeared finally to be reaching the climax that Nasser's intervention had so long managed to delay—but not to deny.



PRINCE MOHAMED AT CAVE HEADQUARTERS
With money and the mountain tribes.



BURYING SLAUGHTERED COWS ON ENGLISH STOCK FARM

As silently and virulently as in the Middle Ages.

BRITAIN

A Modern Plague

On his stock farm in the rolling country of Shropshire in western England, Farmer Richard Ellis noticed one day that two of his pigs were limping. He called in the local veterinarian, and received a dreaded diagnosis. His pigs had somehow become infected with one of the most contagious and toll-taking of all animal maladies: foot-and-mouth disease. That was in October, and the authorities immediately slaughtered all of Ellis' livestock, buried them and took other preventive measures to confine the disease to one area. But the malady, which spreads with the silence and virulence of the bubonic plague of the Middle Ages, marched inexorably across the English countryside. Last week, despite frantic efforts to halt it, the worst animal epidemic in British history raged through a 17,640-sq.-mi. area from the county of Gloucester in the south to Westmorland in the north.

No Crossing Roads. A massive slaughter campaign to halt the spread of the disease, which affects almost all hoofed animals, has turned Britain's prize stock farms into scenes of tragic carnage. Squads of soldiers, equipped with captive-bolt pistols and high-power rifles, have been killing cattle in infected areas as fast as they can shoot. More than 280,000 cows, bulls, sheep and pigs have already been slaughtered. Tractors pull the piles of carcasses to massive graves, and the pyres of burning animals nightly throw their smoke into the Shropshire sky. Soldiers and airmen have sprayed thousands of gallons of disinfectant on farms not yet hit by the plague, and at the border between infected and "clean" areas police prevent animals from crossing roads and carefully spray the tires of all passing vehicles in hopes of containing the epidemic. Horse racing and livestock shows have been canceled throughout the country. Many Britons will have a treeless Christmas because the government has closed down four major tree-producing areas.

Ireland is so fearful that the disease may spread to its shores that travelers from Britain are required to walk through clouds of pungent disinfectant at Irish airports, and the Irish government placed ads in British papers appealing to Irish workers in Britain not to come home for the holidays. France, Germany, Belgium and Holland have banned meat imports from the United Kingdom. Australia has ruled that emigrants from Britain can enter the country only by ship, not by air, in order to diminish the likelihood of the virus' living long enough to infect Australian herds with the disease.

International Illness. British stock raisers suspect that the culprit virus came into Britain in meat from Argentina that was eaten as garbage by pigs on farms near that of Farmer Ellis. Because the incubation period is as long as ten days, a sick animal may infect thousands of others before showing signs of illness—thus the need for preventive slaughters.

The U.S., which wiped out foot-and-mouth disease in the 1920s by a massive extermination program, has stayed clean since then by prohibiting imports of meat and livestock from all diseased areas. Only 14 other countries, including Australia, New Zealand, Canada and a few islands, are also free of the infection. The Soviet Union is now also undergoing a plague of foot-and-mouth disease, which Eastern Europeans fear may spread to their flocks. Some other countries, notably France and Germany, have kept the disease within bearable limits by vaccination.

The British refuse to vaccinate their herds on the grounds that the vaccine is not 100% effective and in rare instances causes mild cases of the disease. They feel that regular vaccination would scare off U.S. and Commonwealth cattle buyers, who spend millions annually to buy pedigreed British stock. The current epidemic makes the argument seem outdated. The government already owes British farmers \$35 million—only a fraction of the real value—for the slaughtered herds.

BRAZIL

The Bishops Speak Out

Brazil's Catholic Church has never, as a whole, been known for opposition to the government. Some members of the church's liberal wing have split off from the rest of the clergy and, in defiance of stiff laws, helped organize labor syndicates, defended student rights and sharpened public feeling against the country's army. But last week the Brazilian clergy, liberal and conservative alike, angrily rose up in unison. It issued a warning that it would take no nonsense from the army and, moreover, that it intended to exert its influence on the course of government policy.

The incident that sent the church into opposition occurred in the steel-making town of Volta Redonda, after four university students had borrowed Bishop Waldir Calheiros' station wagon to distribute antigovernment pamphlets. A few hours later, eight Tommy-gun-toting soldiers broke into Dom Waldir's home, searched his belongings and threatened to arrest him as a subversive. When a local radio station canceled a Catholic program and read an army-composed editorial against the bishop instead, Dom Waldir drew up and had printed a new list of Brazil's "seven capital sins," which included low salaries, unemployment, hunger, social castes and disease. The army confiscated all copies and arrested two priests who were distributing them.

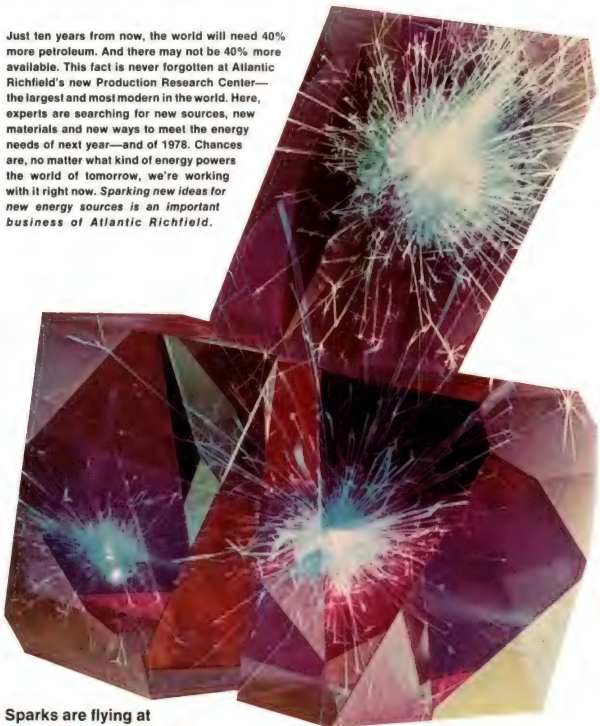
A Call for Courage. This affair, coming after a long series of army arrests and harassment of the clergy, moved the central committee of the Brazilian Conference of Bishops to action. After a three-day meeting of its 22 bishops in Rio de Janeiro, it issued a statement warning the government that it had no right to "define and limit" church functions. "The present situation must be faced courageously," said the bishops. "The injustices brought up must be fought and defeated. Development demands profound innovation and audacious change. Urgent reforms must be carried out without delay."

Then the bishops solidly aligned themselves with Brazil's youth. "It is the hour of the young," they said, "then let us not be late to the meeting set by history. Let us march together toward a future that is promising for Brazil." Even "at the cost of personal hardships and sorrows," the bishops concluded, they were willing to "sacrifice our lives" for their people.

President Arthur Costa e Silva, 65, the army general who has been in office for nine months, did not quite know what to say. A staunch and faithful Catholic, he has visited Pope Paul twice in the past three years. To help arrange a truce, Costa asked to meet with the church's leading bishops some time next month. He realizes all too well that it was the wrath of the Catholic Church that helped topple Argentine Dictator Juan Perón in 1955.

What kind of energy will run the world of 1978? Sunlight? Water? Uranium?

Just ten years from now, the world will need 40% more petroleum. And there may not be 40% more available. This fact is never forgotten at Atlantic Richfield's new Production Research Center—the largest and most modern in the world. Here, experts are searching for new sources, new materials and new ways to meet the energy needs of next year—and of 1978. Chances are, no matter what kind of energy powers the world of tomorrow, we're working with it right now. *Sparking new ideas for new energy sources is an important business of Atlantic Richfield.*



Sparks are flying at
AtlanticRichfieldCompany
making things happen with energy

ST. LUKE 2

to guide our feet into the way of Peace.
80 And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel.

CHAPTER 2

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

2 (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

3 And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

6 And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

7 And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the

The Birth of Christ

angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts, praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men,

15 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

17 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

18 And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

19 But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

20 And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

21 And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called JESUS, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb.

22 And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord.

23 (As it is written in the law of the Lord, Every male that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord:)

24 And to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, A pair of turtledoves, or two young pigeons.

25 And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel:

The greatest gift of all

In this happy, hurried season, when the true brightness of Christmas is sometimes blurred by glitter and gadgetry, one gift shines through as the

greatest of all... the Holy Bible. To a friend, to a family, no other gift speaks so eloquently of your love and respect. □ When you choose a

Childhood of Christ

and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

26 And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

27 And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

28 Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

29 Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word:

30 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

31 Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

32 A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

33 And Joseph and his mother marvelled at those things which were spoken of him.

34 And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against;

35 (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also), that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

36 And there was one Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Aser: she was of a great age, and had lived with an husband seven years from her virginity;

37 And she was a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day.

38 And she coming in that instant gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

39 And when they had performed all things according to the law of the

ST. LUKE 2

Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth.

40 And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.

41 Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the pass-over.

42 And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43 And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44 But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45 And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46 And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

47 And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

48 And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

49 And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

50 And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51 And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

52 And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

Bible today, chances are it will be printed on an entirely new kind of paper—a whiter, almost weightless paper that will stay fresh, white and

easy to read from one generation to the next. Olin developed that paper. We are proud to be part of your Christmas, part of your giving.

Rumnog

Rums of Puerto Rico bring back the good old days when men were men and eggnog was made with rum—or else.

Your great-great grandfather demanded rum for his holiday eggnog. RUM. Anything else was heresy.

Then suddenly all sorts of strange noggs began to appear.

But today the grand American tradition of Rumnog continues—with a notable improvement: the great gold and amber rums of Puerto Rico, distilled at high proof, aged in oak.

The result: rums that refuse to be subdued—and a holiday eggnog that can stand up and honestly call itself *Rumnog*.

Standard recipe. Beat 12 egg yolks until light. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar until thick. Stir in 1 quart milk and a fifth of gold or amber label Puerto Rican rum. Chill 3 hours. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 quart stiffly whipped cream. Chill 1 hour. Top with nutmeg. Serves 24.

Quick recipe. Add 12 oz. gold or amber label Puerto Rican rum to 1 quart eggnog mix from your dairy. Fold in one cup whipped cream. Chill. Top with nutmeg. Serves 12.

Free Booklet. 31 rum recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.



PEOPLE

For depriving him of that luxuriant handlebar mustache, the Air Force clearly owed **Colonel Robin Olds**, 45, a favor. But four stars? Yet there they were, stuck to his chair when he arrived at the Air Force Academy to take over as commandant of cadets—put there, it turned out, to represent the four Communist MiGs Robin had shot down over Viet Nam. As for that other fighter pilot's badge—the one the brass told him to polish off with a razor because cadets can't wear them—he may not have been the only one inconvenienced. Reported Olds: "I've heard a rumor the cadets had got hold of 3,000 false mustaches."

He dashed off to join the Marines as a private at 18, saw a lot of China before mustering out as a first lieutenant in 1946 and used to relax by racing sports cars. Is that the profile of a chairman of the National Association of Manufacturers? Well, in the case of **Daniel Parker**, grandson of Parker Pen Co.'s founder, there were lots of other credentials—like a Harvard Business School diploma ('49), directorships of four companies, and 17 years spent working at Parker, the last seven as chairman, during which time sales increased 33%. So when the N.A.M. needed a new chairman of its own last week, Parker sounded like just the man—and at 42, he becomes the youngest ever to hold the post.

What better outfit to pick for a meeting with Charles de Gaulle than a snappy little soldier suit, complete with gold-braided lapels and epaulets? And that's



OLDS IN FOUR-STAR CHAIR
A razor for the colonel.

just what Actress **Brigitte Bardot**, 33, stepped into for a show folk get-together at the Elysée Palace. *Le Général* was smitten. "We are enchanted to see you—enchanted is the word," saluted France's President. "I liked *Viva Maria* very much." "But you saw it?" ventured a flustered BB. "Yes, on television," replied BB's newest home-screen fan.

Give 'em an inch and they'll take a mile, runs the old standpatter against liberalizing practically anything. Witness Britain's venerable Oxford Union, an all-male preserve for 142 years until it banned *de sexo* segregation in 1963. Just four years later, the university debating society has elected a girl president. She is pert, brunette **Geraldine Jones**, 21, daughter of a Liverpool schoolmaster and now heiress to an office once held by William Gladstone, Herbert Asquith and Ted Heath. There'll be no nonsense about a counterattack either. "I trust that men who find my presence in the union disturbing," said Geraldine, "will stay away."

When he finally hung up his spikes in 1963 after 22 wonderful years with the St. Louis Cardinals, **Stan Musial**, 47, explained that he wanted to "go out while still an asset." That's certainly how Stan the Man wound up his first season as general manager of his old ball club, helping the Cards climb from the National League's second division to a World Series victory over the Boston Red Sox. Now Stan is stepping down again. He has to devote full time to his restaurant and hotel business since the death of his partner. Taking over will be New York Mets President **Bing Devine**, 50, who thereby jumps from head of the league's worst team to boss of its best. Not that Bing doesn't de-

serve his material—he hired most of the Cards' current starters prior to getting fired as their G.M. in 1964, just before they won their last pennant.

For a beauty who inspired 24-carat tributes in life, **Marilyn Monroe** seems to have elicited little more than tencent souvenirs in five years as a memory. At least that was the gist of a "Homage to Marilyn" art show at Manhattan's Sidney Janis Gallery. Of 50 works by 36 artists, by far the better half, from de Kooning, Rosenquist and Warhol, among others, predated her death in 1962. The recent works were second-rate or worse, with the booby prize going to Salvador Dali for a ten-foot mobile, obviously whopped up for the occasion, that features a pair of Esso Tiger flags dangling beneath a photomontage of the faces of Marilyn and Mao Tse-tung. The idea seems to be that sex kittens and paper tigers are really siblings under the skin.

Of all the captains to pace a fo'c'sle, practically everyone's No. 1 dirty sea dog is **William Bligh**, commander of H.M.S. *Bounty* until he and 18 crewmen were left tossing in a dinghy by Mutineer Fletcher Christian in 1789. Now comes British Naval Historian Christopher Lloyd to testify in the captain's defense. Bligh, he said on the 150th anniversary of the captain's death, possessed "resolution, courage, professional skill and a high standard of moral rectitude." Not only did Bligh pull off quite a feat by rescuing himself; he also went on to a brilliant naval career that won him a battle commendation from Admiral Lord Nelson. To be sure, admitted Lloyd, the good Bligh had trouble "understanding the feelings of other people," but that merely reflected "an unfortunate personality," which is probably what Fletcher Christian meant to say all along.



BRIGITTE IN DRESS BLACKS
Epaulets for *le Général*.



WILLIAM BIGH (CIRCA 1775)
Rectitude for the captain.

EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Grumbling at Grambling

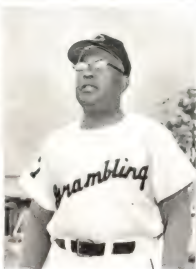
The state of scholarship at most Negro colleges has generally been so low and the students traditionally so placid that the schools have rarely rated any kind of national notice. One exception is Louisiana's Grambling College, which has long had a reputation as one of the nation's most prolific producers of big-time athletes. But the demanding new mood of Negro students is no longer satisfied with athletic fame. Grambling student leaders recently shattered the serenity of the piney-woods campus in such a forceful protest over what they call "a second-rate atmosphere for learning" that National Guardsmen were summoned—and discontent over the incident is likely to last for years.

Founded as a high school in 1901, the college is a pleasant collection of neo-Georgian and modern brick buildings set amid rolling hills in the town of Grambling, whose 3,500 residents are outnumbered by the 4,153 students. The school draws \$4.7 million a year in operating funds from the state—more per student than some of Louisiana's white colleges. Yet Student Body President Willie Zanders complains that the college would rather produce a pro football player than a Rhodes scholar, while other protesters charge that there are no "academic pros" on the faculty.

Better than Notre Dame. Grambling's administrators find the school's emphasis on athletics hard to deny—especially since President Ralph Waldo Emerson Jones, 63, doubles as the college baseball coach. Since World War II, Jones' teams have won 463 games and lost only 79 in the mostly Negro Southwestern Athletic Conference. But Grambling's big sport is football. It has 20 alumni on the pro rosters this year—more than any school except Notre Dame—including All-Pro Defensive End Willie Davis of the Green Bay Packers and the Kansas City Chiefs' defensive tackle, Junior "Buck" Buchanan, an A.F.L. All-Star.

The grumblers at Grambling do not heretize athletics but contend that the priorities are reversed. Since 96% of the students are not athletes, the protesters have demanded that "academics be stressed first" and that students be given a voice in evaluating courses. The dissidents also attack "paternalistic" attitudes of administrators against exposed shirtils on men students, slacks on coeds, and beads.

Boycott & Blockade. The protesters recently organized marches through the campus, boycotted classes and blockaded the administration building for 48 hours. They scattered food and shattered dishes in a cafeteria riot, threatened a "lie-in" on the football field to settle a homecoming game. Jones, who has headed Grambling since 1936, asked



PRESIDENT COACH JONES
The matter is not at all academic.

for National Guard protection, and Governor John McKeithen dispatched 600 soldiers to the campus. When Jones expelled 39 of the demonstrators, nearly 1,000 other students quit in sympathy but returned a few days later.

The discontent still smolders, while 29 of the ousted students wage a legal battle for readmission. Their dismissal was upheld by the Louisiana State board of education last week in a bitter, clamorous hearing. As he told the board about the destruction of school property, Jones broke into tears and insisted that "we haven't lowered our academic standards—we've raised them." In fact officials of the Southern Regional Educational Board rate Grambling's faculty on a par with most Louisiana colleges, and 22% of its teachers hold Ph.D.s. The real point of the protest at Grambling is that Negro students are now aroused enough—and care enough—to risk expulsion in demanding a better college education.

And Still the Roaring Gut

Even in the day of ever-rising academic standards and ever-brighter freshman classes, it is still possible for students to earn a credit or two without really trying. Despite the best efforts of administrators to stamp them out, U.S. universities still have their share of "micks" (Mickey Mouse courses), "snaps," "guts" or "roaring guts."

Once in a while, the guts are tacitly tolerated by the school to preserve the eligibility of dim-witted athletes. Many more, however, simply reflect the good intentions of such kindly professors as Stanford Political Scientist James I. Watkins IV, who rarely awards anything less than an A on the lovable notion that "There is too much tension in the university—I don't want to add

to the general insecurity and unhappiness of the community."

Berkeley students insist that the best clue to the existence of a gut is a disproportionate enrollment of "jocks" (athletes), "Freddys" (fraternity men), "Sallys" (sorority sisters) and "mungs" (beatniks). Stanford's jocks are urged by Athletic Director Charles Taylor to take Health Education 400, in which Professor Oliver E. Byrd grades solely on the number of abstracts of articles in medical journals his students turn in—and he tells them how many abstracts will make an A. He has abolished examinations, gives one test that includes multiple-choice items asking, for example, to "name the required textbook in this course." He bans note-taking in class because it doesn't allow the students to become "intellectually involved with me as I talk." Learning should be "an enjoyable and even thrilling experience," says Byrd, who normally gives about 80% of his students A's.

Incredibly Dull. Princeton Classics Professor Frank C. ("One-Two") Bourne is so nicknamed because he confines himself to the top two grades on Princeton's one-to-seven scale. He contends that his courses in Roman law and Roman history are "incredibly dull—I never cease to be amazed at the way the students learn the material, and I grade accordingly." Princeton "gut-hoppers," who try to take only easy courses, are also fond of what they call "Tricks and Buses," a course in transportation centering on one research project. Two students recently lugged a case of beer out to Route 1 every afternoon for a week; one man counted the trucks coming from Philadelphia, the other those heading for Philadelphia. They graphed the traffic trends, suggested the best timing for traffic signals—and got honors grades.

Rocks for Jocks. University of Texas students are fond of courses they call "Kiddie Lit," in which they analyze children's books, "Pots and Pans," a consumer's guide to household equipment, and "Piggy Bank," budget-centered instruction in personal finance. At Cornell, publicity in the Daily Sun ruined a freshman geology course known as "Rocks for Jocks," which is now unusually tough; but Mathematician Leon Silver, who marks exams in a linear algebra course vaguely as either "swell" or "lousy," still gives nothing but A's. "I'm trying to help the student avoid ulcers," he explains.

When a new gut appears, the word travels fast. Meteorology 100 at the University of Wisconsin drew 400 students one semester, 800 the next. The Rev. Thomas J. Brennan's freshman philosophy course at Notre Dame is so popular, and easy, that enrollment is limited—and athletes and foreign students seem to be preferred. Their most difficult task is putting up with Father Brennan's idiosyncrasy of flipping matchbooks at them during class. Catching them is not easy; he has developed a curve and a slider.

Give & Take

the gift of Gold—
the Scotch with the Golden Light Taste,
impressively gift-wrapped in its
heavily embossed gold foil carton.

the brand new Globetrotter Fifth—
the most fitting traveling companion that
ever packed away flat in a suitcase.
It arrived just in time for the Holidays—
but this slim beauty will be available
for year-round give and take!

Packs flat
as a shirt



THE QUEEN'S
AWARD TO INDUSTRY



100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. IMPORTED BY: THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Continental designers and engineers start with the finest car made in America.

They refine it: Wraparound parking lights and taillights. A new coupé roof line.

Improve it: Instrument panel. Interiors. A smoother shifting transmission.

Test it over 2000 times. Then test it again: our 12-mile road test.

Only then is it ready for your approval:
the 1968 Continental.



America's most distinguished motorcar.

Lincoln Continental

602 800
603 800
604 800
605 800
606 800
607 800



LINCOLN-MERCUURY DIVISION

MODERN LIVING

CHRISTMAS

Off the Track and into the Slot

A funny thing happened to the 20th Century Limited. On its way to Chicago last week for its final run, the crack New York Central passenger express was delayed by a derailment up the track, wound up at its destination nine hours late. That is the way things have been going for trains recently, and not just for real ones either. Toy electric trains, the very symbol of Christmas for generations of middle-class American boys, have gradually been losing customers too.

Once, the first boy on the block to get one turned his neighborhood pals green with envy. No other gift mattered quite so much, or so involved Dad on Christmas morning. And after the train had arrived, parents' Christmas shopping was simplified for years to come. No need to guess what Junior really wanted next time around. He wanted more new cars, more track, newer bridges, bigger tunnels, switches and signals until the basement recreation room could hold no more.

But for today's youngsters, who have watched manned space ships blast off on TV and may never even have ridden in a train, the tracks are losing their magic. Lionel, which has absorbed A.C. Gilbert's American Flyer, this year stopped making trains and is selling off its inventory. Sears, Roebuck's current Christmas catalogue devotes two pages to model trains—but it takes nine pages to describe slot-car racing sets, which provide an element of competition that the trains never had, and have replaced them as the Christmas present that boys want most.

For girls a generation ago, the most hoped-for present at the top of Santa's

bag was a doll. It still is. But nowadays, helped by batteries, every Jack and Jill must be capable of doing its own thing. "Baby Crawl-Along" lives up to her name, scoots across the floor on hands and knees. No sooner does "Tubbs" touch the bath water than she starts splashing. Tubbs is an angel compared with "Lil' Miss Lissy": she dampens her diapers, then throws a tantrum, crying and kicking until she has been changed. "Baby's Hungry" is more patient: she will go untied indefinitely. Once the spoon or nursing bottle is inserted between her lips, however, she rolls her eyes and downs her formula with gusto. But, caution: when she sits up after meals, she wets.

'Tis the Season to Be Wary

For most, Christmas is the season for giving. But for a sizable substratum of society, it is a season for light-fingered taking. In the four weeks before Christmas, department stores suffer half their annual losses from shoplifting. Much of it is impulse stealing—the easiest to spot, because it is often done so clumsily, but the hardest to predict, because no segment of the population is immune. Only last week the Harvard Cooperative Society announced that it had caught 18 undergraduates shoplifting. Said Harvard Coop Manager John G. Morrill: "Everybody has the propensity to steal, and Harvard has its share of crooks."

Leggers & Huggers. The crooks that merchants fear most are the professionals, many of whom work for fences and steal selectively (current high-priority target: suede coats). Store detectives never cease to marvel at the professionals' ingenuity. Some have been known to take six dresses into a fitting room, emerge wearing all of them, one over



HOW TO LIFT THE SHOP
Along with Harpo's coat and a booster.

the other, and march right out of the store. Others employ such traditional equipment as the "booster box"—a gift-wrapped package with a spring-loaded trap opening—or the "Harpo Marx" coat, a shapeless, voluminous outer garment that, inside, is a marvel of deep pockets and handy hooks.

Trickiest of the professionals are le-male shoplifters, known variously as "leggers," "knee huggers" and "crotch workers." Their technique consists of tucking stolen merchandise under their skirts and shuffling out of the store with the goods clutched between their thighs. By practicing at home with large telephone books, some have become so expert that they have made it right out the door leg-lugging men's suits, portable typewriters and small TV sets.

Play It Tough. For the glibbie buyer, no sanctuary is safe. Hustlers are now working the office buildings, offering "French" perfume at cut-rate prices ("It was smuggled in, so no duty was paid"); predictably, the bargain scent smells of watered-down cologne. Across the U.S., homes are being flooded with cheap "personalized" ballpoint pens, ostensibly from a charity organization of a disabled veteran. The Post Office recently indicted one Florida operator who was sending out over 2,000,000 such pens, reaping a profit that may have run as high as \$900,000 a year.

And for the men of the family, already wincing at the thought of Christmas ties to come, there is a foretaste in the garish \$2 ties now being shipped round the country from St. Louis. "They are supposed to benefit the handicapped," says Atlanta Better Business Bureau Manager James W. Stephens. "But the people who are sending them define as handicapped anyone with less than 20-20 vision." What to do if unwanted and unordered goods arrive? Return them to the post office marked "Refused." If the merchandise is opened and lost or mislaid, Stephens still advises playing it tough. Says he: "When



DAD WITH TRAINS



KIDS WITH CARS

The competition's the thing.

For Colds or Flu...

Doctors recommend:

1. Rest in bed
2. Drink plenty of fluids
3. Take aspirin to reduce fever and relieve pain

Bayer Aspirin is pure aspirin...not part aspirin
Bayer works wonders



Also in Orange Flavored
 1/4-grain tablets for children



you get a bill, send it back with a letter saying, "My storage fee for unsolicited merchandise is \$500 a day. When you pay my bill, I'll pay yours!" It works, Stephens says.

FASHION

The Year for Fur

Time was when a woman expected to wait until ripe middle age before she was presented with a mink coat—if she got one at all. "Today," says Sam Mellon, manager of Chicago's Evans Furs, "they're buying them at 19 or 20." One of the reasons is that mink coats, formerly the badge of the successful matron (or mistress), have succumbed to the youth-oriented trend

NEW YORK



SHORT SABLE

MINI-MINK

With checks, stripes and herringbones.

in fashion. Coats are now short, shaped to the body and sometimes come pieced together to create checks, stripes and herringbone patterns.

Equally to the point, mink is selling at an alltime low. At the latest auctions, there was a surplus of 3,000,000 pelts; consequently, prices are down anywhere from 10% to 25%. Coats now cost as little as \$800, and mink for the working girl is fast becoming a possibility. So great is the surplus that Best & Co. is offering mink coats for little girls beginning at size 3. Mark Cross is selling mink-lined raincoats for men, and Manhattan Furrier Georges Kaplan is even proposing that mink be used for wall-to-wall carpeting at \$95 per square foot.

Status seekers are turning to sable, still beyond the reach of working girls, although it too has dropped in price. A prime Russian crown sable coat cost \$40,000 five years ago; today it sells for \$25,000 to \$30,000. As a result, wealthy women this year are buying sable and not just for evening. Predicts Anna Potok, president of Manhattan's Maximilian: "Businesswomen will soon be wearing sable to the office—successful women, of course."

Only an Irishman
could love
whiskey enough
to take this much
care making it.

For 112 winters now, old Henry McKenna's proud Kentucky bourbon table whiskey has been doing its part to make nogs and grogs, wassails and toddies, fruitcakes and other special holiday treats more special.

Henry McKenna's remarkable bourbon is itself a joyous thing, a fine friendly gesture any day of the year.

McKenna is expensive bourbon and you will not find it just everywhere. But it is worth seeking out. In generous fat half-gallon stoneware crocks, where permitted, or in merrily wrapped fifths. This bourbon speaks lightly, with a brogue. And it says, "Enjoy!"



Henry McKenna

Remarkable Kentucky table whiskey-The bourbon with a brogue

© HENRY McKENNA DISTILLERY, FAIRFIELD, KENTUCKY. 50-50% ALC/VOL. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, SIX YEARS OLD.



The fastest light twin in the sky for the most

You work hard...move fast. Time is one of your most precious commodities. You squeeze every drop of profit potential from each working hour.

You will not be tied down. When you want to go, you want to go. Now!

The Beechcraft Turbo Baron was built for you.

290 mph cruise with a turbocharged total of 760 horsepower. Moves over a ton of load above 30,000 feet. And inside, the quiet good taste and quality you demand in your office. "Unwind" in soft-cushioned, air-conditioned comfort. Super soundproofing encourages relaxed conversation.

This is a Beechcraft. It sets the standard. That's why it is your kind of airplane.

COULD YOU PROFIT FROM "DAY-STRETCHING"?

A Turbo Baron can't add more hours, but it can stretch

the profitable use of your workday!

A "fly-it-yourself" Turbo Baron owner might start his day with a breakfast conference in Dallas. Lunch in the Chicago Loop, followed by a sales presentation... then off to St. Louis for a late afternoon appointment.

Baron pilots can take up to 5 passengers, over weather and mountains...into small, rough fields or down the sophisticated electronic approaches to major terminals.

The Turbo Baron "stretches" your day by cutting the fat out of travel time. It puts you where you need to be when *you* decide the time is right.

THAT FIRST STEP CAN BE A LONG ONE!

Ready to step-up from a single engine business airplane? Step all the way up to "over-the-top" capability in the world's fastest light twin. The Turbo Baron is easy to fly. It was designed for the businessman-pilot.

It's your kind of airplane!



No check-in lines or waiting for baggage. It goes right along with you.



Come and go at your convenience. Land at close-in airports, save ground travel time.



Travel in comfort and privacy. Arrive relaxed, refreshed, and ready to go.



The Turbo Baron feels right at home at metropolitan airports and small, rough fields alike.

demanding men on earth!

TWO MORE BARONS IN THE "PROFIT-POWER" TRIO

Both seat 4 to 6 people in big super soundproof cabins. The *Beechcraft D55 Baron* cruises at 230 mph with a useful load of 2266 pounds. Economy cruise non-stop range is more than 1100 miles. The *Beechcraft B55 Baron* cruises at 225 mph, carrying over a ton of useful load. Choose the power, speed, payload and range combination that fits your individual needs and travel budget.

BUSINESS AVIATION OR AVIATION BUSINESS

State your need—pick your Beechcraft. Business or pleasure, flight training or scheduled passenger service...there's a Beechcraft built for you. Two-seat trainer to 17-place turbo prop airliner, all are the finest made anywhere in the world. See your *Beechcraft* dealer. Arrange for a demonstration.

Flying is believing!



FREE information on the Turbo Baron or any Beechcraft. Write: Beech Aircraft Corporation, Marketing Services, 9705 E. Central, Wichita, Kansas 67217.

"The Quiet Gift"

Give them Harveys® Bristol Cream® Sherry and you give them time to savor the gentle pleasures. Time for a quiet moment with "The Quiet Drink". Harveys Bristol Cream Sherry on the rocks. Rich, soothing, superb. It's all a matter of taste and pace. Give Harveys Bristol Cream. Magnum, regular or half bottle—in gift boxes. The Quiet Gift. It says so much for you.

Harveys Bristol Cream®



SPORT

FOOTBALL

How the Pro Scouts Vote

College football, like wine, has its vintage years. And what kind of a year was 1967? Well, to the fans it was certainly exciting. To sportswriters and pollsters it was bewildering—as one after another of the favorites went down to defeat, making a mess of the national rankings. To pro scouts, who pay no attention to either the crowd or the polls, it was a little disappointing in some respects. Where were the great quarterbacks of yesteryear? The best runners in college ball were juniors and therefore ineligible for the pro draft. Good defensive backs were hard to find. But last week, as they studied their notes and prepared for the draft, scouts from the 25 pro teams agreed that in many ways 1967 was a very good year indeed. Rarely had there been so many big, tough, fast linemen to choose from, or such a wealth of sticky-fingered pass receivers. For those positions, there was more competition than ever in the balloting for TIME's annual pro-picked All-America.

OFFENSE

• **QUARTERBACK:** *Gary Behan*, 21, U.C.L.A., 6 ft., 195 lbs. Anybody who gains 5,358 lbs. in three seasons of college ball figures to impress the pros; yet the scouts have mixed feelings about Behan. They applaud his "natural poise and confidence" and his "ability to make the big play when it's needed"—but they deplore his lack of height and his preference for rolling out rather than passing from the pocket. A better pro prospect, say some scouts, is Alabama's *Ken ("Snake") Stabler*, who is 3 in. taller than Behan, completed 60% of his passes in the tough Southeastern Conference. Stabler is an oddity because he is left-handed, but the pros like his strong arm, quick release and thread-neck accuracy.

• **HAIFBACKS:** *O. J. Simpson*, 20, Southern Cal., 6 ft. 1 in., 202 lbs., and *Leroy Keyes*, 20, Purdue, 6 ft. 3 in., 199 lbs. Since Simpson and Keyes are juniors, the pros will have to wait for what one scout calls "two of the finest football players I've seen in 15 years." A 9.4-sec. man in the 100-yd. dash, Simpson was college football's No. 1 ground grinder with 1,415 yds. and an average of more than 5 yds. per carry. He can also throw passes and catch them—and a lot more. "If a coach put him in as a defensive back," says one scout, "I'm sure that in ten minutes he'd be the best defensive back on the field. He simply can do everything." So can Keyes. In Purdue's 28-21 victory over Notre Dame, he kicked off, played halfback and flanker on offense, and cornerback on defense. "Shifty power, great speed and acceleration," notes a scouting report. "Could play ei-

ther offense or defense in the pros right now."

• **FULLBACK:** *Lee White*, 21, Weber State, 6 ft. 4 in., 240 lbs. "A sleeper," says one scout, apparently figuring that White would go unnoticed by the other bird dogs because he played for the small Ogden, Utah, school. Not so. A Little All-America, White carried the ball an average of 28 times a game, ran for 276 yds. against Idaho. "Doesn't have great outside speed," says a scouting report, "but really tough inside. An excellent blocker on both runs and passes. Will be among the first four draft picks."

• **ENDS:** *Haven Moses*, 21, San Diego State, 6 ft. 3 in., 196 lbs., and *Dennis Homan*, 21, Alabama, 6 ft. 1 in., 182 lbs. Like Fullback White, Moses played small-college ball—catching 57 passes in 1966, another 54 this year—while speedster Homan (9.8 sec. for the 100-yd. dash) was Ken Stabler's favorite target on the Cotton Bowl-bound Crimson Tide. One pro scout calls them "two of the best receivers ever to come along at one time." Both, he says, have "great speed and tremendous moves. They've got the head fakes and the hip fakes. They can go deep to heat you, and they're both tough enough to go across the middle, fight off the linebackers, and catch the short pass."

• **TACKLES:** *Ron Yary*, 21, Southern Cal., 6 ft. 5 in., 245 lbs., and *John Williams*, 22, Minnesota, 6 ft. 2 in., 253 lbs. Chosen for last year's TIME All-America as a junior, Yary pared off 20 lbs. this season. According to the pros, he still is "a muscleman, an outstanding blocker with surprising speed for his size." Williams is "tough, strong, very active and aggressive when he drops back for pass protection."

• **GUARDS:** *Curley Culp*, 21, Arizona State, 6 ft. 1 in., 255 lbs., and *Edgar Chandler*, 21, Georgia, 6 ft. 3 in., 222 lbs. Although Culp played defense in college, he will be switched to offensive guard in the pros, has "amazing strength and the mobility necessary to make it big and quickly." Chandler, say the scouts, is equally mobile; he is, in fact, "quick enough to be used as a linebacker."

• **CENTER:** *Bob Johnson*, 21, Tennessee, 6 ft. 4 in., 232 lbs. Few college centers are big enough to make the grade with the pros, but Johnson has "all the size you could want." He is fast on the snap, an accurate center on punts, and a ferocious blocker. "He really stomps on them." Scouts figure that Johnson can beef himself up to around 250 lbs.

DEFENSE

• **ENDS:** *Claude Humphrey*, 21, Tennessee State, 6 ft. 6 in., 255 lbs., and *Bill Staley*, 21, Utah State, 6 ft. 3 in., 243 lbs. Humphrey's temperament earns him raves: "Mean, tall, strong and tough—but especially mean," reads a scouting

ALL AMERICA OFFENSE



MOSES



YARY



CULP



JOHNSON



CHANDLER



WILLIAMS



HOMAN

Speedsters, sleepers and stompers.



SIMPSON



BEHAN



WHITE



KEYES



It
tastes
expensive
...and is.

Made from an original old style
sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels,
fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

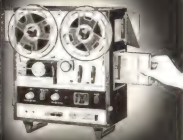
Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof.

90 proof • Star Hill Distilling Co. • Star Hill Farm, Lovetts, Ky.

make your own CARTRIDGES
for your 8 track car stereo

with a **ROBERTS**
stereo TAPE RECORDER

Record and Play your favorite music from
LP records and FM Multiplex with the exclusive
ROBERTS Solid-State CROSS FIELD
quality in 4 speeds... even the new LP 17 1/2 ips.



Model 778X

also 8000 \$430



The First Logo
ROBERTS
Division of Matsushita Manufacturing Company
Los Angeles, California 90008

report. Staley is "such a big boy that he just piles in there and knocks everyone over." Both Humphrey and Staley, say the pros, are "poison for quarterback"—they have a real knack for rushing the passer. Against the run, they are strong enough to close off the inside and fast enough to pursue on sweeps.

• **TACKLES** *Kevin Hardy*, 22, Notre Dame, 6 ft. 5 in., 270 lbs., and *Dennis Byrd*, 21, North Carolina State, 6 ft. 4 in., 255 lbs. The only athlete in 21 years to earn his letter in three sports (football, baseball, basketball) at Notre Dame, Hardy, say the scouts, is "just a magnificent male animal." Both Hardy and Byrd were handicapped by injuries throughout much of the 1967 season, and both are inclined to laziness—a trait that worries the pros. But as one scout says: "They can play well when they want to"—and money may be all the incentive they need.

• **LINEBACKERS** *Fred Carr*, 21, Texas at El Paso, 6 ft. 5 in., 232 lbs., *Wayne Meylan*, 21, Nebraska, 6 ft., 239 lbs., and *Mike McGill*, 21, Notre Dame, 6 ft. 2 in., 230 lbs. "You won't believe this guy," a scout says of Carr. "He runs 40 yds. in 4.6 sec.—which is the speed of a lot of flankers in this league." Another scout calls Carr "the best football player I've seen this year," a third predicts that he will be the first player picked in the pro draft. Meylan was "by far the best man on a disappointing Nebraska club." The pros like McGill's "determination and aggressiveness"—and, as one scout says, "Notre Dame men don't disappoint you too often."

• **CORNERBACKS** *Jim Smith*, 21, Oregon, 6 ft. 3 in., 197 lbs., and *Maj Hazelton*, 22, Florida A. & M., 6 ft. 2 in., 190 lbs. Since most colleges play a zone defense against passes (as opposed to the pros' man-to-man), defensive backs usually play "too loose," complains one scout. "For us to tell whether they can cover their man. So we look for strength and speed—for backs who are strong enough to come up and make the tackle on running plays and fast enough to stay with the flankers." Smith and Hazelton fill that bill. Smith has "the quickness of a cat," has been clocked in 9.7 sec. for the 100; Hazelton is a 9.6-sec. sprinter and "just loves to hit."

• **SAFETY MEN** *Charles West*, 21, Texas at El Paso, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs., and *Tom Schoen*, 21, Notre Dame, 5 ft. 11 in., 185 lbs. West, say the scouts, has "excellent speed" and "the ability to diagnose an offensive play quickly." He also is "a sticker," pro parlance for a hard, sure tackler—an absolute necessity at safety, where a missed tackle means six points. An elusive punt returner he has run back three for touchdowns in his college career. Schoen has "a nose for the ball"—a hard nose. "He's a real fighter," says one scout admiringly. "If I were going to war, I'd like to have him out in front of me."

ALL AMERICA DEFENSE



HUMPHREY



CARR



HARDY



McGILL



BYRD



MEYLAN



STALEY



SCHOEN



HAZELTON



SMITH



WEST

Tall, tough and talented.

The sure cure for next-morning delivery headaches.



Fast, fast, fast Air Express.

Now you can take all day to get the goods ready.
And still get them delivered in the morning.

Just ask Air Express for next-morning delivery service. It's available between major markets across the country, complete with door-to-door delivery.

One of the nicest things is that you get all these Air Express extras for nothing extra.

And when you're counting on on-time delivery, Air Express priority can be counted on. Your product goes aboard right after the U.S. Mail. That's because Air Express is a unique combination of all 36 scheduled airlines and REA Express.

So whenever you feel a delivery headache coming on, forget the aspirin.

And let Air Express take it away.

Air Express

Division of REA Express



THE PRESS

COLUMNISTS

More Blondin, Less Lincoln

Presidents are usually safe in quoting Abe Lincoln, and few have made more use of Honest Abe than Lyndon Johnson. But after New York Daily News Columnist Ted Lewis got through investigating one of L.B.J.'s favorite Lincoln stories last week, Presidents will have to think twice before quoting the Great Emancipator.

For months, reports Lewis, the President had been defending his Viet Nam policies by repeating what Lincoln once said to a group of critics during the Civil War. Liking himself to a French acrobat named Blondin who was famed for crossing Niagara Falls on a tight-rope, Lincoln asked: "Suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had to put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across Niagara. Would you shake the cable, or keep shouting at him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue and keep your hands off until he was safe over."

That, say suited I.B.J. fine wrote Lewis. "It constituted an almost perfect pitch for a silence-is-golden plea while he continues his effort to win the Viet Nam war with present policies." But the story didn't suit Lewis, whose sleuthing disclosed that Blondin was an imperturbable craftsman. He was a child prodigy on the rope at six. By the time he tackled Niagara at 36, he was able to go across once on stilts, another time with both feet in a sack, once again with a man on his back. On one

HILFEN SIE MIT



BLONDIN CROSSING THE FALLS (1859)
Silence wasn't the secret.

occasion he sat down on the rope and devoured an omelet.

"Clearly then," writes Lewis, "Blondin was not a man who would be upset by jeers from the bleachers. After all, he knew a damn sight more about the art of tightrope walking than anybody else in the world." If Blondin could calmly eat an omelet high above Niagara's roar, Lewis asked, "why should Johnson—the smartest political acrobat of the 1960s—allow himself to be upset by his Viet policy critics?"

AUTHORS

Fool-the-Squares

Imprisoned for political offenses under Louis XV, François Marie Arouet changed his name to Voltaire in order to make a fresh start as a writer. The Rev. C. L. Dodgson used the pseudonym Lewis Carroll because he thought it beneath the dignity of a clergyman and a mathematician to write a book like *Alice in Wonderland*. Mary Ann Evans (George Eliot) and Lucile-Aurora Dupin (George Sand) used men's names because they felt women authors were discriminated against in the 19th century. These days, pseudonymity is again in vogue, but the reasons are hardly as compelling as the ones were.

Raymond D. Senfer, One explanation for all the artifice is that this is the age of the put-on, or the game of fool-the-squares. Could be, however, that the pseudonymists are fooling themselves. As Manhattan Behavioral Psychologist Andrew Salter sees it, the title of the pseudonymous novel *The Exhibitionist* refers to more than just the strip-prone heroine. It describes the author, David Slavitt alias Henry Sutton—as well. Pseudonymous writers, says Salter, are basically exhibitionists; they are just dying to be found out.

They actually get their wish. The co-author of that salacious little novel *Candy* was billed as Maxwell Kenton until he was unmasked as Terry Southern. Mark Epernay was supposed to have written the pseudoscientific *Melandress Dimension*, a book measuring the ego capacity of prominent people. But he turned out to be that chronic spoof John Kenneth Galbraith, who recently carried pseudonymity to its logical extreme by reviewing the pseudonymous *Report from Iron Mountain* under the pseudonym Herschel McLandress. One of the mysteries of the 1962 Vatican Council was the man named Xavier Rynne who wrote so knowingly of the proceedings for *The New Yorker*; it later developed that a Catholic theologian, Father Francis Xavier Murphy, then residing in Rome, did much of the writing. One author who has so far escaped detection is Raymond D. Senter, a dissenter (get it?) from Defense Department policies who writes for the *New Republic* and *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*.



HENRY D. SUTTON
author of *The Exhibitionist*


DAVID R. SLAVITT
author of
Rochelle

... (Page 2) Sayville News
... ROCHILLE or Virtue
... is the work of a
... "strongly signed" work at
... is a book that asks the
... Can a Jew Jewish
... in Upper West Side
... or Virtue Rewarded
... "I consider Mr. Henry
... author of The Ex-
... to be a major in-
... artist, and with no there-
... for has no doubts about
... my new novel, ROCHILLE or
... Virtue Rewarded."

ROCHELLE

OR VIRTUE REWARDED
A novel by DAVID R. SLAVITT

"It's like an American literary novel." —*New Statesman*
 "A great novel, too." —*Times Literary Supplement*
 "A superbly gifted and splendidly gifted writer well suited to his subject." —*Washington Post*
 "One of the most winning novels this side of Mad Magazine." —*Starlet*
 "It's the story of the world." —*Pittsburgh Press*

\$4.50, now at your bookstore  DELACORTE PRESS

PSEUDONYMOUS AD
Who's putting who on?

William Randolph Hirsch. Whatever pseudonyms may do for the individual ego, editors still insist that there are practical reasons to use them. For 50 years, Hearst papers used the byline Cholly Knickerbocker to cover several writers. The single name, editors found, gave the column an identity it would not have had if the names had kept switching. When Society Columnist Aileen Mehlé came along, she was dubbed Suzy Knickerbocker, and she took the name with her when she joined the New York Daily News. Then, too, when a publication runs more than one piece by the same person in the same issue, it often insists on a pseudonym. Freelance Writer Ken Purdy contributed two articles to a recent *Playboy*, one under his own name, one under that of Karl Prentiss. Even when they give up their real names, pseudonyms often like to hang on to their real initials.

Some writers, of course, use pseudonyms for the sheer fun of it. It was never very credible that a man named William Randolph Hirsch wrote the *Real Chinese Air Force Exercise, Diet and Sex Book*. In a review of the manual, Humorist Marvin Kitman revealed that he was the author, with an assist from other editors of *Menace* magazine. Not that he entirely approves of the practice. "The four most shocking pseudonyms in use today," he confides, "are Walter Lippmann, Art Buchwald, James Reston and Arthur Krock."

PUBLISHING

Bidding for Che

When Bolivian troops seized and killed Ernesto ("Che") Guevara last October, they got an unexpected dividend. Among Che's possessions they found a 30,000-word diary, written in his own hand in Spanish and detailing all his activities from the time he arrived in Bolivia in 1966 almost up to the day

Something
comes over us
this time
of year.



We wrap our regular bottle as a gift.
We pack our gift decanter as a gift, too.
And you don't pay a penny for the trimmings.
The treat's on us.
True, some others give you handsome packages, too.
But we're the only ones who put the world's most
popular brand of whiskey inside.
Give Seagram's 7 Crown/The Sure One.



B.F. Goodrich launches

*All at once, tire mileage
gets an almost
unbelievable boost!*



Forget everything you ever believed about how long a set of tires can last. This is the age of the BFG Silvertown Radial 9 — the revolutionary new tire that will travel 5,000, 10,000, even 15,000 miles farther than the tires that come on new cars.

Mileage is just one part of the story. Traction is another.



ches The Radial Age

For the new BFG Radial 990 has a far bigger "footprint" than ordinary tires. Up to 41% bigger.

The big footprint gives the 990 almost incredible traction. Your brakes will stop you faster than ever before. Your car will tame curves like never before.

What about ride? At turnpike speeds, the 990's ride is

more like gliding than riding. Because every single cord in this tire is soft-riding Dynacor[®] rayon.

You even save money on gas. The Radial 990 rolls much easier than ordinary tires, soaks up less horsepower. Result: it stretches every gallon of gas by up to 10%.

Your present tires aren't completely worn out? It'll still pay you — in savings, in safety — to switch to Radial 990's. See any B. F. Goodrich dealer. Welcome to The Radial Age!

B.F. Goodrich



This fine stemware of perfect martini proportions was created by John E. Miller for George Duncan & Sons, Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1870, before the martini was born.

That very same year, in the neighboring state of Ohio, Charles and Maximilian Fleischmann introduced their gin. Which today is famous as the world's driest gin since 1870.

The classic martini:
A coincidence of American history.



of his capture. The government used excerpts from the diary to convict French Agitator Jules Régis Debray for aiding the guerrillas. It also arrested some 20 Bolivians who were mentioned as collaborators. Then, once the political usefulness of the diary had been exhausted, it was put up for sale.

It contains much of interest for a student of guerrilla tactics. Che's ambitions far outran his means to implement them. He wrote that he wanted not only to create a "second Viet Nam" in Bolivia but also to start a guerrilla movement in Argentina. Almost from the outset, however, he was harassed by government forces from without and backsliding Communists from within. His diary bristles with complaints about the Bolivian Communist Party, which he characterizes as "distrustful, disloyal and stupid." For solace, apparently, he wrote some poetry and a short story about a young Communist guerrilla who learns to overcome his fears. Che's example must have been contagious, for jottings of other guerrillas were found along with his, plus a large assortment of snapshots.

Shadowy Offers. Several publishers and individuals thought enough of this material to rush to Bolivia to bid for it. Michèle Ray, the French freelancer who was held for three weeks by the Viet Cong, offered \$400,000 from a mysterious source on the grounds, as she put it, that the "last thing Che would have liked was to have his diary in the hands of Americans." For a while, the bidder most likely to win was a consortium headed by Manhattan-based Magnum Photos. Offering \$125,000 for the right to publish excerpts from the diary, the group included the New York Times, *Parade*, *Stern*, Mondadori publications, the London Sunday Times and the Times of India. The group took pains to establish the authenticity of the material. Besides the verification of Che's handwriting, the fact that there was so much of it was reassuring. "How did they have time to fight?" wondered *Parade* Managing Editor Ed Kiester, who went to La Paz. "It looks as though all they did was write about each other and take pictures."

Late last week, though, the consortium fell apart. One reason was that some of its members feared a court battle over the ownership of the diary. The Bolivian government, to be sure, had issued a decree claiming it owned all documents captured from the guerrillas. But Che's family might make a fight for the diary. There was the additional danger of pirated versions being circulated before the consortium members could publish. Already, several Bolivian army officers had made photocopies. Whoever finally buys the diary, it will probably be February at the earliest before readers around the world can learn what was on Che's mind as he watched his guerrilla movement disintegrate in the inhospitable Bolivian mountains.

Build a world of your own on "Scotch" Brand Dynarange Tape



Great moments in music... happy times at home and away—capture whatever sound you want to save on "Scotch" Brand "Dynarange" Recording Tape. "Dynarange" delivers true, clear, faithful reproduction across the entire sound range. Makes all music come clearer... cuts background noise... gives you fidelity you didn't know your recorder had.



same full fidelity at reduced 5¢ speed that you ordinarily expect only at 7 1/2 ips. The result: you record twice the music per foot... use half as much tape... save 50% or more in tape costs! And our exclusive lubrication protects against record wear, extends tape life. Don't it time you built your own private world of sound on "Scotch" Brand "Dynarange" Recording Tape?

And "Dynarange" saves you money, too! Delivers the

Magnetic Products Division

3M

MEDICINE

SURGERY

The Ultimate Operation

(See Cover)

For weeks, and months, and even years, surgical teams at more than 20 medical centers around the world have been standing ready to make the first transplant of a heart from one human being to another. What they have been waiting for is the simultaneous arrival of two patients with compatible blood types—one doomed to die of some disease that has not involved his heart, and a second doomed to die of incurable, irreversible heart disease.

Last week, in two hospitals separated by almost 8,000 miles of Atlantic Ocean, the historic juxtaposition happened and the heart transplants were performed. The physicians who performed them thus reached the surgical equivalent of Mount Everest, followed automatically by the medical equivalent of the problem of how to get down—in other words, how to keep the patient and transplant alive.

In this, the team at Brooklyn's Maimonides Medical Center, headed by Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz, admitted "unequivocal failure." Their patient, a 19-day-old boy, died 64 hours after he received a new heart. But the team of Dr. Christiaan Neethling Barnard, 44, which acted first at Cape Town, South Africa, had a more enduring success. Their patient, a 55-year-old man, was feeling himself and making small talk a week after his epochal surgery. At this time, as expected, there appeared the first signs of a tendency by his body to reject the transplant, but the doctors were confident that they could control this reaction.

"Go Ahead." The Cape Town drama began three months ago, when Louis Washkansky, a wholesale grocer, was admitted to suburban Groote Schuur Hospital with progressive heart failure. Because of two heart attacks, one seven years ago and the other two years ago, the burly patient's heart muscle was not getting enough blood through clogged and closed coronary arteries. He also had diabetes, for which he had been getting insulin. His liver was enlarged. Surgeon Barnard's cardiologist colleagues gave "Washy" (as he was known to World War II buddies in North Africa and Italy) only a few months to live. They shortened it to weeks as his body became edematous (swollen with retained water). Washkansky was dying, and knew it.

Denise Ann Darvall, 25, had no thought of death when

she set out with her father and mother to visit friends for Saturday-afternoon tea. In Cape Town's Observatory district, Edward Darvall stopped the car. His wife and daughter started across the street to a bakery to buy a cake when both were struck by a speeding car. Mrs. Darvall was killed instantly. Denise was barely alive, but only barely, on arrival at Groote Schuur Hospital. Her head and brain were almost completely destroyed. The emergency room called Dr. Barnard. The doctors agreed: Denise could not survive. Barnard took Darvall aside and explained what he wanted—the gift of a heart, unprecedented in history. Edward Darvall listened numbly as Barnard told him: "We have done our best, and there is nothing more that can be done to help your daughter. There is no hope for her. You can do us and humanity a great favor if you will let us transplant your daughter's heart." Said Darvall: "If there's no hope for her, then try to save this man's life." He signed the consent.

Dr. Barnard had already told Washkansky what he had in mind, adding: "You can have two days to think it over." Washkansky decided in two minutes: "Go ahead." Dr. Barnard now called in his team of 30 men and women, scattered for the summer weekend.

When did Denise Darvall die? Explains Dr. Marius Barnard, 40, younger brother of Christiaan and his right-hand assistant during surgery: "I know in some places they consider the patient dead when the electroencephalogram shows no more brain function. We are

on the conservative side, and consider a patient dead when the heart is no longer working, the lungs are no longer working, and there are no longer any complexes on the ECG."

Universal Donor. Though Denise Darvall's heart had stopped beating and she was dead, her heart could not be allowed to degenerate. Irreparable cell damage begins at the temperature of a naturally cooling cadaver in 30 minutes. It can be postponed for two to three hours by cooling. The Barnard team took no chances. By this time, Denise's body was in an operating room a few feet from the operating room in which Washkansky lay. A surgeon opened her chest by a midline incision, snipped some ribs and exposed the heart with its attached blood vessels.

Near the arch of the aorta (see diagram) he inserted a plastic catheter tube, which was connected to a heart-lung machine. Another catheter, similarly connected, went into the right auricle. At this point, the whole body was perfused with oxygenated blood. The surgeons then clamped the aorta beyond the catheter and clamped the pulmonary artery and venae cavae, thus isolating the heart from the rest of the body, which thereafter received no circulation. With the heart-lung machine set at a low flow rate, the heart continued to have oxygenated blood pumped through it. And it was cooled to 73° F.

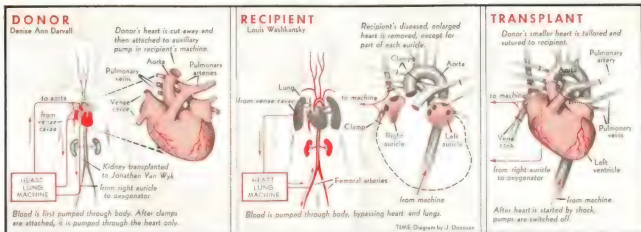
Meanwhile, Pathologist M. C. Botha was working in his laboratory with a sample of Denise's blood. Washkansky's type was A-positive; Denise's was O-negative. She was the ideal "universal donor." There was no time for Dr. Botha to try matching their white blood cells so that the surgeons could estimate how strong a rejection reaction Washkansky's system would mount against the foreign protein of Denise's heart.

Simultaneously, Washkansky was anesthetized, and at 2:15 a.m. Sunday one of the surgeons opened his chest. Assisting Christiaan Barnard, were Drs. Rodney Hewison and Terry O'Donovan. The main blood vessels were clamped in much the same way as Denise's had been, but in this case the heart-lung machine was to serve a directly opposite purpose: to circulate oxygenated blood through all of Washkansky's body except his about-to-be-discarded heart.

"A Cup of Tea." Exercising the captain's prerogative, Dr. Christiaan Barnard moved into the first operating room and cut eight blood vessels to free Denise Darvall's heart; then he severed it from its ligament moorings. It was disconnected from the pump, and was carried to Washkansky's room, where it was connected to a



WASHKANSKY AFTER OPERATION
In its way, equal to Mount Everest.



small-capacity heart-lung machine. There it lay, chilled and perfused with oxygenated blood, while Surgeon Barnard removed most—but not quite all—of Washkansky's heart. He left in place part of the outer walls of both the auricles, the right carrying the two entrance holes of the venae cavae, the left carrying the four entrance holes of the pulmonary veins. The rest of the heart, flabby and scarred, he set aside.

In painstaking sequence, Dr. Barnard stitched the donor heart in place. First the left auricle, then the right. He joined the stub of Denise's aorta to Washkansky's, her pulmonary arteries to his. Finally, the veins. Assistant surgeons removed the catheters from the implant as Barnard worked.

Now, almost four hours after the first incision, history's first transplanted human heart was in place. But it had not been beating since Denise died. Would it work? Barnard stepped back and ordered electrodes placed on each side of the heart and the current (25 watt-seconds) applied. The heart leaped at the shock and hegan a swift beat. Dr. Barnard's heart leaped too. Through his mask, he exclaimed unprofessionally but pardonably, "Christ, it's going to work!" Work it did.

The heart-lung pump was still running. Now it was reset to warm the blood. After ten minutes it was switched off to see whether the transplanted heart could carry the whole burden of Washkansky's circulation. It was not yet quite ready, and on went the pump again for another five minutes. This time, when it was stopped, the heart did not falter. It could do the work. The surgeons closed Washkansky's chest. The operation, "from skin to skin," had taken 43 hours. It was 7 a.m. "I need a cup of tea," said Dr. Barnard.

Space to Spare. An hour later, Washkansky regained consciousness and tried to talk. So carefully isolated from possible infection that even his wife Ann was persuaded not to visit him for four days, he showed improvement day by day. After 36 hours he complained of hunger and ate a typical hospital meal, including a soft-boiled egg. As a fur-

ther guard against infection, the doctors dosed him with antibiotics. His donated heart, healthy and compact, jumped around somewhat uneasily in the cavity left by his own enlarged heart, but this space would soon shrink naturally. The heart gradually slowed its beat to 100 per minute. (Surgeon Barnard's had been a frenetic 140 when he finished the operation.)

Among the several courses open to them to try to blunt the rejection mechanism, Washkansky's doctors chose to use two drugs, azathioprine (Imuran) and cortisone, plus radiation. At first, to avoid moving their patient, they administered gamma rays with an emergency cobalt-60 unit, somewhat resembling a dentist's X-ray machine, rigged up in his room. After four days, when Washy was waving at photographers and joshing with doctors and nurses, he was considered strong enough to stand a quarter-mile trundle to the regular radiation treatment center. At week's end, when his white-blood-cell count rose, the doctors still had more drugs

in reserve to heat back the rejection mechanism, and they stepped up his cobalt-60 treatments. Washkansky's liver shrank to nearer normal size; Denise's heart and his kidneys worked so well together that he lost 20 lbs. of edema fluid.

Double Chill. While South Africa was proudly rejoicing, the U.S. transplant team was just beginning. In wintry Brooklyn, Dr. Kantrowitz had put his team on full alert at about the same time as Dr. Barnard was alerting his. His 19-day-old patient, the intended heart-transplant recipient, had been born blue. The child was a victim of severe tricuspid atresia—constriction, to the point of almost total closure, of the three-leaved valve that normally regulates the flow of blood from the right auricle to the right ventricle on its way to the lungs for oxygenation. There is no way to correct this condition surgically, and its victims live no more than a few weeks. Justification for a transplant was clear.

The problem was to find a donor. Maimonides sent telegrams to 500 hospitals across the U.S., asking to be notified of the birth of an anencephalic baby (with a malformed head and virtually no brain) or one with such severe brain injury that it could not long survive. There are a thousand or more such cases every year in the U.S., but long days passed before Dr. Kantrowitz got the word that he was awaiting. It came from Philadelphia's Jefferson Hospital: an anencephalic boy was born there the day after Washkansky's surgery. Dr. Kantrowitz talked with the parents, whom he described, in broad understatement, as "intelligent and understanding." They agreed to let Kantrowitz take their baby to Brooklyn to die, and to transplant his heart.

He died at 4:20 a.m. Wednesday, across the room from the recipient baby, who was being kept alive in a respirator that supplied him almost 100% oxygen. Since heart-lung machines are impractical for such small infants, the 22-man transplant team chilled the dead baby's body to retard damage to the heart. The doctors had already begun



DENISE DARVALL
Great favor to humanity.

cooling the recipient baby in a water bath to 59°F. After 40 minutes, they were ready to cut. One group excised the dead baby's heart while another excised the recipient's. In a mere 30 minutes Dr. Kantrowitz was able to join the aorta, the great veins and pulmonary arteries. From skin to skin, the operation took 21 hours.

The recipient baby, whose identity was kept secret, was a healthy pink as his donated heart pumped normally oxygenated blood. Other criteria for the patient's recovery all seemed favorable. But after 61 hours, the heart suddenly stopped. There had been no time for the rejection mechanism to intrude—that takes days or weeks, and is, besides, less likely to be severe in infants. Dr. Kantrowitz, drawn and shaken, con-

ing normally at week's end. Washkansky was making wisecracks: "I'm a Frankenstein now. I've got somebody else's heart." (And making the common error of confusing the fictional Dr. Frankenstein with the monster he made.) Washkansky was well enough to go through a radio interview with a doctor. He ate well, and said his only complaint was that he was aching from being kept too long lying in bed.

Dr. Barnard was talking of sending Washkansky home in a couple of weeks. In this he could have been overoptimistic. The possibility remained that he might be as cruelly disappointed as Dr. Kantrowitz by the sudden failure of the transplant. At best, there could be endless complications. Yet the mere performance of the operation set a mile-

Not until the present century did it become clear that safe blood transfusions depended on matching at least the A, B and O groups of red cells. The Rh factor came still later. In the early 1900s, U.S. Physiologist Charles Claude Guthrie and French Biologist-Surgeon Alexis Carrel appeared for a while to have broken down the barriers against transplants. They devised most of the basic surgical techniques, notably how to stitch slippery little blood vessels together so that the joints would neither leak nor close down with clots. Guthrie grafted a second head onto a dog half a century before the Russians did it in 1959. Carrel kept part of a chicken's heart "alive" in a laboratory flask. But they still could not get organ grafts between two animals to take for any length of time.

The full explanation of one man's rejection of another's flesh had to wait until 1953, when Britain's Sir Peter Brian Medawar revealed details of the immune mechanism involving the white blood cells. These are the body's main line of defense against viruses, which have protein coatings, and against many other germs. They react just as strongly against any "foreign" (meaning another person's) protein. They make antibody to destroy such invaders.

Spare Kidneys. This explained why the first few kidney transplants, begun at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in the early 1950s, had failed. It also explained the success of Dr. Joseph E. Murray's first transplant of a kidney between identical twins, done at the Brigham in 1954. Since only one patient in 300 or more has an identical twin available—let alone willing—to donate a kidney, researchers in a dozen branches of medical science have been trying ever since to devise a way of switching off the immune or rejection mechanism long enough to let a transplant "take," then restore it so that the recipient will not be a helpless prey to every passing infection.

Research doctors have had some, but by no means complete, success with X rays, and with two classes of drugs—the anti-cancer chemicals and cortisone-type hormones. They have devised increasingly complex methods of matching white blood cells to reduce antibody formation, and of making anti-lymphocyte serum in horses to reduce the white cells' activity. This partial success has been sufficient to give today's recipient of a kidney transplant (from close kin or even an unrelated cadaver) at least a 65% chance of surviving.

Every normal person has two kidneys, and since he can live on one, that means he has one to spare. The corpses of healthy people killed in accidents provide two. So although the demand still far exceeds the supply, the kidney transplant's problem is minor compared with that of the surgeon who would transplant a liver. Each man has only one, and cannot live without it. The world's pioneer in transplanting livers, Dr. Thomas Starzl of the University of



IMPLANTING BABY'S HEART



KANTROWITZ AT MAIMONIDES MEDICAL CENTER

A chance to turn one family's sorrow into another's hope.

ceded that he and his colleagues had no idea why they had failed in their attempt "to make one whole individual out of two individuals who did not have a chance of survival." The autopsy indicated no surgical error; microscopic findings, which may disclose the actual cause of death, will take weeks.

No Regrets. The donor baby's understanding parents were soon identified as Attorney Keith Bashaw, 40, and his wife Celeste, 31, who live in Cherry Hill, N.J., across the Delaware from Philadelphia. They have two healthy children, aged 7 and 5. The anencephalic third was delivered by caesarean section. Said Bashaw: "We thought we could turn our sorrow into somebody else's hope. We're sorry it didn't work—but we're not sorry we did it."

Edward Darvall had still less reason to regret his decision. Not only was Denise's heart working in Washkansky's chest, but her right kidney was transplanted to a Colored* boy, ten-year-old Jonathan Van Wyk, and was function-

ing normally at week's end. Washkansky was making wisecracks: "I'm a Frankenstein now. I've got somebody else's heart." (And making the common error of confusing the fictional Dr. Frankenstein with the monster he made.) Washkansky was well enough to go through a radio interview with a doctor. He ate well, and said his only complaint was that he was aching from being kept too long lying in bed.

stone along the endless road of man's struggle against disability.

Slippery Stitching. Surgeons have dreamed for centuries of making just the sort of replacement of a diseased or injured limb or organ that Dr. Barnard made last week. But when they tried to make their dreams reality, they found themselves encaged by invisible but seemingly invincible forces, mysterious beyond their understanding. Italian surgeons during the Renaissance occasionally succeeded in repairing a sword-slashed nose or ear with flesh from the patient's own arm, but got nowhere with person-to-person grafts. The first widely attempted transplants were blood transfusions, from lamb to man or man to man. Almost all failed—in many cases, fatally—and no one knew why a few succeeded. Skin grafts, often attempted after burns, slough off after a few weeks unless they are taken from another part of the patient's own body. The first consistently successful human homografts (between two individuals of the same species), beginning in 1905, involved the cornea—the transparent, plastic covering of the eyeball which has no blood circulation.

* The South African designation for one of mixed racial origin.



Splurge.

Go ahead. Spend a little more than you planned. Give Old Grand-Dad, the one classic American whiskey. For the holidays, Grand-Dad has surrounded himself with elegance. Fluted crystal decanter and regular bottles in burnished velvet wrappings. Grand-Dad costs more to give. But it gives so much more in return.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Louisville & Frankfort, Ky.



Scotch pine.

This tree is not a native of the United States, but of Europe and northern Asia. It grows abundantly in forested areas across northern Europe, including Russia. Scotch pine has been extensively planted here because it grows well in dry, infertile soil. Under plantation conditions it grows fast and becomes bushy when pruned and sheared. Most Scotch pine Christmas trees are plantation grown.

COPYRIGHT 1967, BY HOLT RINEHART & COMPANY, INC. EAST RIND, N.Y. P.O. BOX 1, 10001. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



Douglas fir.

In spite of its name and appearance, this tree is not a fir but belongs in a genus of its own. It is found throughout the west, on both sides of the Rockies. It can grow over 300 feet tall and may live to be over 1,000 years old. Most Douglas fir Christmas trees are young trees removed from reforested areas. Their removal helps thin the forest, allowing the remaining trees to grow faster.



Balsam fir.

Its symmetrical shape, its fragrance, its rich green color, and the ability of its needles to remain vital and firmly attached long after the tree has died out, have made balsam fir the prototype of Christmas trees. Found over a wide area of eastern United States and Canada, it averages 25 to 60 feet in height. At elevations of about 5,000 feet, a dwarf form of the tree is very common.



Eastern red cedar.

This tree grows from the Atlantic coast to central Kansas and Nebraska. It will grow in almost any kind of soil, but in poor soil in some northern areas it may live for years never becoming much more than a bush. Under better conditions it can reach 100 feet in height. Eastern red cedar is not a true cedar (there are no true cedars on this continent), but a juniper.



Red pine.

Although native only to the eastern half of North America, this straight, fast-growing tree is also known as Norway pine. It is easy to recognize by reddish brown bark, and by paired needles growing in tufts near the ends of branches. A northern tree, red pine is cultivated widely in tree plantations from the Great Lakes to New England.



Black spruce.

If you prefer a small, table-top tree, chances are it will be a black spruce. These slender, slow-growing trees, thriving in the sphagnum bogs of the far north, are utilized completely. Their wood is a main source of Canada's paper pulp. Their resin is used for chewing gum. Even the tips of their branches were once boiled to make spruce beer.



These are six of our most popular Christmas trees. Do you have a favorite?

Until a few years ago your Christmas tree would almost certainly have been a fir. Because as far back as the tradition goes—and some trace it back to 8th century Germany—the fir was *the* Christmas tree.

In recent years, however, other species have joined the fir in popularity. But whatever kind of tree it is, it conveys its ancient message of peace and good will by the simplest of means: bringing the timeless freshness of the forest into your home and filling the air with fragrance.

To St. Regis, all trees are important. Trees are our basic resource. From them we derive the wood that gives us our products. We make printing papers, kraft papers and boards, fine papers, packaging products, building materials, and products for consumers.

The life of the forest is St. Regis' life. That is why we—together with the other members of the forest products industry—are vitally concerned with maintaining the beauty and usefulness of America's forests for the generations to come.

ST REGIS

An American wine is finally cracking the European market.



It's not a very big crack.

So maybe you haven't heard about it yet.

But Paul Masson wine is made in Northern California, and people in cities like London and Zurich are buying it.

Even in France. (We had two weeks to sell our wine during a special promotion there and the French bought 455 cases.)

Granted, the amount we sell is just a drop in the European

wine market. But the point is other American wines have had all the same chances and the closest one is a far second.

The reason? Nearly 100 years ago a Californian named Paul Masson left nothing to chance.

He imported the best grape vines from the best vineyards in Europe. In those days European wine was far superior to anything America could produce.

But those days are gone forever.

Paul Masson

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1967

Colorado, has obtained 15 so far, with encouraging results in four recent operations on little girls (TIME, Dec. 1). Comparable problems of supply confront the University of Minnesota's Dr. Richard C. Lillehei, who has transplanted the pancreas with duodenum attached, and an almost complete intestinal tract.

Just a Pump. For the surgeon who would transplant a heart, the problems are manifold and more difficult, with moral and ethical as well as medical considerations involved. Since ancient times, the heart has been apostrophized as the throne of the soul, the seat of man's noblest qualities and emotions—as it still is in poetry and love songs. But even the Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano* noted last week that "the heart is a physiological organ and its function is purely mechanical." In fact, the heart is nothing more than a pump. There is no more soul or personality in a heart than in a slice of calf's liver.

But on one score the ancients were right. The heart is essential to life in a more immediate, temporal sense than any other organ, even the brain. The human body can survive for years in a coma, with no conscious brain function—but only for minutes without a beating heart. So the presence of a heart-beat, along with breathing, has long been the basic criterion for distinguishing life from death. It still is, in the vast majority of cases, despite some special situations in which the brain's electrical activity is a more reliable index. (So far, no surgeon has seriously considered transplanting a brain, because, beyond the forbidding technical difficulties, this would be akin to transplanting a person. Similarly, transplantation of entire gonads—ovaries or testicles—might carry with it a change in hereditary material.)

The real moral and ethical difficulty in heart transplants arises from medical uncertainty. Even when the heart has "stopped cold" and there is no more respiration, the condition is often reversible—as is proved countless times every day by first-aid squads and life-guards as well as doctors. The surgeon wants the donor's heart as fresh as possible, before lack of oxygen causes deterioration or damage—that is, within minutes of death. This has raised the specter of surgeons' becoming not only corpse snatchers but, even worse, of encouraging people to become corpses. The question remains: Where should the line be drawn between those to be resuscitated and those not to be?

Equally acute is the ethical problem regarding the proposed recipient of the heart. Obviously he is close to death, or such drastic surgery would not be contemplated. Yet his own heart must be cut out, which is tantamount to killing him, while he still retains vitality enough to withstand the most Draconian of operations. If the transplant should fail, he will certainly die. Thus the surgeons will, in effect, have killed him (as they might in any major opera-

tion), no matter how lofty their motive in trying to prolong his life and make it more satisfying.

Once from an Ape. So far, surgeons have thought of three possible replacements for an incurably failing heart: an animal's heart, another human heart, and a completely artificial heart. The animal heart has been used only once, in a case that illuminated both sides of the surgeon's dilemma. At the University of Mississippi Medical Center, Dr. James D. Hardy had, on three occasions, a patient dying of brain injuries who would have been a suitable donor—but he had no recipient. Twice, when he had potential recipients of a transplant, he had no

tem" to trigger its beats. This system speeds up in response to outside nervous stimulation (excitement) to meet the body's resulting greater demands for blood and oxygen. But even with no external nerve connections, it responds to excitement in essentially the same fashion through the action of adrenal hormones.

Dr. Shumway also introduced a refinement of technique in heart transplants used by both Dr. Barnard and Dr. Kantrowitz last week. In animal surgery, it had been customary to remove the entire heart. This meant severing and later rejoining not only the two great arteries, but also two great veins returning spent blood to the heart and



BARNARD (CENTER) WITH SURGERY TEAM.
Not the kind of man anyone had to drive.

human donors. One candidate to receive a transplant, who seemed to be dying after a heart attack, bewildered the surgeons by getting well enough to go home. When the other was undeniably dying from progressive failure of his heart, Dr. Hardy gave him a chimpanzee's heart. The ape's heart was too small for the big man, and it failed within two hours. No other animals' hearts have been seriously considered for transplantation into man, despite the poetic appeal of a lion's heart. And even apes' hearts are too scarce to supply the predictable demand.

Fail-Safe Protection. Since animals seem of little help, surgeons have been forced back on human sources. Here, Stanford University's Dr. Norman E. Shumway could offer reassurance from many years of experimental surgery on dogs. A nagging question had been: What about the heart's nerve connections, since these cannot be reestablished in transplant surgery? Dr. Shumway's answer: It doesn't matter. Like practically everything else in nature, the heart has fail-safe protection. It has an internal, independent, electrical "ignition sys-

tem" to trigger its beats. This system speeds up in response to outside nervous stimulation (excitement) to meet the body's resulting greater demands for blood and oxygen. But even with no external nerve connections, it responds to excitement in essentially the same fashion through the action of adrenal hormones.

Other People's Cigarettes. Shumway and Lillehei, like many of today's foremost surgeons and professors of surgery, absorbed much of what they know of the technique and exploratory spirit of their calling from the University of Minnesota's great (and lately retired, at 68) Dr. Owen H. Wangenstein. So did Christian Barnard, who was at Minnesota in 1953-1955. Barnard, the son of a Dutch Reformed minister, had always wanted to be a doctor. His father, on a cash income of \$56 a month, gave three of his four sons a university education.

Wangenstein, noted as a driver of men, did not have to drive Barnard. He remembers that Barnard once operated on 49 dogs unsuccessfully in an attempt to learn about an intestinal abnormality in the newborn. "On the 50th



**Mr. Muirhead brings
it over in barrels
to save you up
to \$2 a fifth.**

*you save on taxes

and shipping costs

MUIRHEAD'S
LIGHT-LIGHT SCOTCH



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 80 & 86 PROOF,
IMPORTED BY MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y.

What is the food of love,
the voice of angels
and soothes
the savage breast?

Musical.

*Don't you need
more of it in your home?*

You might be interested, then, in the new TIME-LIFE Records' program designed to bring you the most distinctive music of each age—from the Baroque to the Twentieth Century—on the highest quality recordings (produced by Angel). In addition, with each album, there's a richly-illustrated companion book illuminating the music and its background—so as to understand it in context.

Unlike other record clubs, there's no minimum purchase or obligation to buy, no membership dues or fees. The program is simply designed for your pleasure and needs—whether you want to start a record library, supplement it, or enjoy a new experience in the art of listening. If you need more music in your home, we'll be glad to send you more information. Just write to:

The Story of Great Music
TIME-LIFE RECORDS

Time & Life Building Chicago, Illinois 60611

time he succeeded; that was typical of his singleness of purpose," Wangenstein says. Outside the operating room, then as now, Barnard was tense, and paced with restless energy smoking other people's cigarettes. Inside the operating room Barnard kept himself tightly controlled, talked little, learned much. As a resident in surgery, he crowded into three years the work and experience for which most men take four or five, gaining himself Master of Science and Ph.D. degrees in surgery to add to his Cape Town medical degree.

Back home, Dr. Barnard continued transplant research while practicing heart surgery and running a family. (With two children, he was best known in South Africa, until last week, as the father of a champion water skier, Deirdre, 17.) When he read of the dog onto which the Russians had transplanted a second head, he declared "There's nothing to it." He did two such operations himself, made movies of the dog operations—and took the movies with him as evidence when he went to Moscow to see whether he could learn anything from the Russians. In fact, he has learned more from former colleagues in the U.S. and from keeping up with their research.

Last week, after his brilliant operation, his surgical colleagues were full of praise. Said famed Heart Surgeon C. Walton Lillehei (Richard's eldest brother), newly named surgeon-in-chief at New York Hospital: "Barnard's achievement was a fantastic piece of surgery, no matter what happens later." Houston's Dr. Michael F. DeBakey (TIME cover, May 28, 1965) was just as enthusiastic: "This breaks the record—it's a real breakthrough—a great achievement." South Africans, from Prime Minister Balthazar J. Vorster down, were understandably elated that a native son had brought such showers of applause upon their young republic.

Ventricle Work. Despite the milestone quality of Barnard's accomplishment, his transplant was only the beginning of the road, not the end. There will continue to be, in the foreseeable future, many more potential heart recipients than donors, and the social problems—such as deciding who shall get a transplant—are even more forbiddingly complex than the surgical. The ultimate solution, DeBakey insists, is a completely artificial heart. He has been working on such devices for years. Walton Lillehei has a valveless, oxygen-powered device now ready for use as an external "heart assist," which he hopes can eventually be modified for implantation to do the work of both heart and lungs. DeBakey asserts, characteristically, that if the U.S. would spend as generously for this research as it does to launch satellites—"say four or five billion dollars"—the artificial heart could be perfected much sooner.

The National Institutes of Health also decided in 1963 that the eventual remedy for incurable heart disease must lie

in a complete artificial heart, and set 1972 as the tentative target date for getting one to work. Last year N.I.H. concluded that this was unrealistic at this time, and dumped much of the \$8,700,000 available into research grants for the perfection of "half-hearts"—devices to assist the left ventricle, or take over its work entirely for a time.

Both DeBakey and Kantrowitz have obtained good results with half-hearts in one or two cases. DeBakey's best patient, Mrs. Esperanza del Valle Vásquez, was on heart assist for ten days after the implantation of two artificial valves in her heart. Now she puts in an eight-hour day on her feet, running her Mexico City beauty parlor. On hearing about Washkansky last week, she bubbled:



VÁSQUEZ IN MEXICO CITY BEAUTY SALON
Eight-hour workday from the valves.

"How marvelous! I want to write to this man—I have so much to tell him." But Shumway insists that in 1,500 operations in which he has opened hearts to correct defects, he has seen not one patient who needed a heart-assist device. The N.I.H. project, he believes, is justifiable only as a step toward the complete artificial heart.

Since that achievement is years away, human-heart transplants will be a valuable intermediate stage. More will now be attempted and with far less misgiving. However stormy Louis Washkansky's near-future course might be, and whatever the ultimate fate of the transplant, the worldwide acclaim for Dr. Barnard's daring and his immediate successes have initiated changes in both professional and public attitudes. Surgeons who did not want to take the risks attendant upon being first will now attempt transplants. More medically suitable recipients will be willing to accept a transplant with its inevitable hazards. And more people will be willing to sanction the gift of a heart to help an ailing fellow man.

The one-stewardess airline.

Delta has twelve stewardesses for every plane in the fleet. Relays work flights round the clock. In any Delta day, nine hundred may be on duty.

But only one girl is important. The one on *your* flight. The one who serves *you*. Not the ones in the other cabin. *Your* stewardess. If she's efficient and cheerful, she's doing her job. If she's inattentive and curt, the entire

airline seems sour. Our reputation really rides on her slender shoulders.

That's why we call Delta the one stewardess airline. She's singular. Undefinable. But we know her when she comes in to ask for a job.

There's much technical training for a stewardess. But we never try to teach a Delta girl to be gracious. She might forget under pressure. We hire the one who

is gracious naturally. It lasts.

We now have committed \$863,000,000 for jets. We can find the dollars. No trouble. The real job is to make sure we have the right girl for those jets. The one stewardess that matters. For the flight you're on. *Your* stewardess.



The one stewardess that matters is yours.

It is better to receive.

A fifth of Johnnie Walker Black is better to receive because at \$9.40* it's expensive (so expensive we've thought of calling it Sir Jonathan Walker Black); because it's been around for a century and a half; because today it's the most respected scotch in 168 countries; because it's anything but nouveau riche; and because if you receive it you get to taste the mellowest scotch of all.

And that is why it is better to give.



*NEW YORK STATE PRICE. SLIGHTLY HIGHER OR LOWER IN OTHER STATES.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 & 8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADIAN IMP. CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE LAW

LEGAL AID

Champion of the Rural Poor

By almost any measure, Los Angeles Lawyer Jim Lorenz had every reason to be content. The son of an affluent Dayton, Ohio, architect, he had sailed through Harvard Law School with honors and social ease. He was admitted to the California bar in 1965, and became a shining young legal light at

HERB R. KINCH



LORENZ

Blessed are the meek after all.

O'Melveny & Myers, Los Angeles' largest law firm. But he was troubled. "I was just making more secure the people who already had security. It was like walking on wet sand and leaving no footprints."

Lorenz could not quite put his finger on the cause of his discontent—until the Watts riots. He did research into the plight of California's poor, first urban, then rural, and the results made him angry. He learned that it was common practice among farmers to pay field hands and migrant workers less than subsistence wages, and fail to provide such minimal accommodations as toilets and running water. After personal inspection of farm areas and migrant-labor camps, he sat down in March 1966 and wrote a 47-page proposal to Sargent Shriver, director of the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity.

He began it with four Beatitudes, three of them followed by the California rural reality. For example, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven (the farm worker's average income is \$1,378 a year)." And "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth (the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Migrant Labor has concluded that the impoverishment and misery of the rural poor is 'shocking')." Winding up his proposal, Lorenz described in detail how his already in-

corporated California Rural Legal Assistance agency would tackle the problem, right down to the precise location of its farm-town offices. Many attorney friends of the poor had opened store-front law offices in city slums; what Lorenz proposed was the country's first statewide rural legal-aid bureau. Impressed, Shriver investigated and pondered for two months, then agreed to provide funds for a \$1,276,000 first-year budget.

Water for Indians. Today, at 29, Lorenz has a 130-member staff, maintains eleven offices. Most of the 35 lawyers who work under him are fresh out of law school and, like Lorenz, burning with idealistic fervor. Nearly a third of the work is focused on consumer and employment problems. Another third involves litigation against Government agencies, and the remainder centers on domestic relations and housing problems. In 1967 alone, C.R.L.A. has handled 9,516 cases, each involving an average of 2.5 persons, at an expenditure of only \$38.50 per person.

In one instance, C.R.L.A. took up the case of an eight-months pregnant Spanish-speaking farm worker who was denied welfare aid for failing to use an official phrase on an application form. C.R.L.A. asked for a hearing, and the welfare agency approved the application and made back payments. C.R.L.A. challenged the constitutionality of complex Internal Revenue Service requirements that are either incomprehensible or impossible to fulfill for Spanish-speaking Mexican-Americans. The IRS not only conceded but also asked Lorenz for help in hiring bilingual employees to explain its requirements.

When a remote Indian reservation was denied an adequate water supply, C.R.L.A. discovered that a federal law was being violated. Now the Indians no longer have to drink polluted water. C.R.L.A. has fought for normal schooling of migrant workers' children, challenged the California Vehicle Codes' license-revocation provisions (the case is pending), brought suit to stop salesmen who entrapped the unwary in \$500 time-payment purchases of \$100 cameras, and filed countersuits against finance companies engaging in fraudulent collection procedures.

Stiffest Challenge. C.R.L.A.'s biggest case so far has involved a frontal assault on the state of California itself. Last September, when Governor Ronald Reagan ordered a cutback in medical services available to welfare recipients under his state's Medical Assistance Program (Medi-Cal), a C.R.L.A. lawyer, representing disabled Modesto laborer Harvey Morris *et al.*, filed suit in Sacramento Superior Court. In effect, C.R.L.A. was battling for the rights of 1,358,200 welfare clients. Last month, in a five-man majority opinion, California's Supreme Court ruled that

the cutbacks denying "Morris *et al.*" medical benefits were illegal, thus informing Reagan that he will have to economize some other way.

Initially opposed by California lawyers who mistakenly believe that it would drain business away from them, Lorenz' C.R.L.A. recently faced its stiffest challenge to date: two proposed amendments to the federal antipoverty bill. One would have prevented any OEO-financed legal service (OEO sponsors 300 in the U.S.) from bringing suits against a local, state or federal agency. The other would have required local bar-association approval before any such legal service could begin operation. Both amendments were killed.

PRISONS

Cook County Horrors

These affluent days, most Americans rarely think about what's going on in the local jail, or they assume that prison reform has worked some quiet miracle of rehabilitation. Experienced inmates know better. Understaffed and undersupervised, county jails often provide terror far more chilling than anything to be found in a full-scale penitentiary. Last week the everyday horrors of life in Chicago's Cook County Jail erupted into public view. A grand jury has been investigating, and the city's newspapers have started interviewing former inmates. The result is a stomach-turning catalogue of depravity.

Three separate private and official investigations turned up the facts that prompted the grand jury action. So far at least three possible murders have been uncovered. One convict was tied to his cot and burned to death behind the locked gate of his cell; another man was found hanged by his belt



MRS. MACDONALD AT HOME
Only the cunning and brutal thrive.



Can you picture your new plant in Massachusetts?

Polaroid has.

And showed their enthusiasm here with an \$18,216,000 capital investment in 1966 alone. And added 38% to their payroll and benefits.

How come? Maybe it's the skill of Massachusetts' 2 1/2 million workers, quick to adapt to complicated space-age techniques. Or our R & D facilities. Or our closer-by-hours location to Europe. If Polaroid—and hundreds of other aggressive companies like it—has Massachusetts' picture, you should too. Phone 1617/727-3208, or write Massachusetts Dept. of Commerce & Development, 100 Cambridge Street, Boston, Mass. 02202, Dept. T-3.

after he begged to be moved from his cell for fear of being killed: a third inmate was allegedly beaten to death. The stories of two former inmates, reported in the Chicago Sun-Times, suggested that murder was merely the end result of the constant brutality and venality that prevailed in the jail.

Two Inmates. A 22-year-old college student spent nearly four weeks there earlier this year after being convicted of buying \$150 worth of merchandise on someone else's credit card. He recalls that on his arrival, the "barn boss" of his tier, a Negro con named "Briefcase," immediately "told me that because I was white and weak, I would need protection." Briefcase offered to provide it in return for the boy's shirt and coat. The student reluctantly ponied up, but that night Briefcase and a friend came to his cell, and attacked him homosexually. "I begged them to leave me alone," he related. "They told me about a prisoner who wouldn't go along and was set on fire and killed." Before his sentence was up, he was attacked sexually three more times.

Mrs. Jean MacDonald, a 57-year-old widow, went to jail after defying a court order to let a bank appraise her home. It was a matter of principle, she says; she was held in contempt and sent to Cook County Jail. "As I walked through the gates," she remembers, "I saw female prisoners walking around nude from the waist up—in full view of the male guards." But the exhibitionism was homosexual, not heterosexual. Open lesbianism was standard. "It was unbelievable," says Mrs. MacDonald. "Women would take off their clothes, climb on top of tables and indulge in perversions. They never even bothered to clean the tables when they were finished, and then later, they would eat at those same tables."

Not Alone. Nicknamed "the Wipe Lady" because of her complaints about the jail's filth, Mrs. MacDonald was soon approached by a Negro woman named "Queenie," who announced: "I never had a white woman before. Are we going to have fun with you tonight." She was later told that "money talks, Wipe Lady," and bought her way out of trouble with cigarettes and candy. But she could do nothing to help a woman in the next cell who was so tormented by her roommates that she tried to commit suicide by putting her head in the toilet and flushing it. After seven days of disgust, Mrs. MacDonald agreed to allow the bank appraisal so that she could get out.

By all accounts, dope is easily available, almost any favor can be bought and only the cunning and the brutal thrive. Moreover, penologists know that the Cook County Jail is by no means the sole or worst offender. In the wake of the disclosures, similar investigations were suggested for the city jail, where a guard recently beat a prisoner to death, and the juvenile home, where homosexuality is also rampant.

Ron Rico. Wasn't he that chauffeur who ran off with the meat-packing heiress back in '63?



No. Ronrico is causing a good deal of talk. You could even say it's getting a reputation.

But as a rum. A very light, very dry rum. Perhaps the smoothest tasting rum ever to come out of Puerto Rico.

We admit Ronrico's seductive. Seven out of ten people who try it fall in love with it. For good.

Ronrico. A rum to remember.





This boy's heart runs on batteries.

Electronic advances from General Electric
keep hearts beating longer, stronger.

His name is Brian Coe. He's eight years old. And he lives in Stoneham, Mass.
Every beat of his heart depends on a battery-powered General Electric Pacemaker.

The Pacemaker has been surgically implanted under his skin. Two wires
carry current to his heart, stimulating and raising its beat to a consistent 69 per minute.

More than enough for him to live. Enough for him to live like a boy.

Since being developed by General Electric in conjunction with Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz of
Maimonides Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., the Pacemaker has been
implanted in thousands of people. From a six-month-old girl to a 94-year-old man.

General Electric has also developed an x-ray machine that gives doctors
a 3-dimensional view of the heart. And a heart monitor

for hospitals that's designed to warn of impending cardiac arrest.

Now, General Electric is involved in preliminary research on an artificial heart.

The goal is to one day replace the bad one some people are born with.

Helping people live longer is progress of the most important kind.

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Please don't buy our Bourbon for our Flagship Decanter. Buy our Flagship Decanter for our Bourbon.
After all, Old Fitzgerald is the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky.
Old Fitzgerald Bonded also comes in a handsome holiday gift wrap. Both holiday packages at no extra cost.

SHUTZ, WELLS • AMERICA'S OLDEST FAMILY DISTILLERY • ESTAB. LOUISVILLE, KY. 1849 • 100 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY



TELEVISION

PROGRAMMING

Brightened by Specials

As usual, the week began with football: pro games from coast to coast cluttered the autumn Sunday. Then, with athletic diversions out of the way, television turned to the week's news. And inevitably, the major preoccupation was with varying aspects of violence. There were films of angry student unrest from Madrid to Manhattan, and the most familiar dialogue the viewer heard came from policemen ordering antidraft demonstrators to "Move! Move faster!"

For the most majestic program of the week, the networks moved their cameras to New York City's St. Patrick's Cathedral for the funeral of Cardinal Spellman (see RELIGION). And strangely, with religious leaders from half the world parading, live coverage was restricted to local stations.

The networks showed no such reticence about their lavish specials that brightened prime time with an impressive range of entertainment. On NBC, *Jack Paar and a Funny Thing Happened Everywhere* turned a familiar TV art form into an hour of belly laughs—a collection of filmed bloopers and candid idiocies. Paar himself was the same old enigma. He made few new friends with his enduring self-awareness ("All that applause for little ol' me, Mr. Show Business?") and his growing fondness for corny gags ("I'm here for a worthy cause—the Eskimo Anti-Defamation League. It's not true they're responsible for crime in America"). But he had the old, keen eye for human foibles; a Hindu trying (unsuccessfully) to walk on water, a fluff by Barry Goldwater ("No American wants to be a rich slave; he wants to be a poor slave—I mean poor and free"). Mrs. Robert Kennedy being accidentally belted by a Japanese handleader, and some of the nation's best football players fumbling foolishly in the rain.

Sexual Choirs. The best of the week's other specials reflected more dramatic ambition. NBC and the Hallmark Hall

of Fame introduced French Canadian Actress Genevieve Bujold, 25, in Shaw's *Saint Joan*. Already known in the U.S. as the rebellious teen-ager from the French film *La Guerre Est Finie*, the young newcomer to TV made no effort to match the mature emotion of Ingrid Bergman's oft-praised Joan in Maxwell Anderson's stage and movie versions or the mystical intensity of Julie Harris in Jean Anouilh's *The Lark*. She settled instead for her own ability to move between ingenuous youth and wide-eyed fanaticism as the script demanded. The sight and sound of her snapping the weakling Dauphin (Roddy McDowall) into action—"I shall dare, dare, and dare again, in God's name! Art for or against me?"—was a remarkable demonstration of her stage presence.

Playwright Reginald Rose's TV original, *Dear Friends*, got an equally talented performance on the second CBS Playhouse of the year. Though Playwright Rose's characters soon made it all too clear what they were up to, *Dear Friends* proved a thoughtful inquiry into modern-day marriage. After Mike and Lois (James Daly and Hope Lange) separate, three friendly couples trick them into coming to the same soiree on the theory that they can be talked back together again. But the evening quickly turns into a bitter, Albee-style game of sexual chairs that finally reveals what is bad about the other marriages and what is honest and realistic about Lois and Mike's separation.

So You Want to Be a TV Star

Sooner or later the TV watcher who tunes in on a talk show is likely to decide that he could make more stimulating conversation himself. Harold Greenwood of Minneapolis is no exception—except that he decided to prove the thesis by buying two minutes of air time each week (at \$102 a minute) and producing a show with himself as star.

Greenwood's miniprogram is televised over KSTP in Minneapolis and WDSM in Duluth during the network break in *Meet the Press*. Called *Comment Capsule*, it consists of a film inter-



GREENWOOD WITH WHITNEY YOUNG
Just start 'em off and stand back.

view with a different guest each week. A crew-cut, slow-talking fellow, Greenwood, 36, is introduced as the president of the Midwest Federal Savings and Loan Association, but the plug in his "noncommercial commercial" ends there. The real pitchman is the week's visitor, for Greenwood never interrupts nor asks any discomfiting questions. All he does is get the guest started.

"Congressman, I've always admired your bold and courageous stance on the issues," was how he introduced Wright Patman of Texas, the country's most vociferous advocate of easy money.

"Thank you very much, Harold," replied the chairman of the House Banking Committee. "I'm certainly glad to know you better 'cause I know we have a lot in common." With that, Patman was off and talking.

All of which may partially explain the extraordinary availability of important guests, who seem as eager as Greenwood to show their faces on TV. Last week's was Urban League Director Whitney Young; before that the program offered Bayard Rustin, Senators Charles Percy and Wayne Morse, Billy Graham and Walter Heller. Next week Greenwood has filming sessions scheduled with Bobby Kennedy, Jack Benny and Conrad Hilton. For next month, when Greenwood goes to Europe, he has talks arranged with West German Foreign Minister Willy Brandt and, pending approval of the questions, Charles de Gaulle.

NEWSCASTING

Glimpse of the Viet Cong

By now, TV watchers are familiar with the sight of U.S. and South Vietnamese troops; even shots of North Vietnamese militiamen in Hanoi are hardly a novelty. Only the Viet Cong have remained largely invisible. But that defect will be remedied next month when CBS runs a film made by French Freelancer Roger Cui, 47. Already broadcast in France, the 25-minute doc-



DALY (BACKGROUND) & LANGE IN "FRIENDS"
Together in separation.



BUJOLD IN "SAINT JOAN"
Daring to be different.

Mead's structural engineers design corrugated containers so everything from consoles to kangaroos has top protection at lowest cost. Now products feel very secure — on long hops or short ones. Not all good container ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
containers

Our protection is built in.



Mead Containers, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

Since 1810
America's great
straight Rye whiskey



Makes the best Manhattans
Sours and Old Fashioneds

OLD OVERHOLT

A OVERHOLT & CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

86 PROOF

**An
Invitation
to
Teachers**

Enroll in the newly expanded TIME Education Program for high schools and colleges. Six thousand teachers around the world are now using this classroom service—as teachers have been for over 30 years. They find that with TIME as its basis, the Program is invaluable in their classrooms. And then, to supplement the magazine, teachers receive the Teachers' Guide to TIME, a weekly editorial service—the Program's latest, most important innovation. Many other teaching aids are delivered free throughout the school year; students' subscriptions are at the lowest rates available. For details write: TIME Education Program, 540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

umentary gives a glimpse of Viet Cong life at a clandestine camp operating under the shadow of U.S. military might only 60 miles from Saigon.

Pic, who had already done three sympathetic documentaries on North Viet Nam, plus others on China and Cuba, had little trouble winning Viet Cong co-operation. After contacting N.I.F. representatives abroad, he made his way to a base camp in the province of Tay Ninh, northwest of Saigon. How he got there, he says, is a military secret. But "after a march through mud and dense jungle," he wrote in Figaro, his first night at the guerrilla encampment seemed "marvelously comfortable"—even though he slept in a ditch under a corrugated iron roof in a driving rain.

He awoke next morning to see a base camp that was probably the best the Viet Cong had to show. He shot footage of dormitories for the guerrillas, a third of whom are women these days, a school, a laundry, an underground kitchen, an infirmary. At the camp's auditorium, he watched song-and-dance acts as well as movies. For refreshment, there was a daily delivery of U.S. beer from Saigon.

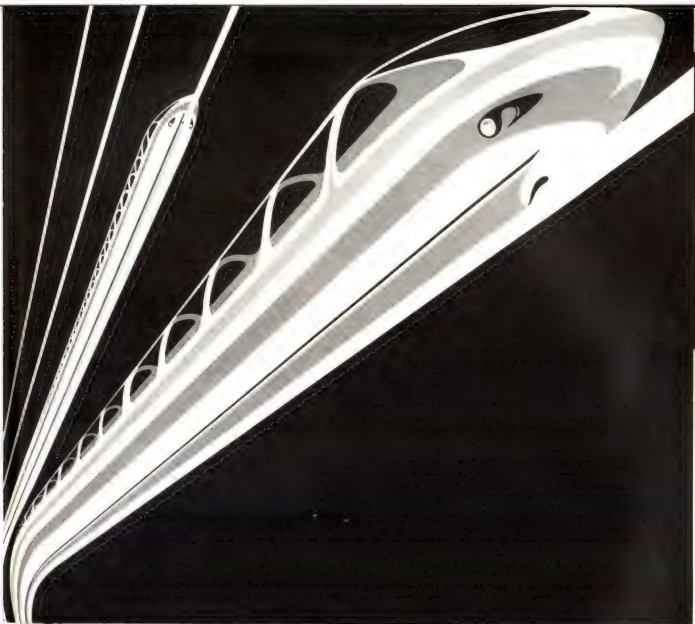
When Pic accompanied the Viet Cong on their forays out of the camp, he was struck by the fact that although they carried Chinese automatic weapons, antitank guns and bazookas, in the three weeks he was with them, they never used them once. They did not attack an enemy outpost or hamlet. They did not even take a shot at the several reconnaissance planes that flew over daily. If they did, they knew there would be almost certain retaliation from U.S. bombers—and the very real chance of losing a friendly TV cameraman.

COMMERCIALS

One for Three

Last week's news that ABC has paid \$800,000 for the Academy Award-winning French film *A Man and a Woman* came as no surprise to the industry. All year long, old and not-so-old movies have been winning the ratings race, even from prime-time shows. TV's appetite for more and better movies can only increase. But as the demand goes up, so do the prices, and turning a profit on such expensive shows becomes more and more of a problem.

The obvious solution is to sell more ads, as individual stations have already discovered. These days the average late movie runs one minute of commercial time for every four to five minutes of films. And on the popular, easily sold shows, the ratio changes painfully. A recent showing of *The Pawnbroker* on Manhattan's WOR-TV was interrupted by 19 60-second commercials and 14 30-second commercials. Afterward, there was another 14 minutes of station identifications and promotion announcements. It added up, Variety noted, to a minute of bucks for every three minutes of movie.



As transportation goes more and more electric...you can see the future happening.

No one can say for sure how you'll go places in the future. But it's a good bet some kind of electric transportation will help you get there.

Because electricity is the energy of progress. It can help move anything—from people to products—faster, quieter, cleaner, between cities or within them.

And we're doing all we can to make your better future happen. Our industry

and others have some of the best brains in the country working to improve all kinds of transportation, electrically.

In just the past 10 years we've helped to make atomic power a proven source of electric energy. And we have many hundreds of research projects under way each year to help make electricity ever more useful, dependable and low in price, for you.

**The people at your
Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies***

*For names of sponsoring companies, write to: Power Companies, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Watch "TOMORROW'S WORLD—Beyond the Sky" on NBC-TV, Friday evening, January 5.





NOBLE & STATUETTE

MUSEUMS

Monet & the Phony Pony

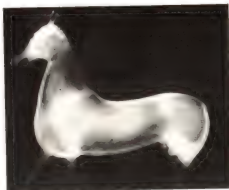
In the museum world, some secrets are out even before they can be classified as secret; others lie quietly covered up for years. Last week New York's Metropolitan Museum gave a rousing demonstration of both truisms and, in the process, announced it was both richer by a handsome new acquisition and poorer by declaring one of its prized Greek treasures to be a fake.

Almost as soon as Monet's *The Terrace at St. Adresse* was knocked down to a London dealer for \$1,411,200, this setting an auction record for an impressionist painting (*Time*, Dec. 8), the rumor spread that the buyer was the Metropolitan. Making it official, President Arthur A. Houghton Jr. announced that the Monet had indeed been bought for the Met, by "a small group of intimate friends," presumably including Houghton and Investment Banker Robert Lehman.

Telltale Lines. Two days later it was Met Vice Director Joseph V. Noble's turn to unwrap another kind of a secret. Appearing before a jam-packed museum audience gathered to hear a lecture on "The Art of Forgery," Noble displayed a Greek bronze statuette of a horse, bought by the museum in 1923 from a Paris dealer, that has been hailed by critics as "the quintessence of the ancient Greek spirit." It is pictured in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and dated circa 470 B.C. In fact the horse, said Noble, is early 20th century.

Noble has been leary of the steed's bloodlines since July 1961. It has taken six years of sleuthing, and a notable advance in technology, to confirm his nagging suspicions. The Met quietly retired the horse while its ancestry was being checked (though Brentano's bookstore was still selling a \$75 replica when the news was released). What had initially caught Noble's eye while strolling by the horse was a thin line that runs from the top of the mane to

ART



SHADOWGRAPH OF CORE
On the seamy side.

the tip of the nose and, less evidently, circles the entire body. "I knew, as sure as I was standing there," Noble recalled last week, "that the piece was a fraud." But how to prove it?

Useless Hole. The lines were the filed-down ridges of bronze that seep between the pieces of a mold when a statue has been sand-cast in sections, but this technique was not developed until the 14th century. The ancients used the lost-wax process that produced a seamless, one-piece mold—and a statue with no ridges on it. Another giveaway was a tiny hole on the top of the horse's head. Such holes are common on the life-size marble horses found on the Acropolis: the Greeks fitted spikes in them to keep the birds away. But such a device was purposeless for a Greek statuette, 15 inches high, which would have been shown indoors.

Convinced he had picked up a forger's scent, Noble made tests to determine the specific gravity of the horse, found it was too low for solid bronze but about right if the statue had a sand core, held in place by iron wire and tacks—which is how French bronze statues in the 1920s were cast. Ordinary X-ray equipment would not penetrate deeply enough to show the interior of the sculpture. But on Sept. 15, Noble, using equipment developed to inspect the six-inch-thick steel hulls of nuclear submarines, was able to have a gamma-ray shadowgraph made. "They held up the film dripping wet, and for the first time I could see inside the horse," he says. "I could see the sand core, the iron wire and the iron points. That was it."

Sparkle in the Storerooms

Few blues in the history of painting equal the electric indigos and aquas that ornament the baked enamel crafted in the 15th and 16th centuries for princes and prelates in the French city of Limoges. These extraordinary hues, combined with lesser colors, were used by master craftsmen to limn exquisitely detailed pictures on altarpieces, caskets, ewers and platters, garnished lavishly with silver and gold. Subjects range

from the Annunciation to the labors of Hercules, and some panels even chronicle minor themes like the French proverb of the bad shepherd. The finest U.S. collection of these Renaissance enamels is owned by the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore, which is currently displaying some of its most sparkling examples (see *color opposite*).

Snip, Snip. It is typical of both the varied splendors of the Walters and the casualness with which they are kept that the show marks the first time that a complete catalogue of the museum's 215 enamels has been prepared. The task was completed with the aid of a \$12,500 Ford Foundation grant—and a dozen more catalogues are needed. Many experts believe that the Walters has one of the top ten all-round public collections in the country, but nobody knows for sure. The museum has shown so many superlative examples of work from the classical era through the Renaissance that scholars are positive that many works by as yet unidentified masters lie hidden in the Walters' checkful storerooms.

The key to the museum's contradictions lies in the temperaments of the two Walters. Father William, a Yank with Confederate sympathies, made his millions in grain, whisky and railroads, then "holidayed" in France from 1861 to 1865, buying French landscapes and commissioning Daumier to do a series of the first-, second- and third-class railway carriages. The son Henry, who loathed publicity and personally scoured the price from every bill of sale, doubled his patrimony and spent over \$1,000,000 annually on art.

Jeweled Eggs. For all his quirks, Henry had a remarkable eye. Without relying on professional advice, except occasionally from Bernard Berenson, he rambled all over Europe, picking up Italian primitives, Byzantine silver, Renaissance bronzes and Persian ceramics. He sailed into St. Petersburg on his yacht to buy Fabergé jeweled eggs.

At present only 20% of the father and son's collection can be shown in the compact palazzo on Mount Vernon Place bequeathed to the city by Henry after he died childless in 1931. Yet, under the aggressive management of Director Richard H. Randall Jr., 40, a Harvard graduate and former New York Metropolitan curator, the Walters is making the most of what William and Henry bought. It has boosted membership with lectures, movies and gallery-sponsored art tours of Europe. And after losing two city votes for bond loans to help finance a \$4,500,000 annex, the museum finally won last year on its third try. When completed in 1971, the new annex will enable the museum to display 50% of its collection—including, it is hoped, treasures that have never before come to light.

Who wishes: "I do not know which remedy to use, which sheep should I run to help? I cannot defend them all, so it would be best to desert from the lot."



A TREASURY OF ENAMELS

Pride of Baltimore's Walters Art Gallery is its collection of more than 200 French Renaissance painted enamels. Copper gilt 16th century Limoges casket is enlazed with labors of Hercules, while 1537 plaque by Pierre Resnand denials French proverb of bad shepherd. In triptych (below), central panel of the Annunciation is framed by Prophets David and Isaiah, and was crafted about 1500 by unidentified master.





12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86-PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

**Go ahead.
Spend the extra few dollars.
It's Christmas, isn't it?**



SCENE FROM "MASS"
Freedom is the mot juste.

DANCE

Joke in the Midst of Prayer

Approximately 20 minutes before curtain time, men and women in blue jeans and work shirts began walking slowly, slowly onto the curtainless stage of Paris' Théâtre National Populaire. There they stood or sat, meditatively waiting. At 8:30, Indian Musician Nageswara Rao appeared, carrying his vina—a long, gourd-based stringed instrument, much like the sitar popularized by Ravi Shankar and Beate George Harrison. For a quarter of an hour, the vina mewed and whinnied while no one moved. Then things began to come to life.

During the two unbroken hours of action that followed, Actor Yan Brian recited a passage from *This Spake Zarathustra* while climbing a ladder, male dancers struggled for halls of rolled-up newspapers, a black-clad hag buzzed around on a scooter and recited folk poems. Men and women frugged wildly to rock-'n'-roll music, imitated coitus to electronic pings and a soft-voiced reading of the *Song of Songs*, staged a mock war between classical and modern ballet, and ended looking up expectantly while the noise of jet engines screamed overhead. Then, during ten minutes of bravos from the audience, they all slowly, slowly walked offstage into the wings.

Mass for the Present Time is the latest production—and most spectacular success so far—of France's far-out choreographer Maurice Béjart, 40 (*Time*, Nov. 6, 1964). Béjart admits that *Mass* may not be quite the *mot juste* for the work. "Part of it, though, is a sort of liturgy," he says. "Another part is something more frivolous and more fun—a joke in the middle of a prayer. If you can joke about something very impor-

THE THEATER

tant, you have achieved freedom." Free or not, Paris audiences enjoyed the joke, and so did the critics. "There is a little of everything in this choreographic ceremony," said *Le Figaro* reverently. "Pure plasticity, provocation, tenderness, violence. But there is above all the imagination of Béjart, more effervescent than ever."

REPERTORY

Catchall-22

Viet Nam has become the profane cow of U.S. theater. Onstage it seems to inspire polemic frenzy, puerile logic and sob-opera bathos. That was true of the off-Broadway musical *Viet Rock*, and it is even truer of *We Bombed in New Haven*, a first play by Joseph Heller, whose *Catch-22* was a novel of comic pitchblende. His lackluster drama is a kind of catchall-22, a wastebasket version of antiwar clichés too feeble for use in the novel. While the production is securely mounted by the Yale School of Drama Repertory Theater, student actors are scarcely in evidence except as bit players. The professional credentials of the leading performers suggest that Yale is becoming a theatrical busman's holiday from off-Broadway.

Leaning precariously on Pirandello and Brecht for his dramatic hocus and poeas, Heller has written a spoof of the old-fashioned war play or film. Before a precarious bombing mission, an Air Force captain (Stacy Keach) goads his squadrons with poetic tunes of glory extrapolated from Kipling and Shakespeare. A corporal disappears in the first sortie and a sergeant is shot to death for refusing to go on a second. Heller indulges in hortatory asides to the audience: "Another young boy killed in a war and all of you just sit there." By the time the captain has to order his own son on a mission, it would take a rug rather than a handkerchief to sop up the tears sentimentality.

In a way, Heller belongs to a sad but honorable tradition. Good novelists from Henry James to Hemingway have often been poor playwrights. In recent years, Norman Mailer, Saul Bellow and James Baldwin have also bombed theatrically, though not in *New Haven*.

Showing Off Miss H.

No play has more claim to be called an American classic than *The Show-Off*. This season's second production of the APA Repertory Company (*Time*, Dec. 8) opened in 1924, had 674 performances on Broadway, and has suffered countless amateur versions. It was filmed three times (with Gregory Kelly in 1926, Spencer Tracy in 1934, Red Skelton in 1947). And it was written by the grand old man of the U.S. stage, George Kelly, 80, actor, director, and uncle of the Princess of Monaco.

Into the middle-middle-class Fisher

family, bickering affectionately in a comfortable old house in North Philadelphia, comes the *Show-Off*, one Aubrey Piper, a \$32.50-a-week clerk in the Pennsylvania Railroad freight office. A back-slapping braggart with the laugh of a hyena and the implacable euphoria of a lobotomy patient, Aubrey woos and wins the Fishers' younger daughter Amy over the vociferous outrage of the rest of the family. Aubrey does everything wrong—lying with grandiloquent transparency, big-spending his way into debt—and as a husband seems to justify every dire prediction of the fuming Mrs. Fisher. Of course, there turns out to be some good in him after all.

Clayton Corzatte plays Aubrey with a bravura that grates audience sensibilities in the beginning but still manages to modulate into something like sympathy by the end. But the play belongs to Mrs. Fisher—the best role Helen Hayes has found since she was Queen Victoria 29 years ago.

Mrs. Fisher is a talky, bustling, busy-body mom who tries to be everywhere at once—rushing to the kitchen, shouting into the cellar, hooting up the stairs—while carping and cajoling her family into line. Helen Hayes stretches her blue eyes in amazement, pursues her mobile mouth with concern and squeaks her voice for emphasis without ever allowing the back of the theater to miss a syllable of her sublimely inconsequential comic lines.

After 43 years, *The Show-Off* is still a surprisingly good play, albeit a psychologically dated one; today's audience must suspend its natural inclination to see Aubrey Piper as a sick man rather than merely an irritating dreamer. But Miss Hayes bounces things along with such verve and charm that Dr. Freud is not likely to be missed.



HAYES & CORZATTE IN "SHOW-OFF"
Best since Victoria.

RELIGION



U.S. CARDINAL ARCHBISHOPS AT CONCELEBRATED FUNERAL MASS
Not for a prince the trappings of humility.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Requiem for a Cardinal

Francis Cardinal Spellman once said that he wanted only to have the funeral of a simple priest. The Roman Catholic Church, however, is not inclined to honor its spiritual princes with the trappings of humility. His funeral last week—seen by millions on television—was the nation's most impressive since that of John Kennedy.

During the five days that Spellman's body lay in state in St. Patrick's Cathedral, hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers filed past the catafalque in tribute. For the funeral service, the cathedral was jammed to capacity. Both President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey were on hand, making one of their rare joint public appearances. So were Senators Robert Kennedy and Jacob Javits, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, New York City Mayor John Lindsay, U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg and a delegation of Senators from South Viet Nam, a nation to which Spellman had a special devotion.

Ecumenism & English. Although a personal friend to clerics of many faiths, Spellman was, at best, a reluctant ecumenist. Nonetheless more than 100 Catholic bishops and almost 50 Protestant, Orthodox and Jewish clerics were present at the cathedral. Among them was Archbishop Iakovos, Orthodox primate of North and South America, who was invited to sit on an elevated, canopied throne in the sanctuary. It was the first time that an Orthodox prelate had been so honored in New York.

Spellman throughout his life had a love for Catholicism's old Latin liturgy. The requiem that honored his death was as up-to-date as the church allowed. The funeral Mass—concelebrated by nine cardinals, two archbishops, seven bishops and one priest—was

conducted entirely in English, in accordance with recent reforms of the post-conciliar church. The predominant liturgical color of the service was penitential purple rather than funeral black—reflecting the tone, attuned more toward hope than sadness or mourning, of modern Catholic funerals. Notably absent from the service was the beautiful but chilling sequence *Dies Irae*:

*A day of wrath
That day will be
It will dissolve the world
Into glowing ashes.*

Also missing from the ceremony were several gloomy prayers warning of the fearful judgment awaiting the departed in the afterlife.

Not With It. There was also a succinctly honest and even witty tone to the eulogy by Jesuit Father Robert Gannon, president emeritus of Fordham University and author of Spellman's biography. "In life, our cardinal arch-

—John Krol of Philadelphia, James McIntyre of Los Angeles, Richard Cushing of Boston.

bishop did not look like the great man that he was," said Father Gannon. "He was never a great scholar, or a great orator, or a great writer either. He spent his life doing things for God, for his country and his neighbor that only a great man could do."

"Criticism of a man in his position was inevitable," added Gannon. "He wasn't fast enough, he wasn't loud enough, he wasn't relevant. To use a wonderful word, he wasn't with it. Well, what is 'it'? Why, 'it' is what you're with. And that represents the thinking that is going around us today, even in the church. He found himself, as so many do in these disintegrating times, between two warring factions: one holding that everything new is bad, and the other that nothing old can be trusted. No one who keeps to the golden mean can please them all."

Choosing a Successor

Even as Spellman's body was being laid to rest, U.S. Catholics were wondering about who might succeed him as pastor of the nation's most prestigious see. The fact that no one really knew emphasized the extraordinary secrecy surrounding the church's method of choosing its spiritual shepherds.

In theory, bishops are spiritual successors of the Apostles, placed over their dioceses by divine institution. During the first centuries of the church, bishops were normally elected by acclamation at public gatherings of clergy and laity. By the Middle Ages, the naming of new bishops had become the prerogative of Popes, who frequently reassigned the right to kings in return for political favors. A vestige of this procedure remains in the concordats that the church maintains with some traditionally Catholic countries; in Spain,

—Among bishops most prominently mentioned as his successor: John F. Dearden of Detroit; Francis J. Reh, head of the North American College in Rome; Fulton J. Sheen of Rochester; John J. Maguire, the temporary administrator of the New York archdiocese; John J. Wright of Pittsburgh.



JOHNSON AT CATAFALQUE

A life spent doing things—things only a great man could do.

—Spellman's nephew, the Rev. John J. Penum, a Navy chaplain who has been on a ship stationed off South Viet Nam.



The professional businessman's stamp.

Ever take time to notice how much of the mail you get looks like this?

Probably more than you think.

Every other piece of mail in this country is metered. And when it comes to business mail, the percentage is even higher...about 80 percent. That's all kinds and sizes of businesses, too. Not just telephone companies, but little guys like your florist, your mechanic, your druggist.

Big or small, these businessmen meter their mail for the same businesslike reasons.

Ever since we produced the first postage meter forty-six years ago, metered mail has been the fastest, most efficient, most economical way to move mail out of any office.

When you meter your mail, you print the postage. So you'll never have to stock, search for or stick on a stamp again. You print only the postage you need. So you'll never again run the waste of putting two 5c stamps on an 8c letter.

Along with printing the postage and sealing the envelope, this meter prints your postmark and pre-cancels it, too, so your mail doesn't have to stop for that step in the post office.

Your mail arrives looking like it means business.

We have mailing machines that can click off 11,000 envelopes an hour. For small mailers, we've a little meter that sits on a desk. You don't have to be big to look big.



Pitney-Bowes

For information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 1221 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904. Postage Meters, Address-Printers, Folders, Inserters, Counters & Imprinters, Mailopeners, Collators, Copiers.

City Investing Company

has completed the
purchase of a majority
of the outstanding
Common Stock of

Rheem Manufacturing Company

*The undersigned initiated
this transaction and acted as
advisor to both companies.*

\$50,000,000

City Investing Company

**6¾% Subordinated
Notes due 1970**

and Warrants for the
purchase of 250,000 Shares of
City Investing Company
Common Stock.

*The undersigned negotiated
the direct sale of these Notes
to institutional investors.*

LEHMAN BROTHERS

Established 1880

NEW YORK • CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON • LOS ANGELES
DENVER • PARIS

for example, Generalissimo Franco has the right to designate nominees for vacant sees.

Provincial Candidates. Elsewhere, prospective bishops are chosen by the hierarchy in proceedings whose secrecy would do credit to the CIA. Once every two years, the bishops of a province—a group of dioceses headed by an archbishop—meet to discuss the qualifications of priests who should be considered for advancement. The names of the top candidates are submitted to the Vatican's apostolic delegate or papal nuncio, who then passes them on to Rome's Sacred Consistorial Congregation after making his own investigation of their qualities. To fill smaller sees, the Pope usually accepts one of the province's nominees; major archbishoprics, more often than not, involve the elevation of a prelate who has proved his worth in lesser assignments.

The canonical prerequisites for a prospective bishop are few: a priest should be of good character and legitimate birth, at least 30 years of age, and possess some learning in theology and church law. In practice, however, several other factors come into play. In the U.S., for example, it helps to have studied at the North American College; about one-fourth of the American hierarchy graduated from the Roman seminary. The path to promotion is also smoother for priests with a talent for chancery administration and charity work than for theologians or parish pastors. Serving an archbishop with considerable influence in Rome helps; at least 25 of Spellman's former assistants have been elevated to the rank of bishop. During the nine years that Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi—a notoriously conservative ecclesiastic—was apostolic delegate to the U.S., it did not pay for a priest to have too many imprudent ideas about church reform.

Excess of Bureaucrats. Within the church, the mysterious process by which bishops are chosen has recently come in for some sharp criticism. Many Catholics feel that priests and laymen should have at least some indirect say in electing their bishops; others feel that the present system produces too many brick-and-mortar bureaucratic conformists and too few spiritual leaders with real pastoral qualities. Aware that the system needs updating, the U.S. hierarchy last April agreed to set up a special commission that would screen candidates proposed by all bishops. Some U.S. bishops—among them Bishop Clarence Isenmann of Cleveland—have begun to invite recommendations from parish priests and trusted laymen. "The Catholic Church finds herself today in the midst of the gravest crisis since the Protestant revolt," warns Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, professor of church history at the University of San Francisco. "It is imperative that those chosen to lead the people of God should represent the broadest possible spectrum of their spiritual subjects."

Studebaker Corporation

and

Worthington Corporation

have merged to form

Studebaker- Worthington Inc.

The undersigned represented Studebaker Corporation in negotiations leading to this transaction.

LEHMAN BROTHERS

Established 1880

NEW YORK • CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON • LOS ANGELES
DENVER • PARIS

"A good pilot doesn't have any exciting stories."



A typical day in the life of an American Airlines Captain would probably bore you silly:

Up at dawn.
Out to the airport an hour before the flight.
Weather check.
Pre-flight check (134 items).
Take-off.

"Welcome aboard. This is your Captain speaking."

Air control check.
Pre-landing check.
Landing.
Post-flight check.
Paperwork.
And then to bed.
Pretty dull, isn't it?
But that's what we pay our

pilots for:

To make every American flight as adventurous as getting a haircut.

Which is just the way our customers (professional travelers, who fly 40 or 50 times a year) like it.

Exciting, no.
Professional, yes.

American Airlines

The airline built for professional travellers. (You'll love it.)



HILL



TOSCANINI



BARBIROLLI



BERNSTEIN

Clearly outgrowing the curators.

ORCHESTRAS

Revival at the Museum

New York was hardly a musical wasteland in 1842, when the city's Philharmonic Society gave its first public concert on Dec. 7. A large middle-class German population had brought cultivated tastes from abroad: the concert rooms and theaters were filled with touring opera companies on long visits, and there was an impressive roster of homegrown organizations. Indeed, two other Philharmonic societies had already come and gone. The first, founded in 1799, took part in George Washington's memorial services; it lasted until 1816; the second, put together in 1824, succumbed three years later, largely because a craze for masquerade balls had tied up most of the available halls.

Philharmonic No. 3 felt free to mark its debut with a novelty-packed program, the Beethoven *Fifth* (which New York had heard only once before), arias from Weber and Rossini operas, and assorted works by composers who ranked among the innovators of the time, including Johann Nepomuk Hummel and Johann Wenzeslaus Kalliwoda. Founded by the eccentric but talented violinist-conductor Ureli Corelli Hill, the orchestra gave only three concerts its first year. It charged the astronomical price of \$1.11 a ticket (the going price for 20 lbs. of beef). Unlike the Vienna Philharmonic, though, which was founded the same year and forced to suspend operations several times in the 1850s, the New York Philharmonic stayed solvent.

Dazzle & Boom. Last week Conductor Leonard Bernstein led the orchestra in a birthday celebration that was an almost exact copy of the first-night program. But little else was the same. At the birthday concert, the distinguished musicians in the black-tie audience far outnumbered those on the stage (among them: Composer Aaron Copland, Con-

ductor Leopold Stokowski, Pianist Rudolf Serkin, Violinist Isaac Stern and retired Tenor Lauritz Melchior). Ticket prices were set as high as \$35 (regular concerts currently bring an \$8.50 top). The orchestra, which merged in 1928 with the rival New York Symphony and became the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, has doubled from the original 53 players, to 106. What was once a daring program, with its mixture of orchestral works, chamber music and arias, now seemed merely quaint. The razzle-dazzle of Kalliwoda's *Overture in D Minor* sounded tame to ears familiar with Wagner, Mahler and *The Rite of Spring*.

Yet there was also much that had not changed. In the 1850s, American composers filled the press with complaints that the Philharmonic was bypassing native creativity in favor of established European classics. The composers are still complaining. And last week Bernstein explained why. The "natural growth and decline" of symphonic literature, he said, "has left us with a great repertory of masterpieces from the 18th and 19th centuries, but only a few from the 20th. The orchestra today is booming as never before, but as a museum. The conductor today is a kind of curator."

Time Is Money. But though he is a curator of a repertory outlook that has changed only slightly, other things have changed mightily. Fivehous were raised in 1865 when the Philharmonic hired Conductor Carl Bergmann at what was then a whopping \$1,000 a year for its five-concert season. Today, conductors in the Big Five U.S. orchestras (New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and Cleveland) average 100 times that figure. And with the money has come a work schedule undreamed of a century

ago. Three years ago, the Philharmonic was the first orchestra to put itself on a 52-week schedule. Several others have now followed suit.

Even with vacations (which are usually spent in finding and learning new scores), the pace makes it almost impossible for conductors to maintain artistic standards. Last week Boston's Erich Leinsdorf announced that he would resign in 1969; the demands of his job, he said, are just too much. Bernstein is scheduled to leave the Philharmonic at the same time, largely because the grueling schedule gives him insufficient time for composition. Chicago is shopping for a conductor, and Philadelphia's Eugene Ormandy and Cleveland's George Szell are fast approaching retirement age. Clearly, the museums are outgrowing their curators.

Decline & Rise. Despite his definition of the current role of the orchestra, Bernstein himself can take a great deal of credit for the Philharmonic's growth since he became music director in 1958. The Philharmonic may be an overworked organization today, but it was depressed for far more basic reasons during the two decades between Arturo Toscanini's departure and Bernstein's arrival. Neither John Barbirolli, Arthur Rodzinski nor Dimitri Mitropoulos, despite exceptional musicianship, had been able to stem a steep decline in ensemble precision and morale, and the results had begun to show at the box office.

Bernstein, in reaching both players and audiences with his magnetic personality, has made symphony going once more a galvanizing experience. And he has made the Philharmonic an interesting orchestra once again, alert and devoted to music. "Toscanini did it with his interpretations, Bernstein with the innovations he made," says Tympanist Saul Goodman, whose 42-year Philharmonic career spans both eras. A

MUSIC



Give 'em the Dickel

Dickel is the whisky that made bottle gifts respectable. Dickel is that fine, old, Charcoal-Gentled Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky—as perfected by George Dickel. It's the whisky that takes the long, slow, *extra* step of Charcoal-Gentling to *smooth* the flavor. And, George Dickel is the only whisky to put itself into these personalized *year-round* gift bottles: the Golf Trophy quart for the sportsman, the leatherbound Powderhorn Decanter—a long-lived conversation piece—and the familiar bottle in holiday wrap for the traditionalist. This holiday season, let yourself go . . . and give 'em the Dickel. In fact give 'em the Dickel any time and make any season a holiday.



Geo. A. Dickel & Co., 90 Proof, Tullahoma, Tennessee

Pinmanship.



The man who wears it writes a better policy. He's a Phoenix Agent.

Phoenix Agents write the most comprehensive commercial package policies available today. Policies that offer you broader coverage, higher limits and up to 20% lower premiums. With one policy, one monthly payment. And the Phoenix man shoulders total responsibility.

What's more, behind every Phoenix agent stands the country's largest safety engineering organization of its kind. Their sole function: to lower your costs.

Call your Phoenix independent agent or broker for more information on "Green Light" insurance. A special brand of insurance that hits problems right on the button.

**Phoenix
of Hartford**

INSURANCE CORPORATION OF HARTFORD CONNECTICUT
The Company that helps keep your business going.

museum it may be, but at its 125th birthday, the Philharmonic is a far healthier celebrator, with a longer life expectancy, than it has ever been in the past.

PIANISTS

In the Blood

In Barcelona one spring morning in 1928, Alicia de Larrocha's piano teacher played her a little piece by the Spanish pianist-composer Enrique Granados (1867-1916). As she remembers the occasion now, "there opened before me a new world of poetry and dreams. I had the sensation that this music formed part of myself, and now I would never

she took command of the keyboard like a man, shuffling her tiny hands furiously over the keys to weave notes into a glowing fabric of colors and sonorities. The climax of her recital was the 50-minute *Goyescas*, a work she seemed to have in her blood as well as her fingers. Formidably complex (some passages are scored on three staves instead of two), it unfolds in broad, rolling phrases that are punctuated by guitar rhythms and embroidered with intricate arabesques. De Larrocha not only mastered its difficulties, but through artful shadings of rhythm and dynamics she brought it to pulsing life.

Quality of Seduction. For her, she says, the Spanish musical idiom has



ALICIA DE LARROCHA AT CARNEGIE HALL
As perspicacious as it was prophetic.

be able to free myself from its influence."

Alicia was only four at the time, but her reaction was as perspicacious as it was prophetic. Granados, who turned out a substantial body of operas, songs and other kinds of music, was above all a composer for the piano. He blended an instinctive Spanish flavor with French impressionism and the Chopin-Liszt tradition to produce a heady and original style, flowing with romantic feeling yet tempered and refined by elegant workmanship. His six-part suite, *Goyescas*, which powerfully evokes the gaudy, sensual world of Goya's paintings and tapestries, stands with Albeniz' *Iberia* at the pinnacle of the Spanish piano repertory.

Glowing Fabric. Alicia de Larrocha, now 44 and a superb concert pianist, never has freed herself from Granados' music. Instead, she has become its foremost interpreter, and last week, at Manhattan's Carnegie Hall, she saluted the 100th anniversary of his birth with an all-Granados program.

Although she is so short (4 ft. 9 in.) that her feet barely reach the pedals,

"the same quality that our great flamenco dancers have—the sense of excitement held tightly under control. With this comes the quality of seduction, a certain haughtiness, or pride." She has absorbed that idiom thoroughly. Both her mother and aunt studied piano with Granados, and her own teacher, the late Frank Marshall, was a notable Granados disciple. Today, when she is not hopping continents to keep up with her steadily expanding concert schedule, she directs the piano academy that Granados founded in Barcelona. Among the faculty, her aunt and her husband, Juan Torra.

Since type-casting can be as stultifying for musicians as for actors, De Larrocha is beginning to grow uneasy about her near-total identification with Granados and Spanish musical nationalism. When she started playing at the age of two, "first it was Bach and Mozart and the wide range of the European repertory—the necessary base." Now she would like to touch that base more often in her performances, thereby securing her already considerable claim to international stature.



Loving her more every year that you share, tell of your love this Christmas with a gift of diamonds.
A diamond is forever.

Open-weave ring, about \$280;
oval ring, about \$1900;
brooch with white and yellow diamonds, about \$13,000;
spiral ring, about \$4950.
Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.



De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

**If you're giving him
a watch for Christmas,
make sure
it doesn't tick.**

Make sure it hums.

Then it won't be a watch at all. It'll be an Accutron® timepiece.

We left out of Accutron the parts that make a watch a watch. Because they're also the parts that make a watch run fast or slow.

The Accutron timepiece has no balance wheel, no mainspring, no hairspring. (Therefore no tick.)

We've replaced the whole works with a tiny, electronically-powered tuning fork.

(That's what does the humming.)

The tuning fork splits a second into 360 equal parts.

There isn't a ticking watch

Appetizer Calendar™ OTC: Shock resistant, waterproof when case/capsules/crystal remain intact. Case can be reset without changing time settings. \$179. (Saves more than 50%.)



around that's as precise as that. The best a ticking watch can do is divide a second into 5 or 10 parts.

Accutron time is so nearly perfect that we're able to guarantee monthly accuracy to within 60 seconds.*

And many owners say they don't lose that in a year.

The Accutron timepiece.

It's a particularly good gift for the man who has everything. Including the wrong time of day.

ACCUTRON[®] by BULOVA



It goes hm-m-m-m.

*An *agouti* pattern B mouse, similar to that of the *agouti* mouse, is also available from the Jackson Laboratory, Bar Harbor, Maine, 04763.

PRICES

Going Up

In a costly surge, manufacturers last week boosted prices on a wide range of products. Steel started it, with the rest of the industry following the lead of U.S. Steel and raising prices of cold-rolled, galvanized and aluminum-coated sheets by \$5 a ton. The hikes will be reflected in the costs of such items as autos, appliances and heavy machinery. Before the week was out, increases were announced in carpets, chemicals, plastics, flooring and glass.

Anticipating a probe from the Administration, U.S. Steel's Chairman Roger Blough, veteran of the classic

wage-price spiral. Labor knows that it does not. You know that business does not. And surely the American people do not. Yet business says it is labor's responsibility to break the spiral, and labor says it is yours. I say it is everyone's responsibility."

Steel's move should not have come as a surprise. Steel producers have been increasing prices by bits and pieces throughout the year. Just before Labor Day, the Administration finally reacted when Republic Steel upped the price of steel bars by 1.8%. The industry ignored Government protestations. What is more, steelmen went to Washington in September, made it clear that further increases would follow.

Too Little, Too Late. The producers point out that during the first nine months of 1967, when profits were off as much as 30%, Ackley and the Council of Economic Advisers assured them that a turnaround was coming. Now that orders are finally picking up, the steelmen claim that the increase in business is too little, too late, and based on artificial conditions rather than on an upsurge in the economy. They credit the rise to the fact that automakers and other major steel users are stockpiling with an eye towards next summer, when the United Steelworkers are threatening to strike. Another major cause of friction between the industry and Washington is the Administration's refusal to levy higher duties on imports of cheaper foreign steel, which now accounts for 12% of the U.S. market. When asked why U.S. companies continue to raise prices in the face of cheaper foreign imports, one steel executive threw up his hands: "They're already undercutting us by \$20 to \$40 a ton, so maybe we could better compete by going out of business."

Last week's price hikes are not likely to be the last. When demand picks up as expected, companies in many other areas almost certainly will raise prices to alleviate their profit squeeze. Moreover, labor leaders meeting in Florida last week were moaning over the lag in buying power brought on by the rising cost of living. They made it clear that they are looking for fat settlements in 1968, when contracts expire in such major industries as aluminum, aerospace, rail, telephone, shipping, coal mining, and—invariably—steel.

MONEY

Sanguine & Somber

After Britain devalued the pound last month, the gold-backed U.S. dollar faced a rush of gold-buying speculators who figured that the free world's key currency was next. Last week, well after the gold rush had subsided, President Johnson saw victory. "The speculative attack on the system," he said,

"was decisively repelled." The price? "A relatively small cost in reserves."

These were reassuring words—and some reassurance was needed. The week of speculative fever following Britain's devaluation cost the U.S. \$475 million in gold. That was the biggest single week's loss ever suffered by the nation's steadily dwindling gold reserves, which as a result sank to a 30-year low of \$12.43 billion. And because \$10.45 billion worth is used as backing for currency, the loss slashed by 20% (to some \$2 billion) the "free reserves" available for redeeming foreign-held dollars (currently \$14 billion) in gold.

For the most part, the \$475 million went to cover the U.S. commitment to



U.S. STEEL'S ROGER BLOUGH

More of the same for the New Year.

1962 confrontation with President Kennedy over steel prices, turned wry in defense of his industry. Said Blough: "Washington can inflate the money supply with impunity, labor can raise wages far beyond gains in productivity, but hold steel prices down and everyone will be happy and rich—everyone, that is, except the steelmakers, of course."

Equal Scoldings. The Administration's first reaction to the steel price boost was to use it as further evidence of the need for a 10% surtax. Chief White House Economist Gardner Ackley gave equal scoldings to both labor and management, noting that the steel increase represented "another turn in the wage-price spiral." Speaking at a Washington meeting of the Business Council, President Johnson talked of responsibility: "We know that wage and price changes are inevitable—and desirable—in a free-enterprise system. But those changes must be restrained by a recognition of fundamental national interest in maintaining a stable level of overall prices. Nobody benefits from a



NATIONAL CITY'S MOORE

Hardly a picture of reassurance.

the seven-nation international gold pool in London. Meeting secretly at the Bundesbank in Frankfurt when Britain devalued, the pool governors determined to continue sales of gold at \$35 an ounce in order to thwart speculators who bought in hopes the price would rise—which would, in effect, devalue the U.S. dollar. The big payment by the U.S., which has a 59% share in the pool, by no means represented the total cost of the defense. Britain, West Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and The Netherlands, who hold the remaining 41%, also contributed heavily in defense of the dollar.

Some money men think that such efforts cannot continue for much longer. As somber as I. B. J. was sanguine, First National City Bank Chairman George S. Moore last week told a National Association of Manufacturers meeting in Manhattan that the sterling crisis only showed that "the dollar is at bay." Before long, he warned, rising inflation, the "virtually out of control" budget deficits and the deepening balance-of-

payments problem might force the U.S. to devalue by raising the \$35 gold price, which it has maintained since 1934.

Few would disagree with Moore that the nation's fiscal problems need attention. Yet the point at which the U.S. can no longer defend the price of gold—and thus the dollar—hardly seems near. Although the U.S.'s gold supply has fallen far from its \$24.6 billion peak of 1949, the nation's gold pool partners and its creditors throughout the world are not at all anxious to bring down the present monetary system by drawing out the remaining U.S. supply. And Congress, as Moore urges, may soon expand the available supply by ending the requirement that enough gold be kept frozen to back a minimum 25% of the value of currency in circulation. That would free all of the nation's \$12.43 billion in gold for the support of the \$35 price abroad.

Meanwhile, the airlines have watched the Concorde price tag rise from the original estimate of \$7,000,000 to \$21 million per plane, including spare parts. Option signers have deposited about \$300,000 for future delivery.

Bigger & Foster. The Concorde's backers hope that once the plane is in service, it will rack up a big percentage of the market before being challenged by the U.S. supersonic transport due aloft in the mid-'70s. Roomier than the Concorde (292 passengers v. 132) and faster (1,800 v. 1,450 m.p.h.), the Boeing 2707 has already attracted 125 options from 26 interested airlines. While the British and French admit that the American SST will eventually dominate the North Atlantic—currently accounting for 42% of all international air travel—they argue that there will be plenty of room for their smaller plane on less traveled routes, such as Lon-

BRITAIN

Pilkington Shines Again

Glassmakers of ancient Venice maintained world superiority quite simply: craftsmen caught spiriting trade secrets out of Venice were made galley slaves or killed by hired assassins. In the modern world of sheet glass, Britain's Pilkington Brothers, Ltd., maintains a comparable superiority in a more humane way: the company consistently outdoes rivals in research and development.

Pilkington, sole survivor of the 24 glassworks that thrived in Britain in the 19th century and then died because of competition, made its first major contribution to the industry in 1935 by developing a grinder that smoothed both sides of the glass simultaneously—until recently the common method for finishing flat glass. But grinding scoured off 20% of the finished glass, and some-



ROLLING OUT BRITISH-FRENCH SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT AT SUD AVIATION PLANT IN TOULOUSE
Into the air amid dwindling enthusiasm, climbing costs and growing competition.

AVIATION

Showing Off the Concorde

The British-French supersonic Concorde 001 took its first trip last week, but the journey was only a matter of a mile at the Sud Aviation plant at Toulouse, France. With front wheels jacked up so that the 38-ft. tail structure could slip through the hangar doors, the graceful goose was towed to a suitable display area where this week some 800 airline officials and members of the press will get a look at the craft. If all goes according to plan, the 191-ft. prototype will take off on its maiden flight on Feb. 28.

For Charles de Gaulle, the flight of the Concorde will be a personal victory. As one observer put it: "The Concorde will get into the air if De Gaulle has to grab it by the tail and throw it up himself." However, financially pressed Britons have shown dwindling enthusiasm for the project.

Construction costs for the delta-wing plane have soared. Without a single sale—and only 74 options now taken—the two countries are spending an estimated \$1.4 billion on its development against the original 1962 estimate of \$450 million. It is expected that another \$500 million will be needed to fill the option orders, and a total of 200 must be sold to recoup a mere one-third of the development costs.

don-Sydney and Paris-Buenos Aires. A potential challenge on these routes, however, may come from the Russians, who have recently become aggressive in selling their aircraft: their 120-passenger supersonic TU-144 may be airborne even before the British-French craft.

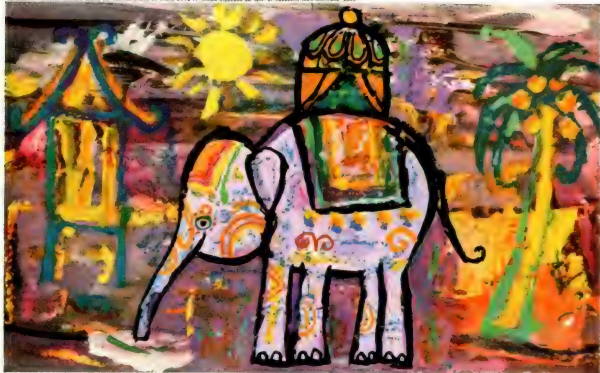
Breaking the Barrier. Myriad technicalities still face the Concorde—and eventually the SST—before it can go into commercial competition. One big potential stumbling block is the fact that the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration must pass on the plane—and should it find the Concorde not airworthy, the French would surely complain that the FAA was dragging its feet to let the Boeing model catch up. The FAA is particularly wary of the fuel and noise problems. Four powerful Olympus engines consume great quantities of jet fuel, requiring reserves that will add weight and cut down on income. Just how much fuel will be needed—and can be carried—remains the question.

Biggest stumbling block of all is that the Concorde will lay down a continuous carpet of supersonic bursts while cruising, to say nothing of the racket when it revs up on the ground. So far, no noise standards have been agreed upon. And while transoceanic travel should offer no hitches, sound-barrier breaking over populated areas would shatter more than just windows.

thing better was needed. In 1959, after seven years and \$20 million worth of research, Pilkington announced a float process for making sheet and plate glass that revolutionized the industry. In it, glass forms while floating on a surface of molten tin, and there is no need to polish it afterward. Float glass, moreover, has less distortion than glass made by earlier processes.

Last week Pilkington informed customers of another advance: it can now make tinted glass by the same float process with considerable savings in time and capital expense. Up to now, when glassmakers wanted to produce tints—even with a float process—they either had to shut down and convert regular lines or else build an additional plant. Under the new method, which cost \$2.8 million to research and perfect, machines bombard the molten glass with microscopic metallic particles as it passes across the tin bath. With an investment of only \$36,000, glassmakers can add the tinting process to a regular plant, color as much as desired of the continuous ribbon of glass. Says Sir Harry Pilkington, 62, chairman of the 141-year-old family-owned company: "We already knew that our float process leads the world in the manufacture of this type of glass. As a result of our new discovery, we hope demand will increase enormously."

Pilkington's original float process—



Once upon a time, Christmas was all fresh fruit and peppermint sticks.

But now that the world has grown up, good things come in bottles—Arrow Cordial bottles.

Arrow Blackberry Brandy, for instance,

that tastes like fresh picked berries.

Or Arrow Creme de Menthe—to put a green shiver in every drink.

Or Arrow Creme de Cacao, the cocoa drink that grew up.

They're all big, strong liquors made

for grown-ups. Grown-ups who like our Cordials because they're the only liquor to come in 30 different flavors—like licorice and peppermint and oranges.

Grown-ups who haven't forgotten that liquor should taste good.

What do you get for Christmas when you grow up?



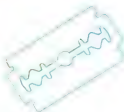
Arrow®Cordials
The grown-up liquor that tastes good.

End of the Blues:



Blue two timer

"Inexpensive" carbon steel blades give most men only 1 or 2 shaves. They seem cheaper, but actually cost more per shave.



Spoiled me too-er

The "Me too-er" brand reluctantly followed Schick's American leadership in stainless steel, but massive advertising cannot overcome the comfort of the molecular Miron® Coating on the Krona edge.



Lasting Friend

With stainless steel technology initially developed in our Swedish Plant, Schick Science perfected the famous thousand foot strop, the molecular Miron Coating, and the Krona® Comfort Edge to assure you consistent comfort shave after shave. They're Lasting Friends—the kind you'll always feel comfortable with.

Put your reliance on famous Schick Science.

Schick Safety Razor Co., Division of EVERSHARP, Inc. 



PILKINGTON & SIR HARRY WITH TINTED GLASS
Steaming along on a sea of tin.

developed by Chief Researcher Alastair Pilkington. Sir Harry's cousin—was so successful that glass companies in eleven nations rushed to obtain licenses for it, including the Soviet Union and such U.S. glassmakers as Libbey-Owens-Ford, Pittsburgh Plate Glass and the Ford Motor Co. Eventually, Pilkington expects to earn about \$240 million annually from the float process in license fees, royalties and exports; the new tint process will add another \$24 million a year to that. Meanwhile controlling 85% of British glassmaking and exporting its own products to 100 nations around the world, Pilkington foresees a future as shiny as a piece of newly hardened plate.

The company had revenues of \$240 million last year from royalties and sales of flat glass, cathode-ray screens, television tubes, high-voltage insulators, fluorescent tubes, glass building blocks, and 60 million pieces of eyeglass for spectacle wearers. Pilkington fiber glass is being used as insulation aboard the new liner *Queen Elizabeth II* as well as in the ship's lifeboats and deck chairs, and Pilkington optical glass will be used in the Anglo-French Concorde supersonic jet (see *above story*). About the only smear on the glass for Pilkington is the uncertain result of a three-year investigation by Britain's Monopolies Commission into its near monopoly of the glassmaking industry. "I have no idea of its contents," says Sir Harry Pilkington of the upcoming commission report. "Some hares have been chased, and the questions have been wide ranging, but there has been no hint in them of the way things will go." In a nation that has been badly hampered by trailing technology, however, many feel that the company and its advanced processes ought to be polished up rather than shattered.

ADVERTISING

The Ax at Interpublic

Six years ago, Marion Harper Jr. put together the Interpublic Group of Companies—a 24-firm complex of market-research, sales-promotion, advertising and public-relations outfits built around McCann-Erickson, the world's second-largest ad agency after J. Walter Thompson. Complete service to clients—in principle, even to competing clients—could be rendered within the group's enterprises, with platoons of talent shifted around to cater to specific needs. It was a grand plan, but it went sour. In recent weeks Interpublic has undergone a major overhaul. More than 500 of some 8,000 employees have been dismissed. Harper, at 51, has been eased up to the chairmanship, and active command has been taken over by silver-haired Robert Healy, 63, a former McCann-Erickson chairman who was recalled from semiretirement.

Trimming & Scraping. Although it had billings of \$700 million last year (\$445 million by McCann-Erickson alone), Interpublic nevertheless got into a serious financial squeeze. Just how bad remains the secret of a handful of top executives who own the company. They are willing to concede that Interpublic will have a loss in 1967, due partly to the paring of budgets by some of the company's 1,600-odd clients around the world. As the head of a new five-man executive committee elected daily at the company's Manhattan headquarters, Healy has an ax-wielding mandate. "We are trimming companies fundamentally not related to client service," he says. "Eventually we will change the corporate structure, but just how we can't tell."

He has already trimmed down offices around the world, from Hong Kong to the Geneva headquarters of Interpublic's international operations. Gone are such nonadvertising units as a publisher of business books and a company set up to develop new business for Interpublic. Fashion International,

a design-consultant subsidiary with offices in Paris and New York, as well as McDonald Research Ltd. of Canada, went under. Chicago Group Inc., a special-projects unit, was absorbed by McCann-Erickson's Chicago office, while one of Interpublic's nine advertising agencies, Fletcher Richards, was merged with Marsech & Co. Ancillary units like Starflite Inc., which operated three airplanes mostly for Interpublic executives, and a dude ranch on Long Island, where executive conferences used to be held, have been scrapped.

Difficult to Finance. More pruning and streamlining is to come, and more employees are likely to lose their jobs before the dust settles. In the end, Interpublic may bear only a slight resemblance to the company Marion Harper built and led. Says Carl Spielvogel, president of Interpublic's Market Planning Corp. and a member of the board: "We have faced the fact that it is increasingly difficult to finance a worldwide business such as ours. We have talked about going public, but there have been no plans made and no documents signed."

GERMANY

Göring's Legacy

After three years of staggering losses that have earned it the dubious distinction of No. 1 money loser in West Germany, Salzgitter AG, the government-owned steel giant slumbering in the strip next to the East German border, is going to be shaken up. A plan approved by the Bonn Cabinet foresees mergers of its component parts with private industry and, if need be, the shutdown of unprofitable plants. In 1966, on sales of \$800 million, Salzgitter suffered a net loss of \$45 million.

The idea of building a steel complex in the middle of sugar-beet fields, which led to the creation of the city of Salzgitter (pop. 120,000), was Reichsmarshal Hermann Göring's; the plants bore his name when opened in the early days of World War II. The West German



HEALY



HARPER

Rude awakening from the dream.



WE'RE ALWAYS ANXIOUS to put up the tree in Jack Daniel's old office. When that's done, we know the holidays are here. We hope your plans are coming along too, and that you have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

© 1967 Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

government inherited the war-damaged plants, renamed them Salzgitter AG, and nursed them back at a cost of more than \$1 billion. Salzgitter provided work for some 70,000 people in a tense and economically weak area and showed a modest profit after it was rebuilt in 1957. But those were still the years of Germany's reconstruction when any and all steel was in demand.

Blunders. With a return to normal times and increasing competition, trouble began. Salzgitter's iron ore proved inferior and too expensive to compete with ore from Sweden, Venezuela and Liberia. Ore stockpiles grew to 2,300,000 tons. Seeking to diversify, Salzgitter blundered into acquiring the ailing Büssing truck works for \$12.5 million in the early 1960s. Recently Treasury Minister Kurt Schmücker called that decision "the most striking error made by a company's management in the past few years." Büssing now contributes more than half of Salzgitter's losses; every fourth truck from Büssing goes without a buyer, and the park of unsold trucks stands at 700.

A more recent mistake was to invest \$100 million in a new rolling mill that exceeds Salzgitter's steel capacity. Thus the company has to purchase semimolten steel from the Ruhr to use the mill economically. As Germany's largest producer of iron ore and ships, fourth largest coal producer, and seventh largest steelmaker, Salzgitter is in just about every problem industry in Germany. "The only thing we are missing to complete the whole scale of weak industries would be a textile plant," says Wolfram Langer, 51, State Secretary for the Treasury and new chairman of Salzgitter, who has the task of reforming the company.

Still Trying. So far, the program includes seeking out partners for Salzgitter's coal, steel and iron-ore production in the private sector. Two new oxygen steel converters are to be built at a cost of \$9,000,000 each to restore a balance between steel and rolling-mill capacities. The merger of Salzgitter's shipyards, Howaldtswerke of Kiel and Hamburg, with Deutsche Werft, a private shipbuilder, into a vast enterprise with combined sales of \$200 million will take place Jan. 1. Büssing will cut its labor force by 2,000, and has been ordered to try cooperation agreements with other truckmakers that might eventually lead to merger.

MICRONESIA

Island Millionaire

"It's fun putting things together," says Kenneth T. Jones, a former farm boy from Willow Springs, N.C., who has been putting things together ever since he hit the beaches of Japanese-held Guam as a Seabee in 1944. Now 50 and a solid 240-pounder, he is the millionaire owner of a diversified commercial kingdom ranging from supermarkets to construction and cattle ranching and, most recently, the first luxury ho-



JONES OUTSIDE NEW ROYAL TAGA HOTEL ON SAIPAN

And now the Bar-K ranch, where the jungle meets Broadway.

tel in the U.S. Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. "Next to the Government, Ken Jones is the biggest thing on Guam," says a local dignitary.

Where the Memories Are. Jones's assets are listed as worth \$10.5 million. In fiscal 1967, his enterprises had total sales of nearly \$19 million, up 18% from last year, and gross earnings of \$1.1 million, 25% more than in 1966. His department store, "Town House," is the best-stocked on the island and is being expanded into a shopping center planned for mid-1968. His three-store Pay Less supermarket group will grow to five by the end of next year. His American Motors Agency is the only one in the world that outsells both G.M. and Ford in its sales area. A restaurant that he leased for 50 years is considered the best in Guam: his Cliff Hotel in Agaña, the capital, is packing them in in such numbers that he has started adding one room a day to the original 118.

Last week the Royal Taga, a 53-room luxury hotel on the neighboring island of Saipan, opened for business, as part of Jones's gamble that tourists will discover the deserted white beaches of the Micronesian islands. "It won't throw Hawaii out of the picture," he admits, "but there are good beaches here, and there is good fishing." There is something else too: memories of bloody fighting during World War II. Significantly, the majority of tourists who have booked rooms at the Royal Taga for the next six months come from Japan. They will look out from their windows onto a beach that U.S. Marines assaulted back in 1944; the rusty wrecks of two U.S. tanks still lie in the water. Jones is planning to sell package tours to Saipan, including air fare, room and board, and sightseeing in his fleet of U-drive cars. He plans to add 50 rooms to the Royal Taga.

Some ten miles south, on Tinian Island, where the *Enola Gay* took off with the A-bomb for Hiroshima and jungle encroaches on concrete roads named Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Lexington Avenue, Jones is clearing the bush for his largest investment in Micronesia's future, the Bar-K ranch. He leased 7,500 acres of Government land, almost one-third of the entire island, has already built 32 miles of fence and brought in 920 head of Black Angus—Hereford cattle from New Zealand. His goal is a herd of 8,000 head, plus hogs and chickens to supply a good part of the island's meat demand.

And on to Horses. The ranch seems to be Jones's true love. "You start out as a farmer," he draws, "and you learn year by year. My daughters try to sophisticate me, but they'll never knock the farmer out of me."

In 1944, soon after the fighting died down, Jones was not thinking about going back to the farm. "I realized that this place was kind of a hub in the Pacific, I thought it would be fun to come in and start with nothing and pioneer this thing." He saved up \$3,000 for a start, but lost almost half of it in a poker game on the way back to the U.S. With his remaining funds, he bought cheap watches, jewelry and trinkets, and sent them to a Guamanian friend to sell. To get back to Guam as a civilian, he had to sign up for a year as a U.S. civil service employee.

When the year was over, Jones went into business. After a profitable deal with 140 war-surplus Jeeps, he expanded swiftly into supermarkets, shipping, housing—and he has no intention of stopping. One of his latest projects involves ten race horses imported from Australia. Sooner or later, there will be a track in the islands, he explains, and "when that day comes, we'll want to win the race."

Haste makes sense



The sooner you put Contac® to work on your cold, the fewer sniffles you'll sniff. The fewer sneezes you'll sneeze. The less stuffy your poor nose will get.

So why put off feeling good? Over 600 "tiny time pills" in each Contac capsule can help you feel better every minute of every day of every cold you catch.

If this makes sense, make haste to your pharmacy.

Contac. The sooner the better. Menley & James Laboratories, Philadelphia.



Married. Lynda Bird Johnson, 23, and Marine Captain Charles Robb, 28 (see "THE NATIONS").

Died. Air Force Major Robert H. Lawrence Jr., 31, the first and only Negro named to the U.S. astronaut team, chosen in June for the manned orbiting laboratory program; on a routine proficiency flight, when his F-104 jet went out of control and slammed into the runway at Edwards Air Force Base, Calif., thus making him the ninth fatality among those assigned to the manned spaceflight effort since it began in 1959.

Died. Harry Wismer, 54, veteran sports announcer; of a skull fracture in Manhattan. What listener could ever forget when Harry roared into the mike: "He's at the 40, the 45, the 50, the 55..." The bloopers notwithstanding, he was one of the best in the business from 1935 to 1952, when he broadcast for the Detroit Lions, Washington Redskins and New York Giants, and piled up enough of a fortune by 1959 to buy his own team, the A.F.L.'s New York Titans. The team went nowhere and the fans went elsewhere, forcing Wismer to sell out for \$1,000,000 in 1963 to Sonny Werblin, who is now making it big with his New York Jets.

Died. Cora Baird, 55, puppeteer; of cancer in Manhattan. With her husband Bil, she created a magic world of dancing figures and impish characters, and for 30 years their Baird puppets, starring Hedda Lonella McBrood and Edward R. Bow-Wow, entertained countless children in films, on TV and in shows from India to the White House.

Died. Robert Helberg, 61, Boeing aircraft scientist, builder of the immensely successful Lunar Orbiter spacecraft; of a heart attack in Seattle. As the prime contractor's man in charge of the venture since inception in 1963, Helberg gets much credit for the five camera-bearing vehicles that whizzed around the moon and snapped some of the most dramatic pictures in all science.

Died. Benton Spruance, 63, U.S. lithographer; of a heart attack in Germantown, Pa. Etching vibrant colors into stone, he treated stories ranging from the Minotaur legend to the life of St. Francis, and, as museums across the country (Washington's National Gallery, Manhattan's Whitney) collected his prints, earned major recognition, most recently for *The Passion of Aluh*, 30 prints illustrating *Moby Dick*.

Died. Oscar Diego Gestido, 66, President of Uruguay since last March; of a heart attack in Montevideo. A former air force general, Gestido was elected to succeed a free-spending nine-man council and save Uruguay from bank-

ruptcy. It seemed a futile hope until October, when soaring inflation and rumors of a coup spurred him to impose a series of stiff reforms, which were greeted by such howls of indignation that he was forced to declare martial law.

Died. William Littlewood, 69, aircraft engineer and longtime (1937-1963) vice president of American Airlines; of a heart attack in St. Michaels, Md. Mass air transport was still just a dream in the early 1930s, when Littlewood went to Douglas Aircraft with detailed specifications for the plane that American wanted: twin engines, 200 m.p.h. for 1,425 miles, 21 passengers in reclining armchairs. The result was the DC-3, which became the sturdy backbone of worldwide air travel for 20 years.

Died. Bert Lahr, 72, longtime comic great; of a massive internal hemorrhage in Manhattan. "A plumber doesn't go out with his tools," he once grouched. "Does a comedian have to be funny on the street?" No, but Lahr (TST cover, Oct. 1, 1951) was never without the tools of his art—a nose like a tulip bulb, a pair of glistening eyes, and an elasticized face—all combined with a gravelly voice and a gift of timing that made him a star on any stage. Born Irving Lahrheim, son of German immigrants, he was known as "The boy wonder" of burlesque and vaudeville by the time he was 23, moved up to Broadway and then took on Hollywood in 1931, stealing Judy Garland's heart as the miming, simpering Cowardly Lion in *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). He appeared in more than 25 other movies, but Hollywood was never his real game. "After all," he cracked, "how many lion parts can you get?" In 1946 he returned to the stage, where he proved his extraordinary comic range as the bewildered tramp in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, as the bumbling weaver-actor in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and as the old Athenian bridegroom in Aristophanes' *The Birds*.

Died. Dr. Bela Schick, 90, foremost pediatrician and developer of the Schick test for diphtheria; of pleurisy in Manhattan. No man worked harder or more successfully to end terrors of childhood disease than this gentle, Hungarian-born doctor. In Vienna in 1913, he devised a simple scratch test to check a child's susceptibility to diphtheria, and need for inoculation. In later years, he charted ways to avoid aftereffects of scarlet fever and infant tuberculosis. From 1923 to 1942, he was at Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital, where he treated tens of thousands of youngsters, often scrambling around the floor making faces at his charges, never embarrassed because, as he said, "to be a good pediatrician, it helps to be a little childish yourself."

In Toledo, metal vaporizes at room temperature.

It isn't a room you'd be comfortable in. But glass is.

It's part of the cool new way we mass-produce special-performance glass to control light and heat transmission.

It is a continuous vacuum-coating process. It is based on the same principle that lets physics teachers boil ice water in a bell jar.

It works like this: lines of 10' x 12' sheets of glass are air-locked through a series of vacuum chambers to reach the kind of vacuum astronauts find 125 miles straight up. Here in "outer space" we vaporize metals by electronic bombardment. No furnace. No induction coils. We direct the metal atoms or molecules onto the relatively cool glass surface, form micro-thin coatings which control the transmission of light and heat rays through the glass. We have complete flexibility and control. The process is continuous.

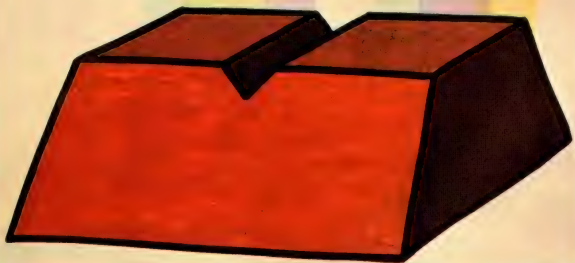
So now, for the first time, glass can be made economically with a variety of transparency, reflectivity and heat control characteristics. Which opens up many new uses for glass.

We call our process *StratoVac*.

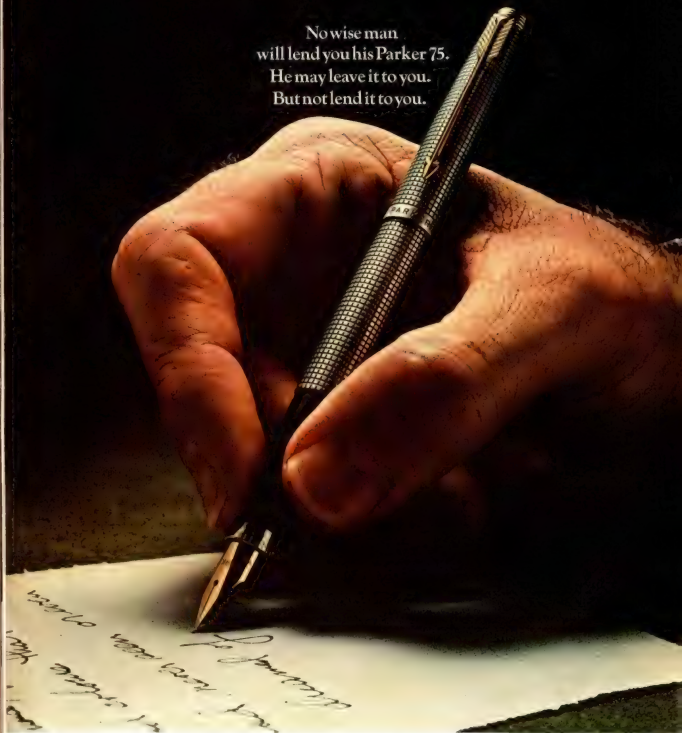
Think about it in terms of your business.

Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

Toledo, Ohio



No wise man
will lend you his Parker 75.
He may leave it to you.
But not lend it to you.



The Parker 75. Sterling silver. \$25.

63 of America's largest mutual funds rely on investment research from Eastman Dillon

As an individual, you can too.



To invest successfully, mutual funds depend heavily on investment research that stays constantly on the lookout for promising growth situations. The same kind of penetrating analysis that Eastman Dillon provides for professional investors who manage large portfolios: College and charitable endowments, insurance companies, pension and welfare funds.

As an individual investor, you too can have this kind of research.

Simply visit or call any one of our offices.

**Eastman Dillon,
Union Securities
& Co.**

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Business and Liberal Arts graduates:

IBM invites you to work hard at solving other people's problems.

Problems like dealing with the impact of the world's population on the world's food supply. Or simplifying the complexities of new high-speed transportation systems.

You'd be working for IBM's Data Processing Division, the part of IBM that designs, sells, and installs computer systems. It's a job that brings new challenges every day because every customer's problems are different.

It's not easy work. That's why we start you out with an up-to-the-minute course in the practical use of computers. But when you finish, you'll be ready to tackle some of the toughest problems in business. You'll work directly with our customers as consultant, teacher, programmer, and student.

How to start: If hard work and constant challenge are what you want, call us in Chicago at (312) 341-3872. Or write to: D. A. McElvain, Dept. NC5-M3, IBM Corporation, P.O. Box 1365, Chicago, Illinois.

IBM.

An Equal Opportunity Employer

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Integrated Hearts & Flowers

"Yes, but would you like your daughter to marry one?" This cliché question gets a cliché answer in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, a movie that once again proves Producer Stanley Kramer's ability to put together cinematic bouquets of platitudes about important-



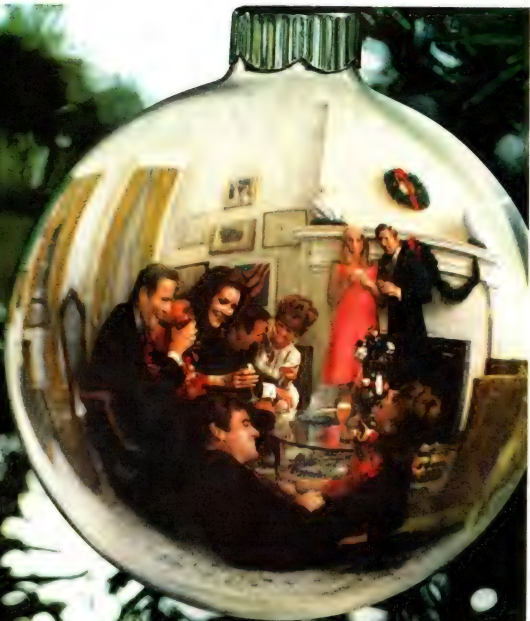
TRACY & HEPBURN IN "DINNER"
Sentiment all around.

sounding social issues. Marriage between whites and blacks is hardly a major national concern, but it is happening more frequently—and the notion undoubtedly worries some people of both races. Kramer's new film bravely sets out to face the problem but ends up merely offering a great big heaping tablespoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down.

The characters and casting are all but archetypical. For a crusty old bear of a liberal newspaper publisher and his dashing, efficient career wife, who else but Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn starring in their ninth movie together? For the Negro fiancé, who else to choose but the smooth and handsome Sidney Poitier? What would Poitier's mother be if not sweet and sensitive, and Beah Richards (*Raisin in the Sun*, *The Miracle Worker*) is the best sweet-and-sensitive Negro mother in all of show business.

Smoke Signals. These old familiar faces go into action when the eager, idealistic daughter of Tracy and Hepburn turns up unexpectedly at their mansion with a fiancé who is just as black as she is blonde. Everyone is poleaxed by the news: Hepburn puts on that blank stare one remembers from *Bringing Up Baby*; Tracy's seamed old face knits together, and his chin goes up like that of an Indian chief reading threatening smoke signals. The Negro maid upbraids Poitier as a "smooth-talking, smart-ass nigger" taking advantage of her little girl. Only the family friend, lovable Monsignor Ryan (Cecil Kellaway), is unfazed, as a good Catholic priest should be.

The situation being carefully stacked



Heublein Cocktails: Mostly liquor. And a great big ball.

Open the bottle. Out comes the party. That's what Heublein Cocktails are all about.

What goes into Heublein Cocktails? Mostly liquor—the best imported and domestic brands. And plenty of spirit, for these are the cocktails that are always full-strength. Just pour over ice. You've got it made.

We make fifteen different kinds. Two or three make a party. With all fifteen, you'll have a ball.

Heublein® Cocktails. 15 kinds. Better than most people make.

Welcome Gift Scotch The World Over!

DEWAR'S

"White Label"



Dewar's "White Label" always receives a hearty welcome, because it's "the Scotch that never varies." Give Dewar's in the handsome, embossed gold gift package.

Dewar's never varies!

\$6.95
U.S. 91

(SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE)



86.8 PROOF • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Why pay less?

There are tape recorders on the market that cost a lot less than the \$299.95 you pay for an Ampex 861 stereo portable. Unfortunately, there's a lot less in them.

For example, only Ampex builds recorders with Deep-Gap heads. There are many reasons why Deep-Gap heads are better than other kinds, but the most important one is that they deliver peak music performance five to ten times longer. That's why we back them with the longest guarantee in the business.

The 861 also has Ampex's exclusive dual capstan drive. We use two capstans instead of one to drive the tape. This virtually eliminates wow and flutter, and does away with pressure pads that cause extra wear on tapes and heads.

Another Ampex exclusive

The Ampex 861 has exclusive Deep-Gap Heads, Rigid-Block Suspension, and Dual Capstan Drive. Comes complete with two speakers and two microphones for just \$299.95.

The 861 features bass boost control, automatic tape lifters, monitor switch, automatic cue provision, and push button digital counter.

STEREO TAPE BONUS—Select \$100 worth of Ampex stereo tapes for just \$39.95 with the purchase of any Ampex stereo tape recorder/player. Prices and tape offer good only in U.S.A.

is rigid-block head suspension. The heads are securely anchored to a precision-machined metal casting. As a result, tapes and heads align to one thousandth of an inch. You won't find better alignment anywhere.

Finally, the 861 is built with the same quality and attention to detail as Ampex's professional machines. (All the big broadcasting networks, most local radio and TV stations, and almost all commercial recording companies use Ampex recorders as standard equipment.)

So if you still want to pay less for a tape recorder, go ahead. But we thought you ought to know what you'll be missing.

Ampex. The people who started it all.



AMPEX

Ampex Corporation, Consumer and Educational Products Division, 2201 Lunt Ave., Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007

MEET:



PHIL STERN
in Chicago

Dedication to the concept of service in business, and a strong belief in his profession make Phil Stern an outstanding businessman.

Phil was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, but he spent most of his youth in Jamaica, New York. He is a graduate of Syracuse University, with a degree in Industrial Relations. Prior to pursuing his career, Phil served as an officer in the U. S. Army. He began his career as a member of Connecticut General's sales administration staff in Hartford. Today, Phil Stern is a successful career representative with Connecticut General's Group Insurance office, located at 1 North LaSalle Street. One of Chicago's rising young businessmen, he devotes all his skills to helping the area's leading insurance men provide for the needs of their group insurance clients.

Phil Stern does things a little differently... it's his idea to *serve first*. Men like Phil are located in major metropolitan areas throughout the country. They make CG service much more valuable to people and businesses from coast to coast.

CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY, HARTFORD

**CONNECTICUT
GENERAL**

CB

by the scriptwriters. Poitier, of course, is no ordinary Negro. Not only handsome, charming and intelligent, he is also an M.D. with enough degrees, honors and professorships behind him to make Ralph Bunche feel like an underachiever. Mother Hephurn is soon won over to his side; Father Tracy greatly admires the boy but sees too much unhappiness ahead to give his approval. The same attitudes are echoed by Poitier's mother and father, a retired mailman. These are the guess-whos that come to dinner—or rather a prolonged cocktail hour, during which everybody pairs off and talks each other into a happy ending.

It is a sentimental film and a sentimental occasion. Tracy and Hephurn were appearing before the cameras together for the last time, and they knew it: ailing for years, Tracy died of heart failure less than three weeks after the picture was completed. His final performance was just exactly what it should be: a sincere, concentrated, honest portrait of a sincere, concentrated, honest man who might as well have been Spencer Tracy.

The movie was both a fond farewell for Katharine Hephurn's old friend and a professional coming out for her niece, Katharine Houghton, 22, who plays the daughter. She has Hephurnesque coloring, high cheekbones and broad A's, and she is far more convincing than most stage daughters. As an actress, she has little to do but bubble with innocent enthusiasm; Kramer has side-stepped anything as embarrassing as an integrated love scene.

Faustian Fringe

As the ancestor of all man-v.-devil stories, the Faust legend has spawned some curious offspring over the centuries. The latest, Stanley Donen's *Be-dazzled*, could in all likelihood qualify as the worst. A meek little short-order cook (Dudley Moore) hankers inarticulately after the waitress (Fleanor Bron) in a London greasy spoon. The Devil (Peter Cook) follows him home and makes a proposition: seven wishes granted, a soul in return.

Unfortunately, none of the wishes works out quite right. In answer to one, Moore is turned into a voluble young intellectual who plies the willing Bron with Brahms; just as her defenses begin to crumble, a scratch on the record breaks the romantic mood. Moore also asks to have a perfect spiritual union with his beloved, but he fails to specify one important detail and thus ends up as a nun. Finally, his wishes spent, he throws himself on Cook's mercy: in a resolution that would have sickened Goethe and Marlowe, the Devil inexplicably turns gentleman and culls off the deal.

Actor-Writers Cook and Moore, who once were half of the wily foursome in *Beyond the Fringe*, have failed to grasp the basic difference between a four-minute skit and a 107-minute movie. What

The Hotel of La Salle Street

offers lawyers, financial executives, insurance men and stock brokers a location within easy walking distance to all the important Loop offices. The accommodations are the finest—restaurants and lounges outstanding—and the hotel's special meeting rooms can accommodate from 12 to 1000 people.



La Salle

La Salle at Madison Chicago 60602

See your travel agent or call or write: W. Fred Puffer, Gen. Mgr. telephone (312) 372-0700 teletype 222-0110 American Express, Carte Blanche & Drivers' Club

this year...
get more of what
you take
a vacation for
...at the



Choose the incomparable Palm Beach Towers and lavish yourself with the glamour and elegance of one of the world's most luxurious resort hotels. Make your reservations now!

Write Suite 110

Palm Beach Towers

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

DONALD W. PATON

VICE-PRES. & GEN. MGR.

Palm Beach—

Area Code 305, 833-5761

New York—

Area Code 212, LEaNgton 2-8514

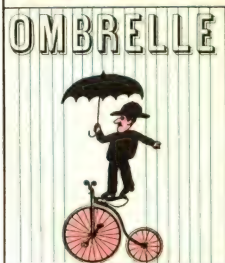
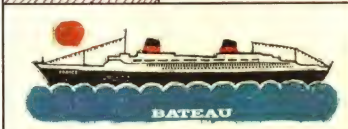
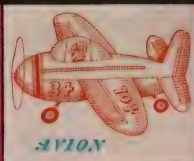
Convention information on request

TIME, DECEMBER 15, 1967

Help support
the class system.
Give England's
noble gin.



THE FRENCH LESSON



eau de toilette pour homme

EAU
de
TOILETTE

ZIZANIE
de
FRAGONARD

ZIZANIE

...all the French a man has to know

eau de toilette for men ... essence imported from France
Blended and sealed in the U.S.A. 5.00 to 40.00



The odd couple.

TV-plus-LIFE. Sound like an odd media marriage? Not at all. TV and LIFE were made for each other.

They've got their similarities, like any well-matched couple. They're both big. In fact, LIFE's audience of 33 million adults is bigger than any weekly TV show's. They're both exciting, current, immediate, *now*. They're every-weekly.

TV and LIFE are complementary, too. They work together to reach everybody you want to reach. LIFE readers are the upscale families, with higher incomes and educations. The people who tend to be light viewers. (For them, you don't have to oversimplify. They dig.)

Does "odd-couple advertising" work? Ask Campbell Soup, Volkswagen, Zenith, Clairol, Wonder Bread and Pan Am, for starters.

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION FROM THE MEN OF McEWAN



HERE at our distillery by Elgin in Morayshire, we make the unique heart softness of flavour. We hope Chequers will grace your sideboard during festivities, and suggest friends may enjoy receiving an introduction to the brand from you. Look for Chequers in the gift carton portraying rare old Scottish coins. We extend to you and yours best wishes for a Holiday Season of much felicity.

JOHN McEWAN & Co Ltd.

*Its Elgin in Morayshire, Scotland
production of the famous*

CHEQUERS

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
Produced in Scotland, Ltd., 100% Grain, Age-Authenticated
Whisky • 40% Proof • 80-100 • 100% Grain • 100% Proof

is worse, their script is padded with imbecile yock lines ("I love Lucifer," or in a conversation about God "But he is English isn't he?"). As a result, the film plays Faust and loose with a grand old theme.

Cracking the Code

It may be time to stop the Czechs. Having established their consummate skill at making tragic and comic cinema using home-grown themes, they have now cracked the code of the West with a solid slapstick spoof, **Lemonade Joe**. The film is from the same bag as such American satires as *Cat Ballou*. Yet it holds its own by offering an uncompromisingly wild style and a woolly scenario, plus some of the most unlikely and unmotivated songs since Gene Autry hung up his guitar.

The doors are not the only items that swing in the film's Arizona saloon. In the background, steamy Tornado Lou (Veta Fialova) belts out her numbers in between brawls; in the foreground, the archvillains, Horace and Doug Badman, discover that they are brothers when they spot moles the size of silver dollars on each other's wrists. Enter Winifred Goodman, a piquant blonde who lectures the customers on the evils of drink. She is met with a shower of catcalls and booze. But then appears Lemonade Joe, played by Karel Fiala, an actor who looks like a reincarnation of William S. Hart. He heroically shoots a fly in mid-air and scatters the crowd.

A teetotaler, Joe's strength is as the strength of ten because his drink is pure—Kola Coca Lemonade, for which he is Western sales representative. Though a deadly shot, he aims mainly for a greater share of the market by getting endorsements from notorious gun-slingers. Lou and Winifred start lowering their eyes and necklines in his



FIALA & FIALOVA IN "LEMONADE"
Anyone can make or fake.

What's so improbable about Alcoa Aluminum spying on shrimp?

Nothing! This Alcoa® Aluminum sea sled was designed to film the net-evading techniques of fish and shrimp. And to help increase harvests in the commercial fishing field.

There's excitement about the oceanography frontier at Alcoa. And our contributions reflect our great interest. Here are a few: We fabricated the backbone of an experimental under-sea defense system. We have built

submersible decompression chambers. We make and sell deep-submergence containers that range from 1 in. to a whopping 8 ft in diameter.

Why do improbable ideas come true at Alcoa? Because when it comes to new uses for aluminum in any industry, we begin by believing, and finish by proving, through total involvement.

Change for the better with
Alcoa Aluminum

 **ALCOA**





This makes a good case for traveling worldwide on Douglas jets.

If you've flown more than 15 of these airlines, you're probably a world traveler.

Altogether, Douglas DC-8 and DC-9 jetliners are now in service with 56 airlines throughout the world. We'd like to mention them by name:

Aeronautes de Mexico • Air Afrique • Air Canada • Air New Zealand • Airlift International • Alitalia • Allegheny Airlines • Ansett-ANA • AVENSA • Bonanza Air Lines • Braniff International • Canadian Pacific Airlines • Capitol International Airways • Caribair • Continental Airlines • Delta Air Lines • Eastern Airlines • Finnair-Aero O/Y • Flying Tiger Line • Garuda Indonesian Airways • Hawaiian Airlines • Iberia • Japan Air Lines • KLM Royal Dutch Airlines • Korean Air Lines • Linea Aeropostal Venezolana • Lloyd International Airways • Martinair Holland •

National Airlines • North Central Airlines • Northeast Airlines • Overseas National Airways • Ozark Air Lines • Pacific Southwest Airlines • Pan American Airways • Philippine Air Lines • Saturn Airways • Scandinavian Airlines System • Saudi Arabian Airlines • Seaboard World Airlines • Southern Airways • Standard Airways • Sudflug • Swissair • Turkish Airlines • Trans-Australia Airlines • Trans-Caribbean Airways • Trans-International Airlines • Trans-Texas Airways • TWA • United Air Lines • Universal Airlines • Union de Transports Aériens (UTA) • VARIG • Venezuelan International Airways (VIASA) • West Coast Airlines

Listing as of October 1, 1967

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



direction, but the Badman brothers start raising hell. In a grand-horse-opera finale, everyone gets plugged and expires in a heap on boot hill. Infusions of Kola-Loca magically resurrect them all, whereupon Joe, Horace, Doug and Lou discover that they all have matching wrist moles the size of a silver dollar. The reunited family promptly announces a merger and invents a compromise drink called Whiskola, while Joe and Winifred happily clop off into the sunset.

Visually, Director-Writer Oldfich Lipsky has made his film almost as zany as the plot: when Lemonade Joe enters Death Valley, he jumps down a vast canyon—only to enjoy a landing as soft as his drink. In a shot-out, bullets meet in mid-air and cancel each other. A henchman pulls rabbits and bouquets from his holster. Street signs are all in English, but the dialogue is laconically drawled in jawbreaking Czech. "Hands up" is the kind of phrase that can only gain in translation—particularly when the translation is "Ruky hore."

In an era in which there are fast-draw clubs in Tokyo, the western has become a universal myth. Any country with a horse and a revolver can make or fake a western—and most have. But to satirize the myth is another matter. With their astringent *Lemonade* the Czechs prove that they not only love the western but understand it well enough to kid the Levi's off it.

A Biddle as Boor

If 1) everybody loves a lovable eccentric, especially if he is a millionaire, then 2) everybody will love a comedy about a lovable eccentric millionaire. This reasoning proved fallacious for Playwright Kyle Crichton, who had a 1956 Broadway flop with *The Happiest Millionaire*, which was based on the Philadelphia childhood reminiscences of Cordelia Drexel Biddle. The formula fails again in Walt Disney's movie musical. The main trouble this time is that Fred MacMurray's impersonation of Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle is eccentric but not lovable. He is, in fact, a boor.

And so the movie is a bore. MacMurray dashes around his vast house conducting calisthenic Bible classes, honking at his ambulatory alligators, roughing up his guests with show-off fistcuffs, show-off opera arias, show-off opinions. Singer Tommy Steele as the young family butler does his frenetic best with bodey English and music-hall mugging to get things off dead center, and Lesley Ann Warren does her mandent best as Daughter Cordelia having a romance with Angier Duke (John Davidson). But the only bright spots in this Philadelphia story are provided by the English elegance of Gladys Cooper and Greer Garson in their pre-World War I costumes, and the American elegance of a really dazzling collection of vintage cars.

Hallmarks of Quality

- STERLING SILVER
- GOLD FILLED
- SOLID 14 KARAT GOLD

CROSS
SINCE 1846

pens and pencils
up to fifty dollars
at better stores
everywhere

All Cross Writing
Instruments are mechanically
guaranteed for a lifetime
of writing pleasure

AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS SINCE 1846
A.T. CROSS COMPANY
LONDON, NEW YORK, GENEVA, CHAM

CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, REEBOOT 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

BOMBAY

DISTILLED LONDON

DRY GIN

Distilled from
100% Grain Neutral Spirits
FROM A 1761 RECIPE

86° Proof 4/5 OZ

BOTTLED IN ENGLAND

Sure it's expensive.
But with gin, like everything else in this world,
you get what you pay for.

BOOKS

The Seasonal Shelf

ONE Christmas season, before long, some inventive publisher will simply order up a six-foot-long slab of a book and put legs on it. That will solve the problem of what to do with collectable volumes. They are just as massive as ever this year, and a little more expensive. Still, the shopper who cannot content himself with giving just a good novel, biography or history (theoretical thought!) will find an imposing selection of Christmas books that are as satisfying to read as they are to look through. Among the best:

\$20 to \$35

AUGUSTE RODIN by Robert Descharnes and Jean-François Chabrun. 277 pages. Viking \$35.

With each passing year, Rodin emerges more clearly as the most profound, most expressively varied sculptor since Michelangelo, and here is a book that demonstrates why. In one superb photograph after another, the reader can trace the astonishing career of an artist who, though basically in the great classic tradition of Western sculpture, broke through formal bonds all his life. The text, an admirably incisive critique, enhances this tribute to Rodin on the 50th anniversary of his death.

THE AGE OF THE GRAND TOUR with introduction by Anthony Burgess and Francis Haskell. 138 pages. Crown \$30.

For size, sumptuousness, style and snob appeal, this resplendent volume wins any 1967 publisher's award for conspicuous taste. Suggested price: a gold-trimmed watch-fob—cigar-cutter holder in champagne-tanned platypus pouch. Avoiding today's exhaustive and exhausting travel writing, this volume combines 18th century illustrations with prose from the past. The travelers' tales date from the period when English was at its best and travel did not exclude wonder, awe, respect—and suspicion. "The first thing an Englishman does on

going abroad is to find fault with what is French, because it is not English," says William Hazlitt. On the other hand, in his splendidly evocative preface, the very contemporary prose stylist Anthony Burgess asserts: "In the most enlightened phases of Northern history, no man could be considered cultivated if he had not gone out to engage the art, philosophy and manners of the Latin countries." Housebound in their increasingly tight little island, the English, with a curtailed foreign-travel allowance, could afford perhaps the book, but hardly the travel.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF TOYS by Jac Remise and Jean Fondin. 252 pages. Editions Lausanne. \$27.50.

Proof again that toys are designed by adults for one another as often as for children. One can easily understand why in this elegant, color-illustrated survey of a key period in the toy industry's history, 1860-1914, when the Industrial Revolution brought new techniques to toymaking. Machines could now roll metal into thin sheets, punch out forms, and fold them into the shape of toys that could be sold in greater numbers and at cheaper prices; inner works, such as clockwork miniatures, gave charm and humor to acrobat cyclists, gardeners with watering cans, mothers with prams, even mechanical accordionists who swayed as they played.

THE GREAT GARDENS OF BRITAIN by Peter Coats. 287 pages. Putnam \$25.

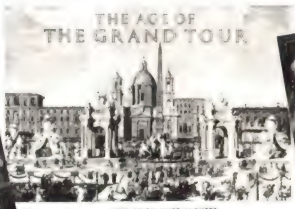
The best of the English gardens serve to illustrate Thorstein Veblen's theories of conspicuous consumption. Abbotwood in Gloucestershire shows, against a foreground of geometric yews, urns and boxwood, a pasture well harbored by real sheep; the point is that the happy owners of Abbotwood could well afford a Briggs & Stratton lawnmower, but who can afford sheep? *Great Gardens* gives a wistful glimpse of past



DRAWING



Jerusalem



GIFT BOOK DUST JACKETS
And next, a coffee table with leaves.



With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N.Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof

Air.

Air instead of electricity. Plastic tubes instead of wiring.

These are the components of fluidics, a new kind of circuitry that employs a stream of air (or other gas or liquid) rather than electrical current to operate a machine.

UNIVAC pioneering resulted in the world's first all-fluidic computer in 1964.

Now it's three years later, and research is still in its beginning stages, because there's so much left to explore.

Particularly in the areas of reliability and endurance of conventional computer input and output devices,

because they have moving parts which can wear out and malfunction.

The beauty of fluidic devices is that they have almost nothing in the way of moving parts.

No parts to get stuck or slowed by extremes of temperature, vibration or radiation.

This makes them ideal for nuclear reactor controls and for space exploration.

At this very moment UNIVAC is completing work on an experimental model for the U.S. Army's Electronics Command, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

It's a UNIVAC® all-fluidic peripheral device for processing unit records.

With conventional equipment, cards get damaged through mechanical handling. UNIVAC fluidic systems give cards nothing more to contend with than air.

We're exploring many other advanced ideas in UNIVAC research and development laboratories: new thin film memories, plasma displays, photochromic storage, to name a few. No one knows where it will all end. But, as with many other advanced projects, we do know where a lot of it began.

UNIVAC

Univac is saving a lot of people a lot of time.

◆ SHERIDAN RAND

The idea behind the most advanced computer research goes something like this.

The simple thing that makes a flute play is what makes experimental computers work.



splendors whose grounds are as rich and idiosyncratic as their names: Hush Heath Manor, Luton Hoo (of which the grumpy Dr. Johnson grudgingly remarked: "This is one of the places I do not regret having come to see"), Sezincote and Easton Neston. It is salutary to see that the English taste for roses is not allowed to disfigure these houses. The humble modern gardener-reader, picking the topsoil and expensive peat moss from his fingernails, may yet learn a lesson applicable to today's poor plantings—that a little masonry or a few yards of brickwork do wonders for the foliage.

THE LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANIMAL LIFE with a foreword by Robert C. Murphy. 640 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$25.

It is tempting to say that this superb animal encyclopedia is the perfect gift for the right type of boy, worth many times its weight (6 lbs.) in plastic toys or colored non-books illustrated by lonely ladies. It is also an excellent home possession for men who have not forgotten that all their neighbors on this



earth are not other men. Deservedly a French classic as *La Vie des Animaux*, it is now briskly Englished in a manner and style designed to inform without pedantically dulling the sense of wonder at nature's grand theater. *Larousse* is a prodigal of information about the edible, economic, sexual and esthetic qualities of animals and fishes, but surely a line or two more might have been given to such exotica as the bowerbirds of Australia and New Guinea. Such cavils aside, the *Larousse* is a felicitous combination of scholarship, printing, layout and photographic reproduction. The beautiful medusa (phylum: cnidaria, olindias phosporica) is one of 100 gleaming color plates.

JERUSALEM: A HISTORY edited by Jacques Boudet. 294 pages. Putnam. \$25.

This book ends before the recent Arab-Israeli war and its consequences for the city of Jerusalem. It does give a sound, comprehensive account of the nearly 5,000 preceding years that saw the "city seventeen times destroyed and eighteen times reborn." More than in most such lavishly illustrated volumes, the pictures are usefully fused with the text.

TIME, DECEMBER 15, 1967

This brandy's not for burning!



Smooth, light Stock '84 brandy was born to be savoured in a glass. A snifter, cocktail, sour, old-fashioned, or with soda.

Flambé away, if you must. But it does seem a shame to have 10 years of aging and a century of breeding go up in smoke.

IMPORTED
STOCK

The world's largest-selling brandy

EIGHTY PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., NEW YORK, NEW YORK



FROM THE
LEBOLT COLLECTION
OF MINIATURES

- For the young at heart: a small 14K folk guitar with a gold rope strap. \$15
- For the sporty set:
 - A 14K lady noller with arms-hinged to swing her iron at a pearl golf ball. \$20
 - A masculine skier, with movable poles, preparing for a criste. \$15
- For the sentimentalist: a carefully crafted 14K replica of Chicago's Water Tower. \$15
- For the urbane traveler: a precision scale-model 14K transcontinental jet. \$15
- The bracelet is fashioned of interlocking double-figure-eight links into a graceful 14K chain. \$55

By mail if you wish

LEBOLT & COMPANY

PRECIOUS JEWELS

STATE AT WASHINGTON, CHICAGO
Old Orchard River Oaks Mayfair

ROYALL LYME

Magic of the Islands



*Royall Lyme • Royall Spycy • Royall Bay Rhum
Toilet Lotions... companion soaps*

*Royall Lyme Spray Deodorant... for both gentlemen
and gentlemen, these toiletries of distinction and merit are
impeccably correct for any occasion. From old and
long-favoured Island formulas, their refreshing
use is an immeasurable help to good grooming.
priced from \$2.50 to \$12*



*Beware of imitations. None genuine
without this signature.*

Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., Importer and Distributor, 232 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.
Available at Marshall Field & Company and other fine stores.

GREAT INTERIORS edited by Ian Grant,
preface by Cecil Beaton. 288 pages. Dutton. \$22.50.

This volume is apparently designed to feed the fantasies of split-level people who yearn to wake up one morning in a Palladian villa, a Roman palazzo or a great Georgian house in County Wicklow. The sumptuous interiors on display evoke the spacious days when every European princeling was building his own little Versailles and architects like Nash, Vanbrugh, Inigo Jones and Wyatt were adapting Italian magnificence for English country gentlemen. The modern eye can only goggle in awe at heroic staircases, ceilings bulging with *putti*, acres of marble floors reflecting miles of gilded plaster. Magnificence had become largely a semi-public affair, as in Queen Victoria's railway carriage (sapphire satin and tasseled draperies with a white quilted ceiling) and not merely ostentatious, as in the dining room at London's Ritz Hotel ("the most beautiful Edwardian restaurant in existence").

WILDERNESS KINGDOMS: THE JOURNALS AND PAINTINGS OF NICOLAS POINT, S.J. translated and introduced by Joseph P. Donnelly, S.J. 274 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$21.95.

Published for the first time are the journal and 285 paintings, sketches and maps in which Father Point made impressively authentic records of the customs, family life, garb, dances and ceremonies of Indian tribes with whom he lived from 1841 to 1847.

THE SEARCH FOR SPEED UNDER SAIL, 1700-1855 by Howard I. Chapelle. 453 pages. Norton. \$20.

This is clearly a technical book, but amateur sailors—the most passionate kind—should be fascinated by the meticulous design plans of some of the finest American sailing ships ever to draw a breeze. Only a hold sense of beauty could have given birth to these craft, but the ingenuity that made them functional is the author's real subject.

THE WORLD OF ANCIENT ROME edited by Giulio Giannelli. 300 pages. Putnam. \$20.

The title is somewhat misleading. This book, the work of more than a dozen experts, tells and shows how Romans of all classes actually lived. Starting with the town plan of Augustus, it proceeds to the kitchen, the bath, the school, the soldier's bivouac, and on to the theater, the doctor's office, what people wore, and the brutal pleasures of the amphitheater. A substantial, workmanlike job of real interest.

\$15 to \$20

THE IMPERIAL COLLECTION OF AUDUBON ANIMALS edited with new text by Victor E. Cuhulane. 307 pages. Hammond. \$19.95.

Audubon was interested in beasts as well as birds. He and his two sons contributed the illustrations of this volume, now reissued after 119 years; they are lively, formal, detailed and at the same time natural. Unlike his great

**An education will give you
more of a choice
(stay in school)**

PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL



ON YOUTH OPPORTUNITY

Have we killed your taste for a loved one?

You spent years learning to make the perfect martini.

Choosing the eyedropper, figuring the temperature, twisting the lemon, balancing the ingredients.

And, most important, selecting the gin.

Then, when you thought you

were close—oh so close—to the end of your life's work, we introduced Boodles British Gin.

A gin with traditional British taste.

That doesn't leave you with a mouthful of flowers.

With Boodles, there's no mouthful of flowers from your

first martini to interfere with the flavor of your second.

It's hard parting with your old brand of gin.

But life is a series of adjustments.

44 & PROOF DISTILLED DRY GIN 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. BROWNE WINNERS COMPANY, N.Y.



breakthrough

(a crash program saves lives)



A dangerous highway killer—the rigid signpost—may be on its way out. The reason: a new breakaway signpost developed by Texas highway engineers. USS TRI-TEN Steel, a high strength steel innovated by U. S. Steel, helped make it possible.



In this actual crash demonstration, the car is traveling 60 miles per hour. It will collide head-on with the breakaway post. The slim, light TRI-TEN Steel post will minimize impact damage, but has the strength to withstand high wind loads on the sign.



On impact, a special slip-joint at the base of the post breaks away.



The post swings upward, pivoting at a hinge joint just below the sign.



The "broken" post rotates up and away from the car.



The driver is unharmed and damage to the post and car is slight, because the TRI-TEN Steel post causes only about 3 mph deceleration.



The sign is undamaged and the post can be quickly repaired on the site. Unlike the rigid post, the break-away post saves costly replacement.



Innovations in highway "hardware" are saving lives. USS works constantly on safer designs. Write for details on this safer signpost.

U. S. Steel, Room 4610, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230. USS and TRI-TEN are registered trademarks.

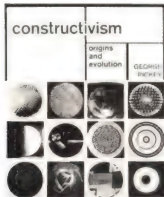


United States Steel: where the big idea is innovation

Birds of America, which he claimed (somewhat extravagantly) to have done entirely from life, the animals were *nature morte*. Since his subjects included the grizzly bear and the grey, or timber, wolf, this is easy to understand. Like all other naturalists, Audubon loved the things he killed. His views are reflected in this remark: "If a wolf passes your tent in the wilderness, he is likely to be less unpleasant than your next-door neighbor back home."

CONSTRUCTIVISM: ORIGINS AND EVOLUTION by George Rickey 305 pages, Braziller, \$15.

Constructivism has nothing—well, almost nothing—to do with the power of positive thinking. It is an art movement concerned with the pure joy derived from geometric structure and line. Thus, Piet Mondrian's fleshless, vertical-horizontal paintings qualify, but, according to the author, the mobiles of Kineticist Alexander Calder do not ("too



lyrical and subjective"). The style can be seen in the U.S. in the symmetrical paintings of Josef Albers and Frank Stella, and in some of the space sculptures of men like Richard Lippold. George Rickey writes with clarity and spirit, and his opinions and knowledge reflect the experience to be expected in a leading creator of moving sculpture.

THE CONNOISSEUR'S COOKBOOK by Robert Carrier, 505 pages, Random House, \$15.

Just the thing for people who like to read cookbooks in bed. The text is so luxuriously arranged and the color photographs are so tempting that some remarkable culinary dreams should result. Tested in the kitchen, the recipes (pheasant mousse, sole and crayfish tarts) should prove just as irresistible, with a little luck. Note: quaint but regrettably euphemical is the author's description of a celebrated American dish as *Oeufs Benedictine*.

ALEXIS LICHINE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINES AND SPIRITS 713 pages, Knopf, \$15.

"For the fortunate one owning a large cellar, it would be wise to have the bottles recocked every 25 to 30 years. This is the maximum expected life-

I never say no to Catto



Catto Gold Label Scotch

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES 86 PROOF, VICTOR FISCHEL & CO., INC., N.Y.C. SOLE U.S.A. IMPORTERS.

Why Queens Cove in the Bahamas could be the best investment you'll ever make!

AN UNUSUAL REAL ESTATE OPPORTUNITY EXISTS IN TAX-FREE FREEPORT ON GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND

There will never be a better time to buy property in Queens Cove, the completely developed, planned community just 4 miles from downtown Freeport, Grand Bahama, the bustling "New World Riviera." Ten years ago, Freeport, just 112 miles from Miami, was virtually non-existent on an undeveloped but beautiful tropical island. Today, because of far-seeing financiers and small investors alike, it's a sprawling, lively city with new highways, schools, churches, hotels, hospital facilities, fabulous shopping, movies, night clubs, restaurants, international jet air-

port, and Queens Cove is growing with Freeport. Choice waterfront and water-view property zoned for homes, apartments, condominiums are still available from \$3195 to \$40,000. A hotel, marina and country club are planned. You'll want to see Queens Cove and Freeport for yourself, so arrange an inspection trip now on a plan that could be virtually at no cost to you.



WATER, ELECTRICITY, TELEPHONE SERVICE, PAVED ROADS ARE ALREADY IN EXISTENCE, YET YOU PAY PRE-DEVELOPED LAND PRICES.

Contact Bahama Development Sales Corp.
761-2608

Sales representatives in Chicago for Bahama Developers, Ltd.

BAHAMA DEVELOPERS, LTD. IS A CORPORATION OF THE ISLAND OF BAHAMA.

PLEASE CALL DEVELOPERS TO DISCUSS YOUR INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES.

*Excludes in goods for personal consumption. AID 540075 (A-0)

.....
 * Queens Cove/Bahama Developers, Ltd.
 Dept. 130
 1400 N.E. 125th St. Miami, Fla.
 Gentlemen Please send further information:
 Name:
 Address:
 City: State:

Flowers this Christmas:

the nicest way to say
"thank you" to a

Business Associate

Send Holiday flowers
to his family.

Your Allied Florist member
will arrange, package, deliver
a beautiful holiday
arrangement anywhere.



span of a good cork." Care of the cork is only one of the many fine points explored in this exhaustive and literate treatise on the choice, care and consumption of the principal wines of France, Germany, Italy, the U.S., and the rest of the world. For example, one should serve champagne in tulip-shaped rather than the more familiar wide glasses. And those who use swizzle sticks to defizz their champagne are not to be tolerated. "People who do not care for bubbles would do better to order a still champagne to begin with."

Under \$15

THE PLAYERS by Tex Maule. 238 pages.
New American Library. \$15.

Through nine years of professional football, the great running back Jim Brown never suffered a serious leg injury. He did it, reports SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Senior Editor Tex Maule, by keeping his feet close to the ground while he ran, eschewing the fancy high knee action of many another runner. To Quarterback Norman Van Brocklin, there was an even better way to stay healthy: not run at all. "A quarterback should only run through sheer terror," is his advice. Whatever their personal credos, the football pros are a unique, often amusing bunch, as demonstrated in this informed, dramatically illustrated story of how the game is played.

GREAT ART TREASURES IN AMERICA'S
SMALLER MUSEUMS by the editors of
Country Beautiful. 194 pages. Putnam.
\$12.95.

Outside the major metropolitan museums lie many imposing works of art—Sargent's vibrantly Andalusian *El Jaleo* in Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Inness' muted landscape *Winter Morning, Montclair* in the Montclair, N.J., Art Museum, Utrillo's gouache *Eglise de St. Bernard* in the University of Arizona Art Gallery, or any other of the 200 here. Text by the University of Chicago's Harold Hayden.

DRAWING by Daniel M. Mendelowitz.
464 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
\$11.95.

This is an exception to the usual run of art books in that it is not overpriced, nor just an eclectic collection of plates designed for display, but a pertinently illustrated history of drawing that would be useful both to the artist and someone who merely likes to draw. Professor Mendelowitz of Stanford is no more pedantic than he has to be in discussing media, periods and styles. Perhaps unnecessarily he points out that "the common lead pencil is misnamed, for it is made of graphite, a crystalline form of carbon having a greasy texture." It is also a slippery instrument in the hands of those who take drawing as lightly as it is taken today. Drawing has had its great days—the Renaissance, the 18th and 19th centuries—but it is impossible to doubt that the pop art of, say, Roy Lichtenstein (b. 1923) represents anything but a descent from the anonymous cave-man

Makes You a Pro!



Yashica TL Super

A 35mm single lens reflex for amateur or professional. The Yashica TL Super offers all advanced features, including behind the lens exposure. Lets you use scores of wide angle and telephoto lenses, other accessories. With f/1.7 auto lens, under \$225; with f/1.4 auto, under \$280. Case extra.

YASHICA

YASHICA INC. 16 17 AVENUE BELLEVUE WOODS-DE NEW YORK 11371-1014

Three
easy ways
to get YOUR
Zip
Code



- 1 Ask your postman.
- 2 Look at the Zip Map in the business pages of your phone book.
- 3 Call your post office.

Always include your Zip Code in your return address so others can easily Zip mail to you.

make a big splash for the holidays

no gift
improves
the flavour
of water
like
Teachers



Bottled
in Scotland

About \$725 a fifth • Prices may vary according to state and local taxes • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof • ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y. • Precious jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels



We have our pick of distinguished wine grapes



And we mean *our* pick. Our pick of Johannisberg Riesling. Or Gamay Beaujolais. Or Gewürztraminer. Or any of the distinguished varietal wine grapes. Because they all prosper to our own high standards of perfection . . . on our own vineyards: Paicines Mountain Vineyards.

Here, in the cool, green grandeur of California's Gavilan Range, Almadén maintains the world's largest vineyards of fine wine grapes. Here, ideal soil, climate, elevation and care consistently create a superb difference in our grapes. A difference imparted . . . through patience and skill . . . to every Almadén wine.

So remember to make your next dinner party one to remember. Serve Almadén. Whatever type you choose, you'll be serving the pick of distinguished table wines.

ALMADÉN

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P.O. Box 797-P, Los Gatos, California

who drew bison and deer with a masterly hand perhaps 15,000 years ago.

THE HOUSE IN MY HEAD by Dorothy Rodgers. 254 pages. Atheneum, \$10.

The wife of Composer Richard Rodgers, a former professional interior decorator, gives a step-by-step account of how she built her dream house. The story has an irresistible fairy-tale aura, and her menus are as excellent as those in her previous book (*My Favorite Things*), although many a gourmet will be sorely wounded by her continuing and total aversion to garlic.



THE PEOPLES OF KENYA by Joy Adamson. 400 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$9.75.

This book is by the author of *Born Free, Living Free and Forever Free*, but it is quite different. Before writing those animal stories, Joy Adamson had taught herself to paint and then, for more than six years, lived among the many tribes of Kenya. In hundreds of her paintings and photographs, she presents the people and their customs. Many of the ceremonies—for example, circumcision rites—have never before been observed by a white witness, and anthropologists as well as the non-specialist reader will find much that is unusual. Among other things, the Adamson enterprise is sure to lead to some fresh thinking about the African future and the inevitable clash between Westernization and tribal contentment.

PICTORIAL GUIDE TO THE MAMMALS OF NORTH AMERICA by Leonard Lee Rue III. 299 pages. Crowell, \$7.95.

The photographs are monochrome and offset-reproduced, and the prose is conservationist and sternly isolationist, not to say jaunty in a scoutmasterly fashion. However, 65 of the 375 species of mammals in America—north of the Rio Grande—are given knowledgeable biographies by an industrious naturalist. Leonard Lee Rue III knows more than other authorities, including *Larousse*, will let on about the American opossum: Did anyone else know that an infant opossum is the size of a pencil eraser, while a whole litter of 16 would not fill a teaspoon? Most backward and unfortunate of all American mammals, Mother usually has only a dozen teats. What happens to the odd opossums? They are dropouts.



The place for
your capital
conferences...

WASHINGTON'S

Sheraton-Park HOTEL & NEW MOTOR INN

5,100 for a meeting, 3,500 for a banquet... Washington's largest ballroom... 65,000 square feet in the world's largest hotel exhibit hall... 30 meeting room combinations... 1,464 guest rooms, including the new Motor Inn... garage for 950 cars... 4 grand restaurants and cocktail lounges... 1,000 experienced people to serve you.

Write for free brochure which tells the complete story or call SU 7-4585 in Chicago, 265-1000 in Washington or any Sheraton Hotel.

SHERATON-PARK HOTEL

2650 Conn. Ave., Washington, D.C. 20008



"There's not a better drinking family around than ours. That proud old Hannah & Hogg stock sure does make every party one to remember."

HANNAH & HOGG

BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY,
100 PROOF, OLD
HANNAH & CO.,
CHICAGO, U.S.A.,
SINCE 1873

Your dollar fills her plate for 90 meals

Because our Government donates farm abundance for CARE's Food Crusade, a typical one-dollar package provides a child with a daily hot lunch for three months. Yes, every dollar sends a package to meet the different food needs of hungry people across the world. Won't you help? Multiply your dollars for bargains in kindness.



Mail your check today — Every dollar will send a package of life-saving food, in your name, to the hungry across the world!

CARE FOOD CRUSADE
660 First Ave., New York 10016
or your nearest CARE office





The last thing this world needs is another button.

What this world *does* need is leaders.

To head up our youth groups.

Not just generous part-timers. But full-time pros... men and women who can lead our button-wearers into responsible adulthood.

OK. But where do we find them?

In 1948 Missouri Valley College, under the sponsorship of the American Humanics Foundation, offered the first college major aimed at a professional career in youth leadership. With an approved BA in Human Relations, the Humanities major is fully trained, practically and spiritually, to lead the Scouts, Y's, settlement houses, children's homes, welfare councils, and so on.

Today every MVC student takes Human Relations (courses like Social Psychology and Intergroup Relations), whether he's headed for law, physics,

business, whatever.

There's nothing blue-sky about this. You see that when you interview an MVC graduate. He (or she) isn't a clock-watcher. He's interested in the benefits your company provides. But he's even more interested in what he can do for you and your community. He's neither sticky nor sentimental. He just believes in *giving* a little more than he takes.

You may want to know more about the kind of school that breeds this **Missouri Valley College** kind of person. You may even want to help.

You can. Just ask us how: Write: Office of the President, Missouri Valley College, Marshall, Mo. 65340.

*It's an
Old Forester
kind of season*



Give and enjoy Old Forester in
our handsome Decanter with gift wrap,
or our standard fifth with gift wrap.
Both at no extra cost. At 86 or 100 proof
"There is nothing better in the market."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY © 1967



20 CLASS A
CIGARETTES

KING  SIZE

Winston

FILTER · CIGARETTES

FULL · RICH
TOBACCO FLAVOR